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ARTISTS AND THEIR WORK.

NOTES ON SOME OF THE EXHIBITIONS AND EXHIBITORS OF THE SEASON—WITH A SERIES OF ENGRAVINGS OF REPRESENTATIVE SPECIMENS OF MODERN ART.

CLUB EXHIBITIONS.

Those who lament New York's alleged lack of interest in good art, and her general deficiency of public spirit, should consider the work done in the artistic cause by some of the metropolitan clubs—not artists' clubs, either, but bodies commonly supposed to exist primarily for purposes of social con-

venience and material comfort. At the cost of no little effort, and often at a considerable expenditure, exhibitions are constantly given at the club houses, and many of them are among the most interesting and instructive of the season. The Manhattan holds the "record" for the finest display yet organized, the Union League for the num-



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"Slumber."

From the painting by Mlle. Chardon.



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"Preparing for the Carnival."

From the painting by Pierre Toussaint.

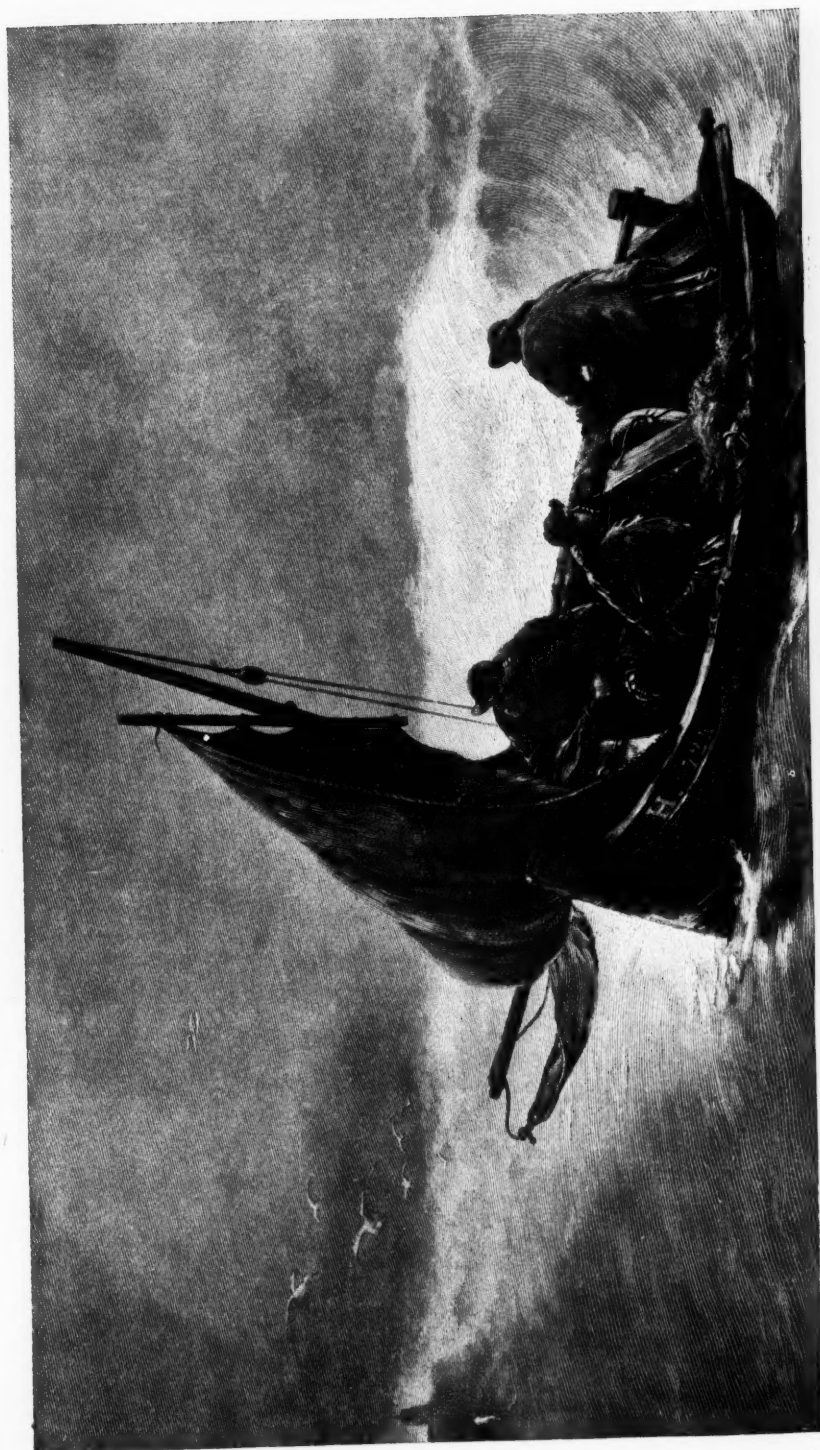
ber of times it has opened its rooms to the public, or at least to those duly accredited. The Lotos, the Alpha Delta Phi, and others, have followed the good example.

During the present season, club exhibitions have been fewer than usual. It is to be hoped that this does not mean that they are to cease altogether.

CURRENT NOTES OF THE ART WORLD.

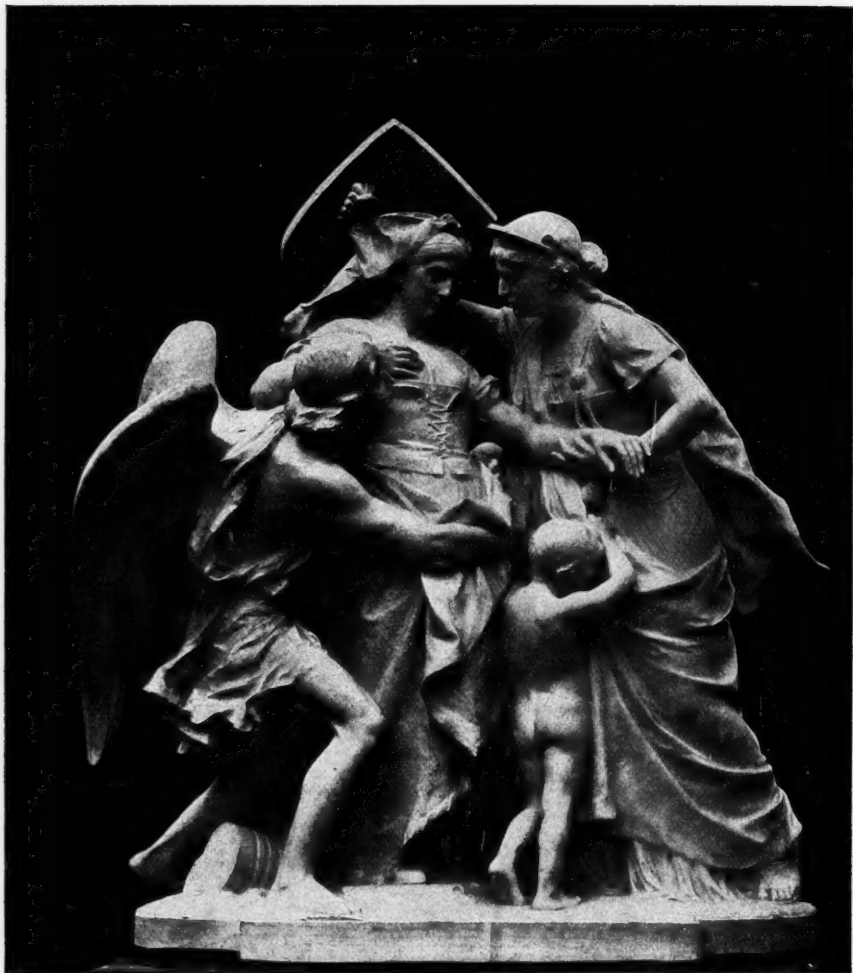
The critics agreed that the winter ex-

hibition at the National Academy of Design showed a distressingly large proportion of mediocre work. Various explanations are offered, but the root of the matter seems to lie in the simple fact that not enough good pictures were sent in. We do not see any reason, however, for the suggestion that has been advanced—that the Academy should abandon its winter display and concentrate its strength upon the more important exhibition held in the spring.



"The Wind That Blows the Fishers Home."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Clément & Co., Successeurs) after the painting by G. Haquette.



"Switzerland Aiding the Refugees of Beleaguered Strassburg (1870)."

From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co., (Braun, Clément & Co., Successeurs) after the statue by Bartholdi.

One cause, no doubt, of the difficulty of gathering the best American art of the year at the New York gallery is the increasing competition of other cities. Here, for instance, is the Carnegie institution, at Pittsburgh, attracting to its first exhibition some of the best painters of this country and even of Europe, as will be seen from the list of prize winners. The \$8,000 offered for the two best American pictures goes to Winslow Homer and Gari Melchers; the open medals to John Levery, of Glasgow, Raffaelli, of Paris, and Miss Cecilia Beaux.

The latest French portrait painter to invade the financially fertile fields of America

is Paul Bertault, who is young, clever, and versatile, and was one of the late M. Cabanel's best pupils. He first exhibited at the Salon eight years ago. At present he is established in a New York studio, where he intends to remain till spring. He expects to show some of his work at one or other of the local exhibitions.

Another recent artistic visitor from abroad is Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy, the husband of Miss Amelie Rives of "Quick or Dead" fame. The prince's career illustrates the cosmopolitanism of art. The son of a Russian nobleman and an American lady, he was born in Italy, studied in Paris and



"A Model."

From the painting by Jeanne Housseaye.



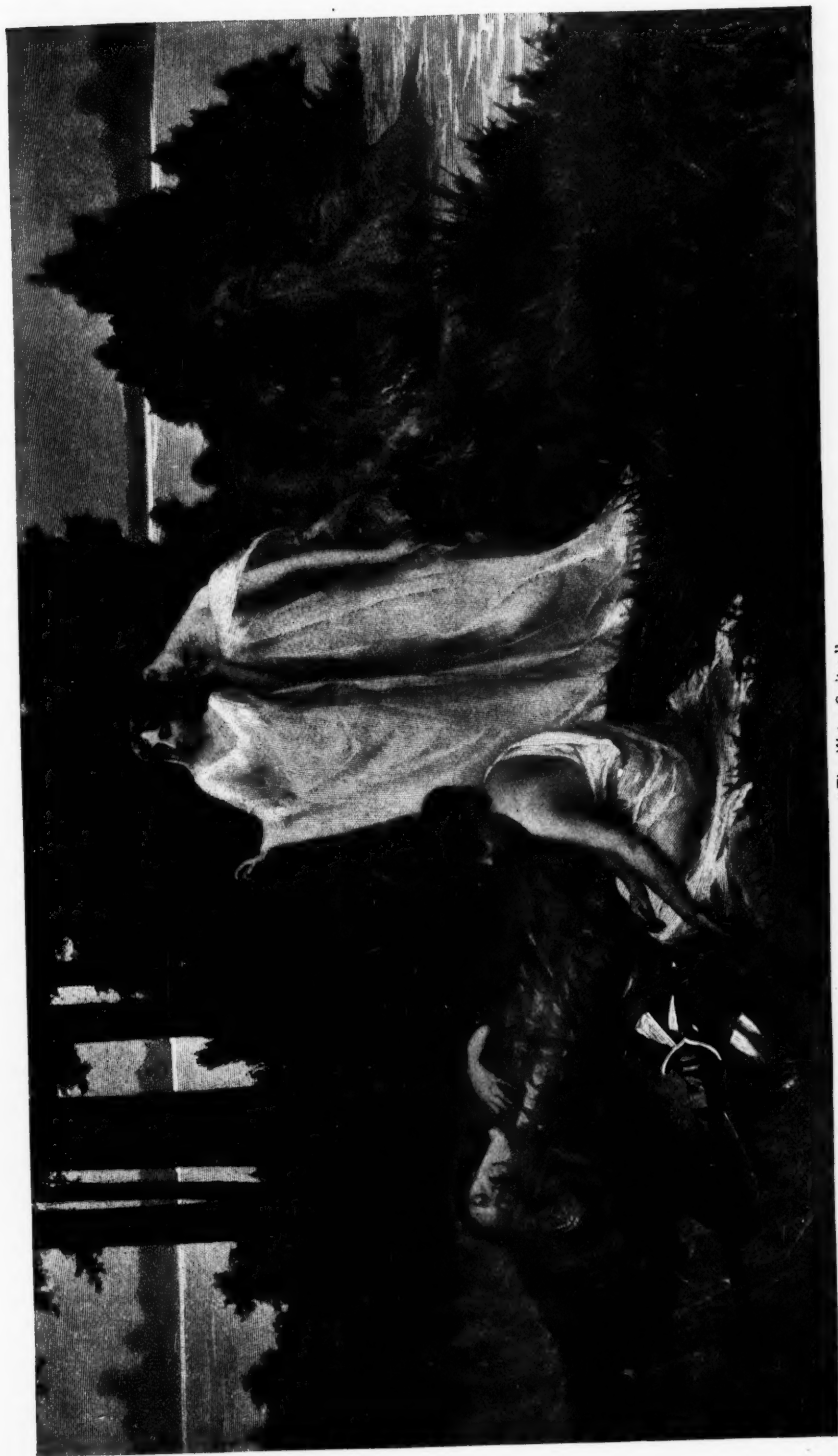
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"The Temptation of Eve."

From the painting by Edouard Bissot.

Munich, and now, with his American wife, he makes his home in London. He has won a considerable success as a portrait painter. Gladstone, Lord Dufferin, Lady

Eden, and many other prominent men and women in London have been among his sitters. His brother, Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, is a sculptor in Milan.



"The Water Spites."
From a photograph by Ad. Braun & Co. (Braun, Cilment & Co, Successeurs) after the painting by M. Rieter.



Emma Eames Story.

TWO ARTISTS.

A YOUNG AMERICAN COUPLE WHO HAVE REACHED THE HIGHEST RANK IN TWO BRANCHES OF ART—THE PERSONALITY OF JULIAN STORY, THE PAINTER, AND EMMA EAMES STORY, THE FAMOUS PRIMA DONNA, AND A GLIMPSE OF THEIR LIFE IN PARIS AND NEW YORK.

EMMA EAMES STORY, the great prima donna, perhaps the most beautiful woman on the stage, the wife of a celebrated painter, is a figure for all time, one of the women whom this decade will put in fame's gallery, and whom coming generations will be called upon to admire without any reservations, either as woman or artist.

But she is more than this in America. She is the American girl, the brilliant and successful young singer who represents what so many Americans have dreamed of

for their own daughters. What she has done, what she can do, seems possible for another, and ambitious mothers have watched her as anxiously as though she in some measure belonged to them. It was this interest which made her marriage something of a national event, and at first it was not received exactly with equanimity. Although her husband was an American of a New England stock as old as her own, he had not then become famous, and was known, at least to his own countrymen, only as the son of William Wetmore Story,

the sculptor and poet. That Emma Eames should marry at all was rather resented. In America there were precedents for a married woman "giving up" her career. If she must marry, her choice might at least have fallen upon a prince. But only a few years have sufficed to show that the ability which has carried the young New England

thusiasm for themselves and for each other. They have built a beautiful home on the Place des Etats Unis in Paris. They showed their Americanism in choosing just this spot. It was named when Governor Morton was minister to France, and a statue of Washington adorns it. The site is that of Mr. Story's old studio.



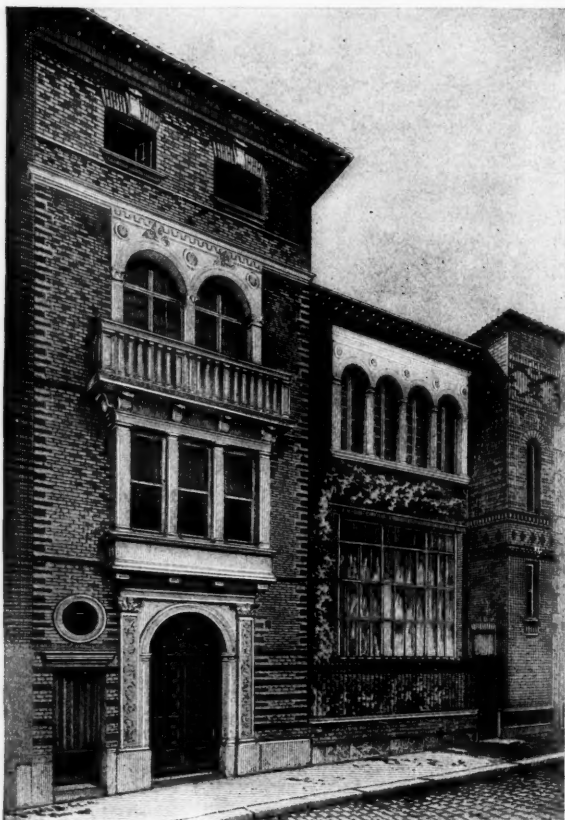
Julian Story.

girl through the hardships of training a great voice, and the difficulties of bringing it properly before the public amid the musical intrigues of Paris, was equally potent in attracting and in choosing her own husband.

Probably no woman whose life has come prominently before the public has made a more ideal marriage. Both Julian Story and his wife are Americans, with the artistic temperament which has been tempered and strengthened by traits inherited from Puritan ancestry, and each has the strong individuality and the personal magnetism to draw the best of the world to them. Both are young, celebrated, and full of en-

New Englanders believe that a drop of the blood will always assert itself, and the life of Julian Story would appear to corroborate the theory. His boyhood was passed in that wonderful city which his father has so delicately pictured in "Roba di Roma." Rome was still the papal capital, keeping all of its picturesque old ways. The "occupation" had not come to put new wine in the old bottles. The studio of William Wetmore Story was a sort of Mecca for the clever and interesting people who came down into Italy. Young artists with the French Prix de Rome came to the Story palace, and the two sons, Julian and Waldo, made the close acquaintance of the men

who have since created modern French art. It would have been impossible for these influences not to have had a powerful effect upon the imaginative minds of the young sons of an artistic household.



The Storys' Home on the Place des Etats Unis, Paris.

The elder Story had theories concerning education. He believed that no fine result was ever achieved except through a broad and deep general culture. He would have none of an education built on particular lines. He sent his sons to Eton and to Oxford without biasing their minds with advice about "careers." In the atmosphere of Oxford, where a painting man is almost unknown, the Storys clung to some of the ways of their boyhood, and painted to amuse themselves. When college days were over, Julian Story drifted naturally into a studio. From an amateur's quarters in Rome to a professional atelier in Paris is not a far cry, and for years he has made one of that colony of ardent artists who are try-

ing to put a soul into the brilliant coldness of French technique.

Into his world there came the beautiful young American girl, to take away the breath of Paris at her debut seven years ago. With it she took the heart of her young compatriot, who through his cosmopolitan life had kept a love for the wholesome and strength of character of his own people. Miss Eames had been brought up by her mother with the same general ideas that had controlled Mr. Story in educating his sons, with the difference that her talent showed itself in her infancy, and it proved a heavy task to hold it back until it was properly developed. She owes much to her judicious mother. It was Mrs. Eames who looked ahead and planned out the years, foreseeing results; it was her lovable and dignified personality that won the way for her daughter until she was old enough to command it for herself.

Mrs. Eames is herself a music lover, whose family has always been musical, and whose home in Boston was a center for musicians. It was into this atmosphere that her daughter was brought when she was only five years old. Emma Eames' father was a young lawyer who went to Shanghai to take charge of certain American mercantile enterprises, and she was born out there. Even in her infancy, her musical and dramatic talents began to show themselves. There are stories of nursery rhymes set to music and played with empressment on a nursery piano. She learned musical terms and their meanings as she learned to speak. Mrs. Eames had known so many voices ruined by forcing that she would not allow her daughter to sing at all until she was almost fifteen, when her studies began in earnest. At first her mother gave her lessons, and then she was sent to a careful teacher in Boston. It was not long before the onward path led to Paris.

Speaking of the next few years, Mrs.



Emma Eames at Five Years of Age.
From a photograph by De Lamater, Hartford.

Eames said: "If it were to do over again, I should doubt my strength to go through it. It is a great satisfaction to me to see what my daughter has achieved. I always knew that she could and would, but the hard part was to make others believe. They could hear her voice, but they had heard other girls with remarkable voices who failed. Only I could know that she had a combination of qualities which would have made her win anywhere. She knew how to *work*! She was very young when Gounod saw her and chose her for his *Juliette*. The opera was to be transferred to the Grand Opéra in Paris from the Opéra Comique. It had been partially rewritten, and the event was to be a great one. When the management heard that my daughter was a *débutante* who had never sung in opera in her life, they were frightened, and as the occasion was so important, the leading rôle was assigned to Patti for the opening night. On the second, my daughter was allowed to take the part the composer had intended for her.

"Ah, that was a night! At the

end of the first act, those enthusiastic Frenchmen threw their hats into the air, stood up in their boxes and cried, '*Vive l'Americaine!*' The poor child came off trembling and almost in tears. 'At first I forgot, I felt like *Juliette*,' she said; 'but when they began to applaud, I thought: "It is Emma Eames they are applauding. They expect too much of me."'"

After that, she was launched. Her work and her difficulties were not all over—they never will be—but she was in the way at last. She was an artist.

In Paris, the Story household gathers in all that is "worth while" in the artistic and social world, when its hospitable doors are thrown open. A year ago, when Mr. Story wanted to build a home, he called in the assistance of Girault, who is now the chief architect of the Paris Exposition of 1900, but whom he had known as a "Prix de Rome" in the old boyhood days. Girault did not have things all his own way, for Mr. Story had ideas of his own, with a result which has astonished Paris. Speaking of it the other day, Mr. Story said: "I wish Girault could come over here. He would open his eyes. The French know nothing of the luxury of America."



A Sketch of Mme. Eames Drawn by Her Husband.



Mme. Eames as "Marguerite" in "Faust."
From a photograph by Ellis, London.

The Storys have put into their home a distinctly American atmosphere, and only one who has lived in Paris, and has seen the stiffness of the best French salons, can appreciate the difference. The staircase is in a pure colonial style. The mantels and bath tubs came from Chicago. The whole house is fitted with rare and beautiful things collected by two people whose minds are educated to appreciate. Here is a magnificent carved door from Vienna, and there a Persian carpet which the expert of the Hôtel Drouot says cannot be excelled in Europe. This is one of Mr. Story's treasures, for he picked it up, dirty and ragged, for four hundred francs. It is worth twenty five thousand.

The house is next door to a convent, and only a wall divides the garden from the quiet grounds where the nuns walk.

America will keep the Storys for the greater part of the next three years, and although they have left their home behind they have brought with them the individu-



Emma Eames at Eighteen.
From a photograph by Hastings, Boston.

alities that can create a new one. The great singer is like every other brilliant American woman. She makes a background of her husband. Mr. Story reminds one of the hero of a first rate modern novel. He has a strong, good looking face, and is a well bred, well dressed man of the great world, who appreciates the privilege of being a part of the artistic life of the nineteenth century.

Everybody knows his wife is beautiful, but no one can realize how beautiful until one sits beside her, until she begins to talk. Her skin is of the delicate texture of a child. She has her mother's blue eyes and brown hair; but it is her enthusiasm, her fire, that gives her her greatest charm. Some people have said that Emma Eames is cold. They were those who saw her in the repression of her immature days—only a little while ago, if we reckon by dates. When she was a young girl in Paris, a celebrated French artist, who has died since then, said: "How happy I shall be when you have found yourself, Emma Eames!" He should see her now.

She is full of the spirit of her new Wagnerian rôles, and she told the writer how she had always loved the great German operas, and how it had always been her ambition to sing them.

"When I was a child in Boston I heard them, and longed for the day when I might sing them. They appealed to me, they satisfied me. You have never said the last word in studying Wagner. There is always room for development, for fuller understanding. I was fortunate in hearing the best things first, and they formed my taste. I could not sing German opera when I first came over here, because it was out of vogue. I was enchanted when I found that M. Jean de Reszke was learning the Wagnerian music dramas, and that I was to sing them with him."

Mme. Story expresses the greatest admiration for Lili Lehmann. "There," she

says, "is a great artist with a perfect method, who sings Wagner as he should be sung. They call Wagner hard on the voice. He is certainly hard on the nerves. His music is more difficult, but so are all great things. The voice can be trained to



Mr. Story's Latest Picture, a Portrait of the Prince of Wales.
Painted for William Waldorf Astor.

render his music without injury. It is good to study the Italian method, but not all of the Italian operas. I myself never even heard 'Trovatore' until a year ago."

When Mme. Story was studying Wagner last year, she sent to Bayreuth for Herr Kniese, who knew all the master's ideas, and how he had wished them expressed. This is the only sort of "teaching" she ever has nowadays. She works upon entirely original lines.

"I study no traditions of the operatic stage. What is a 'tradition' except the conception one woman had of a part? We all have limitations. She sang with hers. Why should I add hers to my own? Sometimes, when I have conceived a part and studied it, I go to a critic and ask if I have succeeded in technically producing my



Emma Eames as "Elizabeth" in "Tannhäuser."

From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

idea; but I have left teachers behind. Sometimes the search after your own true expression is like looking for a door in the dark, but growth, development—these are the only things in the world worth living for. When one ceases to enlarge one's horizon, then comes stagnation. When I cannot advance, I want to stop altogether." Then Mme. Story laughed as she went on. "When I begin to fancy that it is time to stop I am coming to America. An American audience will soon let me know if I am losing ground.

"I want to sing here, too, when I am at my best. Americans require us to be sincere. They are quick to detect a sham, and very ready in making their displeasure known when they cease to be pleased. They are right. Why do we sing, except to please? I do hope to have the sense to stop before I become tiresome. I want to reach the apogee of my art and—never to remind an audience that I have left that point behind."

Mme. Story is very solicitous about the great number of young girls who go to Paris to study. As she talked about them, she left her seat and walked about the room. She is so beautiful, so dramatic in every movement, yet so natural, that all at once, in imagination, the world became a stage with this vivid creature moving across it.

"Paris is full of young girls, and so few of them know what it is necessary for them to do to become singers. There are no such voices in the world as those that come out of America. It is not only I who say so, but French teachers and critics; but how many reach an opportunity of being heard in grand opera? I made my debut seven years ago. Sibyl Sanderson came out at about the same time. Since then what American girl has come into the ranks of opera singers from the French teachers? They have the voices, but that is not all. To become a singer requires a combination of qualities. The student must have facility, adaptability, mental, artistic, and moral equilibrium, and a genius for *work*. A girl may have a fine voice, and may make a good appearance, but it is absolutely impossible for a vacillating

spirit ever to take rank with artists. She must learn the technique of her art so that it is second nature to practise it correctly.

"Too many American girls come to Paris by the advice of personal friends. They want to hurry through. They have no idea of the cost of the course before them. They know nothing of the incidental expenses. A young girl's bare living, without a single gown or a lesson in music or the languages, without an opera ticket or even a cab fare, cannot be less than three hundred francs a month. It is impossible to say how long one should stay. There is nothing but individual cases in voice cultivation. One cannot generalize. And after all, if there is no true feeling for art, no originality in the pupil herself, she can never be a real artist, however beautiful her voice. The teachers can only give a knowledge of technique, can only make teachers. The rest lies in the student's own individuality.

"It is often difficult to make girls study even the technique. Just before I left Paris one came to me for advice. I gave her the best I had. I told her to go somewhere quietly and study vocalism for six months. She needed it. She wrote to me presently, and said she must neglect my advice. It would be 'too monotonous.' I fear she is going to have a life whose monotony will not be broken by triumphs."

A great deal has been said of the jealousy of opera singers. One only needs to see Mme. Story at the opera to know that such a blight has never touched the wholesome nature of this American girl. She listens with the delight of one to whom every note is fresh, and no singer could have a more appreciative auditor.

While she gives up her whole life to her art, making no calls, never receiving on the day she sings, she cannot shut herself entirely away from society. Driving in the park, or at a dinner party, she and her husband are always a distinguished pair. Mr. Story is as busy with his work here as in Paris. Just now he is finishing up his second portrait of the Prince of Wales, which is to be the property of the prince himself. It is a replica of one painted for William Waldorf Astor, and now hung at Cliveden.

Annâ Leach.



CORLEONE.*

By F. Marion Crawford,

Author of "Mr. Isaacs," "Saracinesca," "Don Orsino," etc.

I.

"IF you never mean to marry, you might as well turn priest, too," said Ippolito Saracinesca to his elder brother, Orsino, with a laugh.

"Why?" asked Orsino, without a smile. "It would be as sensible to say that a man who had never seen some particular thing, about which he has heard much, might as well put out his eyes."

The young priest laughed again, took up the cigar he had laid upon the edge of the piano, puffed at it till it burned freely, and then struck two or three chords. A sheet of ruled paper on which several staves of music were roughly jotted down in pencil stood on the rack of the instrument.

Orsino stretched out his long legs, leaned back in his low chair, and stared at the old gilded rosettes in the square divisions of the carved ceiling. He was a discontented man, and knew it, which made his discontent a matter of self reproach, especially as it was quite clear to him that the cause of it lay in himself.

He had made two great mistakes at the beginning of life, when barely of age, and though neither of them had produced any serious material consequences, they had affected his naturally melancholic temper and had brought out his inherited hardness of disposition. At the time of the great building speculations in Rome, several years earlier, he had foolishly involved himself with his father's old enemy, Ugo del Ferice, and had found himself at last altogether in the latter's power, though not in reality his debtor. At the same time, he had fallen very much in love with a young widow, who, loving him very sincerely in her turn, but believing, for many reasons, that if she married him she would be doing him an irreparable injury, had sacrificed herself by marrying Del Ferice instead, selling herself to the banker for Orsino's release, without

the latter's knowledge. When it was all over, Orsino had found himself a disappointed man at an age when most young fellows are little more than inexperienced boys; and the serious disposition which he inherited from his mother made it impossible for him to throw off the impression received, and claim the youth, so to speak, which was still his.

Since that time, he had been attracted by women, but never charmed; and those that attracted him were for the most part not marriageable, any more than the few things which sometimes interested and amused him were in any sense profitable. He spent a good deal of money in a careless way, for his father was generous; but his rather bitter experience when he had attempted to occupy himself with business had made him cool and clear headed, so that he never did anything at all ruinous. The hot temper which he had inherited from his father and grandfather now rarely, if ever, showed itself, and it seemed as though nothing could break through the quiet indifference which had become a second outward nature to him. He had traveled much, of late years, and when he made an effort his conversation was not uninteresting, though the habit of looking at both sides of every question made it cold and unenthusiastic. Perhaps it was a hopeful sign that he generally had a definite opinion as to which of two views he preferred, though he would not take any trouble to convince others that he was right.

In his own family, he liked the company of Ippolito best. The latter was about two years younger than he, and very different from him in almost every way. Orsino was tall, strongly built, extremely dark; Ippolito was of medium height, delicately made, and almost fair by comparison. Orsino had lean brown hands, well knit at the base, and broad at the knuckles; Ippolito's were slender and white, and rather

* Copyright, 1896, by F. Marion Crawford.

nervous, with blue veins at the joints. The elder brother's face, with its large and energetic lines, its gravely indifferent expression and dusky olive hue, contrasted at every point with the features of the young priest, soft in outline, modeled in wax rather than chiseled in bronze, pale and a little transparent. Ippolito had the clear, soft brown eyes which very gifted people so often have, especially musicians and painters of more talent than power. But about the fine, even, and rather pale lips there was the unmistakable stamp of the ascetic temperament, together with an equally sure indication of a witty humor which could be keen, but would rather be gentle. Ippolito was said to resemble his mother's mother, and was notably different in appearance and manner from the rest of the numerous family to which he belonged.

He was a priest by vocation rather than by choice. Had he deliberately chosen a profession congenial to his gifts, he would certainly have devoted himself altogether to music, though he would probably never have become famous as a composer; for he lacked the rough creative power which hews out great conceptions, though he possessed in a high degree the taste and skill which can lovingly and wisely impart fine detail to the broad beauty of a well planned whole. But by vocation he was a priest, and the strength of the conviction of his conscience left the gifts of his artistic intelligence no power to choose. He was a churchman with all his soul, and a musician with all his heart.

Between the two brothers there was that sort of close friendship which sometimes exists between persons who are too wholly different to understand each other, but whose non understanding is a constant stimulant of interest on both sides. In the midst of the large and peaceable patriarchal establishment in which they lived, and in which each member made for himself or herself an existence which had in it a certain subdued individuality, Orsino and Ippolito were particularly associated. The priest, when he was at home, was generally to be found in his elder brother's sitting room, and kept a good many of his possessions there.

It was a big room, with an old carved and gilded ceiling, three tall windows opening to the floor, two doors, a marble fireplace, a thick old carpet, and a great deal of furniture of many old and new designs, arranged with no regard to anything except usefulness, since Orsino was not afflicted with artistic tastes, nor with any undue

appreciation of useless objects. Ippolito's short grand piano occupied a prominent position near the middle window, and not far from it was Orsino's deep chair, beside which stood a low table covered with books and reviews. For, like most discontented and disappointed people who have no real object in life, Orsino Saracinesca read a good deal, and hankered after interest in fiction because he found none in reality. Ippolito, on the contrary, read little, and thought much.

After Orsino had answered his remark about marriage, the priest busied himself for some time with his music, while his brother stared at the ceiling in silence, listening to the modulations and the fragments of tentative melody and experimental harmony, without in the least understanding what the younger man was trying to express. He was fond of any musical sound, in an undefined way, as most Italians are, and he knew by experience that if he let Ippolito alone, something pleasant to hear would before long be evolved. But Ippolito stopped suddenly and turned half round on the piano stool, with a quick movement habitual to him. He leaned forward towards Orsino, tapping the ends of his fingers lightly against one another, as his wrists rested on his knees.

"It is absurd to suppose that in all Rome, or in all Europe, for that matter, there is nobody whom you would be willing to marry."

"Quite absurd, I suppose," answered Orsino, not looking at his brother.

"Then you have not really looked about you for a wife. That is clear."

"Perfectly clear. I do not argue the point. Why should I? There is plenty of time, and besides, there is no reason in the world why I should ever marry at all, any more than you. There are our two younger brothers. Let them take wives and continue the name."

"Most people think that marriage may be regarded as a means of happiness," observed Ippolito.

"Most people are imbeciles," answered Orsino gloomily.

Ippolito laughed, watching his brother's face, but he said nothing in reply.

"As a general rule," Orsino continued presently, "talking is a question of height and not of intelligence. The shorter men and women are, the more they talk; the taller they are, the more silent they are, in nine cases out of ten. Of course there are exceptions, but you can generally tell at a

glance whether any particular person is a great talker. Brains are certainly not measurable by inches. Therefore conversation has nothing to do with brains. Therefore most people are fools."

"Do you call that an argument?" asked the priest, still smiling.

"No. It is an observation."

"And what do you deduce from it?"

"From it, and from a great many other things, I deduce and conclude that what we call society is a degrading farce. It encourages talking when no one has anything to say. It encourages marriage, without love. It sets up fashion against taste, taste against sense, and sense against heart. It is a machinery for promoting emotion among the unfeeling. It is a——"

Orsino stopped, hesitating.

"Is it anything else?" asked Ippolito mildly.

"It is a hell on earth."

"That is exactly what most of the prophets and saints have said, since David," remarked the priest, moving again in order to find his half smoked cigar, and then carefully relighting it. "Since that is your opinion, why not take orders? You might become a prophet or a saint, you know. The first step towards sanctity is to despise the pomps and vanities of this wicked world. You seem to have taken the first step at a jump. And it is the first step that costs the most, they say. Courage! You may go far."

"I am thinking of going further before long," said Orsino gravely, as though his brother had spoken in earnest. "At all events, I mean to get away from all this," he added.

"Do you mean to travel again?" inquired Ippolito.

"I mean to find something to do. Provided it is respectable, I do not care what it is. If I had talent, like you, I would be a musician, but I would not be an amateur; or I would be an artist, or a literary man. But I have no talent for anything, except building tenement houses, and I shall not try that again. I would even be an actor, if I had the gift. Perhaps I should make a good farmer, but our father will not trust me now, for he is afraid that I should make ruinous experiments if he gave me the management of an estate. This is certainly not the time for experiments. Half the people we know are ruined, and the country is almost bankrupt. I would work, and they tell me to marry. You cannot understand. You are only an amateur yourself, after all, Ippolito."

"An amateur musician—yes."

"No. You are an amateur priest. You support your sensitive soul on a sort of religious ambrosia, with a good deal of musical nectar. You are clever and astonishingly good, by nature, and you deserve no credit for either. That is probably why I like you. I hate people who deserve credit, because I deserve none myself. But you do not take your clerical profession seriously, and you are an amateur, a dilettante of the altar. If you do not have distractions about the vestments you wear when you are saying mass, it is because you have an intimate, unconscious artistic conviction that they are beautiful and becoming to you. But if the choir responded a flat 'Amen' to your '*per omnia secula seculorum*,' it would set your teeth on edge and upset your devout intention. Do you think that a professional musician would be disturbed in conducting a great orchestra, by the fact that his coat collar did not fit?"

Ippolito smiled good humoredly, but did not answer.

"Very well," continued Orsino at once, "you are only an amateur priest. It does not matter, since you are happy. You get through life very well. You do not even pretend that you do any real work. Your vocation, as you call it, was a liking for the state of priesthood, not for the work of a priest. Now I do not care about any state in particular, but I want work of some sort, at any cost. I was never happy but once, during that time when I worked and got into trouble. I preferred it to this existence, even when we got into Del Ferice's clutches. Anything rather than this."

"I thought you had grown indifferent," said Ippolito.

"Indifferent? Yes, I am indifferent—as a machine is indifferent when the fire is out and there is no steam. But if the thing could think, it would want work, as I do. It would not be satisfied to rust to pieces. You ought to know a little theology. Are we put into the world with a purpose, or not? Is there an intention in our existence, or is there not? Am I to live through another forty or fifty years of total inactivity, because I happen to be born rich, and in a position—well, a position which is really about as enviable as that of a fly in a pot of honey? We are stuck in our traditions, just as the fly is in the honey——"

"I like them," said Ippolito quietly.

"I know you do. So does our father. They suit you both. Our father is really a very intelligent man, but too much happiness and too much money have paralyzed

him. His existence seems to have been a condition of perpetual adoration of our mother."

"He has made her happy. That is worth something."

"She has made him happy. They have made each other happy. They have devoured a lifetime of happiness together in secret, as though it were their lawful prey. As they never wanted anything else, they never found out that the honey of traditions is sticky, and that they could not move if they would."

"They are fond of us —"

"Of course. We have none of us done anything very bad. We are a part of their happiness. We are also a part of their dullness; for they are dull, and their happiness make us dull, too."

"What an idea!"

"It is true. What have we accomplished, any of us four brothers? What shall we ever accomplish? We are ornaments on the architecture of our father's and mother's happiness. It is rather a negative mission in life, you must admit. I am glad that they are happy, but I should like to be something more than a gargoyle on their temple."

"Then marry, and have a temple of your own!" laughed Ippolito. "And gargoyles of your own, too."

"But I do not want that sort of happiness. Marriage is not a profession. It is not a career."

"No. At least, you might turn out a dilettante husband, as you say that I am an amateur priest." Ippolito laughed again.

Orsino laughed dryly, but did not answer, not being in a humor for jesting. He leaned back in his chair again, and looked at the carved ceiling and thought of what it meant, for it was one of those ceilings which are only to be found in old Roman palaces, and belong intimately to the existence which those old dwellings suggest. Orsino thought of the grim dark walls outside, of the forbidding gateway, of the heavily barred windows on the lower story, of the dark street at the back of the palace, and the medievalism of it all was as repugnant to him as the atmosphere of a prison.

He had never understood his father nor his grandfather, who both seemed born for such an existence, and who certainly thrived in it; for the old prince was over ninety years of age, and his son, Sant' Ilario, though now between fifty and sixty, was to all intents and purposes still a young man. Orsino was perhaps as strong as either of them. But he did not believe that he could

last as long. In the midst of an enforced idleness he felt the movement of the age about him, and he said to himself that he was in the race of which they were only spectators, and that he was born in times when it was impossible to stand still. It is true that, like many young men of today, he took movement for progress and change for improvement, and he had no very profound understanding of the condition of his own or of other countries. But the movement and the change are facts from which no one can escape who has had a modern education.

Giovanni Saracinesca, Orsino's father, known as Prince of Sant' Ilario, since the old Prince Saracinesca was still living, had not had a modern education, and his mother had died while he was a mere child. Brought up by men, among men, he had reached manhood early, in close daily association with his father and with a strong natural admiration for him, though with an equally strong sense of personal independence.

Orsino's youth had been different. He was not an only son, as Sant' Ilario had been, but the eldest of four brothers, and he had been brought up by his mother as well as by his father and grandfather. There had been less room for his character to develop freely, since the great old house had been gradually filled by a large family. At the same time there had also been less room for old fashioned prejudices and traditions than formerly, and a good deal less respect for them, as there had been, too, a much more lively consciousness of the outer world's movements. The taking of Rome in 1870 was the death blow of medievalism; and the passing away of King Victor Emmanuel and of Pope Pius the Ninth was the end of Italian romanticism, if one may use the expression to designate all that connotation of big and little events which make up the thrilling story of the struggle for Italian unity. After the struggle for unity, began the struggle for life—more desperate, more dangerous, but immeasurably less romantic. There is all the difference which lies between banking and fighting.

Orsino was aware of qualities and feelings and opinions in his father and mother which he did not possess, but which excited in him a sort of envy of what he regarded as their simplicity. Each seemed to have wanted but one thing in life since he could remember them, and that was the other's love, in possessing which each was satisfied and happy. Times might change as they would, popes might die, kings might be crowned,

parties might wrangle in political strife, and the whole country might live through its perilous joys of sudden prosperity and turn sour again in the ferment that follows failure—it was all the same to Giovanni and Corona. As Orsino had told his brother, they had devoured a lifetime of happiness together in secret.

Proud men and women hide their griefs and sufferings, when they have any. But there are some who are so very proud that they will hide their happiness also, as though it might lose some of its strength if any one else could see it, or as if it could be spoiled by the light like a photograph not yet fixed. People sometimes call that instinct the selfishness of love, but it is more like a sort of respect for love itself, which is certainly not vulgar, as all selfishness is.

It was not probable that either Giovanni or Corona would change in this respect, nor, indeed, in any other, for they had never been changeable or capricious people, and time had made solid their lives. To each other they were as they had always been, but to others Giovanni was a man advanced in middle life, and the beautiful Corona Saracinesca was a rose of yesterday. She could never be anything but beautiful, even if she should live to extreme old age; but those who had known her in her youth had begun to shake their heads sadly, lamenting the glory departed. Strangers who came to Rome and saw the Princess of Sant' Ilario for the first time, gazed in silent surprise at the woman who for nearly a quarter of a century had been the most beautiful in Europe, and they wondered whether, even now, any one could be compared with her.

The degeneration of age had not taken hold upon her. The perfect features were as calm and regular as fate, the dark skin had still its clear, warm, olive tint, which very rarely changed at all perceptibly; her splendid eyes were truthful and direct still, beneath the strong, black eyebrows. There were silver threads in the magnificent hair, but they were like the lights on a raven's wing. She was straight and strong and graceful still, she who had been compared to velvet and steel—slighter perhaps than in her full perfection, for she had in her some of that good Saracen blood of the south, which seems to nourish only the stronger and the finer tissues, consuming in time all that is useless; wearing away the velvet, but leaving the steel intact almost to the very last.

There could be but one such woman in one race, and it seemed in some way natural that

she should have been sisterless, and should have borne only sons. But as though nature would not be altogether defeated and stayed out of balance, the delicate feminine element had come to the surface in one of the Saracinesca men. It was too fine to be womanish, too high to be effeminate, as it showed itself in Ippolito, the priest musician. But it was unmistakably something which was neither in the old prince, nor in Giovanni, nor in any of the other three brothers, and it made between him and his mother a bond especially their own, which the rest acknowledged without understanding, and respected without feeling that Ippolito was preferred before them. For it was not a preference, but a stronger mutual attraction, in which there was no implied unfairness to the rest.

It is one of the hardest things in the world to explain, and yet almost every one understands it, for it has nothing to do with language, and everything to do with feeling. We human beings need language most to explain what is most remote from our humanity, and those who talk the most of feeling are often those that feel the least. For conveying a direct impression, what is the sharpened conciseness of Euclid, or the polished eloquence of Demosthenes, what is the sledge hammer word blow of Æschylus, or the lightning thrust of Dante's two edged tongue, compared with a kiss, or a girl's blush, or the touch of a mother's hand—or the silent certainty of twofold thought in one, which needs neither blush, nor touch, nor kiss to say that love is all, and all is love?

And that bond which is sometimes between mother and son is often of this kind. Sant' Ilario had long ago accepted the fact that his wife was in some mysterious way drawn to her second son, more than to the others. It would be saying too much, perhaps, to assert that Corona was glad when Ippolito took orders and the vow of celibacy. She was not an imaginative woman, nor nervous, nor in any way not normal. Nor were the Saracinesca by any means an excessively devout family, nor connected with the history of the church, as many Roman families are. On the contrary, they had in former times generally opposed the popes when they had not been strong enough to make one of their own, and the absence of any womanly element in the great house, between the untimely death of the old prince's wife, and Giovanni Saracinesca's marriage with the Duchessa d'Astrardente nearly thirty years later, had certainly not favored a tendency to devotional practices.

When young Ippolito had made up his mind to be a priest, the aged head of the family growled out a few not very edifying remarks in his long white beard. Ten years earlier he might have gone into a rage about it, which might have endangered his life, for he had a terrible temper; but he was near the end now, and it would have taken more than that to rouse him. As for Giovanni, he was not especially pleased either, for he had never been fond of priests, and he assuredly did not care to have any in the family. Yet, in spite of this prejudice, there seemed to him to be a certain fitness in the event, against which it would be useless to argue, and after a little discussion with his wife, he accepted it as more or less inevitable.

But Corona was satisfied, if not glad, and what she felt was very like gladness, for, without reasoning at all, she knew that she would be jealous of any woman who came between her and Ippolito. She had never been able to think of a possible wife for him—as she often thought of wives for her other sons—without a sharp thrust of pain which could not be anything but jealousy. It was not exactly like what she would have felt, or fancied that she would have felt, if Giovanni had been momentarily attracted by some other woman. But it was not at all like anything else in the world.

II.

WHEN the notorious Prince of Corleone died without much ceremony in a small second class hotel in Nice, and was buried with no ceremony at all worth mentioning, at the expense of the hotel keeper, his titles and what was left of his lands and other belongings went to his brother's children, since his brother was dead also. The Corleone people were never long lived, nor had their alliances as a rule conduced to long life in others, who had been their wives and husbands. Superstitious persons said that there was upon the whole family the curse of a priest whom they had caused to be shot as a spy in order to save themselves during the wars of Napoleon in Italy. It was even said that they saw, or thought they saw, this priest when they were about to die. But as priests are plentiful in the south of Italy, it might very well be that their vision was not a vision at all, but simply some quite harmless living ecclesiastic who chanced to be passing at the time. It is true that they were said to notice always a small red hole in his forehead and another in his left cheek, but this also might have

been only an effect of imagination. Nevertheless they were unfortunate, as a race, and several of them had come to violent or otherwise untimely ends within the present century.

The name, Corleone, was only a title, and the town from which it was taken had long ago passed into other hands. The family name was Pagliuca d'Oriani. As often happens in Italy, they went by whichever one of the three names happened to be most familiar to the speaker who mentioned them.

At the time of the prince's death there were living his brother's widow and four children, consisting of three sons and one daughter; and there was another branch of the family, calling themselves Pagliuca di Bauso, with whom this history is not at present concerned.

The widowed lady was known in Sicily as Donna Maria Carolina Pagliuca. Her eldest son was Tebaldo, to whom came from his uncle the title, Prince of Corleone; and his two brothers were named Francesco and Ferdinando. Their sister, a girl seventeen years of age, was Vittoria, and was the youngest.

In the ordinary course of events, being of the south, the three sons as well as their father and mother would have each borne a distinctive title. Corleone, however, had begun life by quarreling with his younger brother; and when the latter had died, and the property had been divided according to the code introduced after the annexation of Naples and Sicily, he had absolutely refused to allow his brother any title whatsoever. He could not prevent the division of the lands, of which, however, he had by far the larger share; but he could keep the titles, with which the law of succession does not concern itself, and he did so out of spite. Moreover, he injured and defrauded his brother by every means in his power, which was at that time considerable; and the result was that the said brother and his family became very poor indeed, and retired to live in a somewhat barbarous region of Sicily, very much in the manner of farmers and very little in the style of gentlefolks. He died of the cholera when his eldest son, Tebaldo, was barely of age, and Vittoria was a little girl at a convent in Palermo.

The three young men lived almost in the surroundings of Sicilian peasants, but with the pride and more than the ordinary vanity of a race of nobles. There might not have been much difference had their uncle been generous to them, instead of

at once transferring and continuing to them his hatred of their father. But as they were placed, and with their characters, the result was inevitable. They grew up to be at once idle and vindictive, grasping and improvident, half cunning and half fierce, physically brave and morally mean. The many faults and the few virtues were not evenly distributed among them, it is true, for each had some greater or less share of them all. Tebaldo was the most cunning, Francesco the most licentious, Ferdinando was the boldest and the most rash of them all—and perhaps the best, or, at all events, the least bad.

The house which remained to them, with a little land around it, was known as Camaldoli to the peasants and the people of the neighborhood, though its original name had been Torre del Druso—the Tower of the Druse, or of the fiend, as one chooses to interpret it. It was a good sized, rambling, half fortified old monastery, looking down from a gentle elevation in the high valley on one side, and having a deep gorge at the back, through which a torrent tumbled over dark stones during three quarters of the year. There was a sort of rampart above this chasm, and at one end rose a square tower with ruined crenellations, built of almost black tufo. It was evidently this tower which had given the place its more ancient name, before the monks had built against it their white plastered building and the rampart, with the little church in the inner court. The village of Santa Vittoria was about three quarters of a mile distant, hidden by the spur of the hill, and separated from Camaldoli by a barren stretch of burnt lava and ashes, which had descended long ago from some lower crater of the volcano.

Far above all, Etna's enormous cone rose against the dark blue eastern sky like a monstrous, streaked sugar loaf. On each side of the great burnt strip between Santa Vittoria and Camaldoli, the woods and fields stretched north and south towards Messina and Catania. Westward, beyond the valley, rose a great range of mountains covered high with forests of chestnut trees. No houses were visible from Camaldoli, nor any shed nor hut which could have served for a human habitation, for it was a wild and lonely country.

The three brothers lived with their mother at Camaldoli, and were served in a rough fashion by three men and four women, almost all of whom were expected to do almost anything, from stable work to cooking and waiting at table. There was a sort

of slovenly abundance of coarse food and drink, but there was little else, and many a well to do peasant lived better than the sister in law and nephews of Prince Corleone. Donna Maria Carolina scarcely ever left the house in winter or summer. She had been married from a convent, a mere child, had enjoyed a brief taste of luxury and something of happiness at the beginning of life, and had spent the years of subsequent poverty between spasmodic attempts to make gentlemen of her wild sons, bitter outbursts of regret for her marriage, and an apathetic indifference such as only comes upon women of southern races when placed in such hopeless situations as hers. She was a thin, dark woman, with traces of beauty, dressed generally in shabby black, but strangely fond of cheap and tasteless ornaments, which contrasted horribly with her worn out mourning. As her sons grew up they acquired the habit of contradicting everything she said. Sometimes she argued her point, whatever it might be, and generally in total ignorance of the subject. Her arguments frequently ended in a passionate appeal to the justice of Heaven, and the right feeling of the saints, though the matter under discussion might not be more important than the planting of a cabbage, or the dressing of a dish of greens. Or else, as sometimes happened, she sullenly bent her brows, while her once handsome mouth curled scornfully, and from her scarcely parted lips one word came in an injured and dramatic tone.

"*Villani!*" she would exclaim.

The word may be translated "boors," and the three boys did not like it for it is an outrageous insult from a man to a man. But their rudeness to their mother did not go beyond flat contradiction in argument; and when she called her sons boors, they bore it in silence, and generally went away without a retort. There are no Italians without some traces of manners and of that submission to parents which belonged to the old patriarchal system of the Romans. It must be remembered, too, so far as this and the rest of their behavior may be concerned, that although their father died when they were young, he had lived long enough to give them something, though not much, in the way of education, chiefly by the help of the parish priest of Santa Vittoria, and to teach them the rudimentary outward manners of young gentlemen. And these they were quite able to assume when they pleased. He had succeeded in having them taught at least enough to pass the very easy examination which entitles young men to serve but

a year and a few weeks in the army, instead of the regular term; and he had taken first Tebaldo, then Tebaldo and Francesco, and then all three in successive years to Messina and Palermo for a fortnight at a time, so that they were not wholly ignorant of the world.

It must not be forgotten, either, in order to understand how the brothers were able afterwards to make a tolerably decent appearance in Rome, that Italians have great powers of social adaptation; and, secondly, that the line between the nobility and the people is very clearly drawn in most parts of the country, especially in the matter of manners and speech, so that what little the young men learned from their father and mother belonged distinctively to their own class and to no other. Even had they been outwardly less polished than they really knew how to appear, their name alone would have admitted them to society, though society might have treated them coolly after a nearer acquaintance.

Vittoria, their sister, remained at the convent in Palermo after their father's death. He, poor man, seeing that his house did not promise to be a very fit place for a young girl, and especially not for one delicately organized as his daughter seemed to be, had placed her with the nuns while still a young child; and under the circumstances this was by far the wisest thing he could do. The nuns were ladies, and the convent was relatively rich. Possibly these facts had too much weight with Pagliuca, or perhaps he honestly believed that he should be able to pay regularly for Vittoria's education and living. Indeed, so long as he lived he managed to send small sums of money from time to time, and after his death Donna Maria Carolina twice remitted a little money to the nuns. But after that nothing more was sent for a long time. Fortunately for herself, Vittoria was extremely unlike her turbulent brothers and her disappointed mother, and by the time she was ten years old she was the idol of the religious household in which she had been placed. Even had she been very different, of low birth, and of bad temper, the nuns would have kept her, and would have treated her kindly, though they would very justly have required her to do something towards earning her living under their roof when she grew older. But apart from the child's rare charm and lovable disposition, being of an old and noble name, they would have considered her unfit for menial work, though cast adrift and helpless. All this, however, was quite forgotten in their almost exaggerated affection

for the child. They showed their love for her as only such women could; for though there were a dozen other daughters of nobles under their care, the nuns let no one know that Vittoria was brought up by their charity after her father's death. They gave her all she needed of the best, and they even gave her little presents which she might think had been sent from home. They told her that 'her mother desired her to have' a Book of Hours, or a writing case, or a silk handkerchief, or any such trifles. Her mother, poor lady, doubtless did desire it, though she never said so. It was a pious and a gentle fraud, and it prevented the other girls from looking down upon her as a charity scholar, as one or two of them might have done. In dress there was no difference, of course, for they all dressed alike, and Vittoria supposed that her parents paid for her things.

She was a very lovely girl as she grew up, and exquisite in all ways, and gentle as she was exquisite. She was not dark as her brothers were, nor as her mother. It is commonly said that all the region about Palermo is Saracen, but that the ancient Greek blood survives from Messina to Catania; and the girl certainly seemed to be of a type that differed from that of her family, which had originally come from the other side of the island. Vittoria had soft brown hair and clear brown eyes of precisely the same color as the delicate, arched eyebrows above them, a matching which always helps the harmony of any face. There was a luminous clearness, too, in the skin, which both held and gave back the light like the sheen of fine satin in shadow. There was about all her face the dream-like softness of well defined outline which one occasionally sees in the best cut gems of the Greeks, when the precious stone itself has a golden tinge. The features were not faultless by any standard of beauty which we call perfect, but one would not have changed the faults that were there. Such as they were, they will appear more clearly hereafter. It is enough to say now that Vittoria d'Oriani had grace and charm and gentleness, and, withal, a share of beauty by no means small. And she was well educated and well cared for, as has been seen, and was brought up very differently from her brothers.

The existence of the Pagliuca at Camaldoli was not only tolerably wild and rough, as has been seen; it was, in a measure, equivocal; and it may be doubted whether all the doings of the three brothers, as they grew up, could have borne the scrutiny of

the law. Sicily is not like other countries in this respect, and, at the risk of wearying the reader, it is better that something should be said at the outset concerning outlawry and brigandage, in order that what follows may be more clearly understood.

Brigandage in Sicily has a sort of intermittent permanence which foreigners cannot easily explain. The mere question which is so often asked—whether it cannot be stamped out of existence—shows a total ignorance of its nature. You may knock off a lizard's tail in winter with a switch, as most people know, but you cannot prevent the tail from growing again in the spring and summer unless you kill the lizard outright.

Brigandage is not a profession, as most people suppose. A man does not choose it as a career. It is the occasional but inevitable result of the national character under certain conditions which are sure to renew themselves from time to time. No one can change national character. The success of brigandage, whenever it manifests itself, depends primarily upon the almost inaccessible nature of some parts of the island, and, secondly, upon the helplessness of the peasants to defend themselves in remote places. It is manifestly impossible to arm a whole population, especially with weapons fit to cope with the first rate repeating rifles and army revolvers, which brigands almost invariably carry. It is equally impossible to picket troops all over the country, at distances not exceeding half a mile from station to station, in every direction, like cabbages in a field. No army would suffice. Therefore, when a band is known to have formed, a large force is sent temporarily to the neighborhood to hunt it down; and this is all that any government could do. The 'band,' as it is usually called, may be very small. One man has terrorized a large district before now, and the famous Leone, when at last surrounded, slew nearly a score of men before he himself was killed, though he was quite alone.

Almost every band begins with a single individual, and he, as a rule, has turned outlaw to escape the consequences of a murder done in hot blood, and is, in all probability, a man of respectable birth and some property. It is part of the national character to proceed instantly to bloodshed in case of a quarrel, and quarrels are, unfortunately, common enough. The peasants break one another's heads and bones with their hoes and spades, and occasionally stab each other with inefficient knives, but rarely kill, because the carabi-

neers are constantly making search for weapons, even in the laborers' pockets, and confiscate them without question when found. But the man of some property rarely goes abroad without a shot gun or a revolver, or both, and generally knows how to use them. He may go through life without a serious quarrel, but should he find himself involved in one, he usually kills his man at once, or is killed. If there are witnesses present to prove beyond doubt that he has killed in self defense, he may give himself up at the nearest station of carabinieri, and he is sure of acquittal. Otherwise, if he can get away, his only course is to escape to the woods without delay. This seems to be the simple explanation of the fact that such a large proportion of brigands are by no means of the lowest class, but have often been farmers and men of property, who can not only afford good weapons, but are able to get licenses to carry them. Brigands are certainly not, as a rule, from the so called criminal classes, as foreigners suppose, though when the band becomes very large, a few common criminals may be found in the whole number; but the brigands despise and distrust them.

These things also account for the still more notable fact that the important bands have always had friends among the well to do landed proprietors. Indeed, they have not only friends, but often near relations, who will make great sacrifices and run considerable risks to save them from the law. And when any considerable number of brigands are caught, they have generally been betrayed into an ambush by these friends or relations. Sometimes they are massacred by them for the sake of a large reward. But to the honor of the Sicilian character, it must be said such cases are rare, though a very notable one occurred in the year 1894, when a rich man and his two sons deliberately drugged six brigands at a sort of feast of friendship, and shot them all in their sleep—a massacre which, however, has by no means ended the existence of that particular band.

As for the practices of the bandits, they have three main objects in view: namely, personal safety, provisions wherewith to support life, and then, if possible, money in large sums, which, when obtained, may afford them the means of leaving the country secretly and forever. With regard to the first of these ends, they are mostly young men, or men still in the prime of strength, good walkers, good riders, good shots, and not rendered conspicuous marks at a

distance by a uniform. As for their provisions, when their friends do not supply them, they take what they need wherever they find it, chiefly by intimidating the peasants. In the third matter they have large views. An ordinary person is usually quite safe from them, especially if armed, for they will not risk their lives for anything so mean as highway robbery. It is their object to get possession of the persons of the richest nobles and gentlemen, from whom they can extort a ransom. And if they once catch such a personage they generally get the money, for the practice of sending an ear or a piece of nose as a reminder to relations is not extinct. Few Sicilian gentlemen who have lands in the interior dare visit their estates without a military escort when a "band" is known to be in existence, as happens to be the case at the present time of writing.

It chanced that such a band was gathered together, though not a large one, within a few years of Pagliuca's death, and was leading a precarious and nomadic life for a time not far from Santa Vittoria. It was said that the Pagliuca men were on good terms with these brigands, though of course their mother knew nothing about it. In the neighborhood, no one thought much the worse of the brothers for this. When brigands were about, every man had to do the best he could for himself. The Corleone, as many of the peasants called them, were well armed, it is true, but they were few and could not have resisted any depredations of the brigands by force. On the other hand, they had the reputation of being brave and very reckless young men, and even against odds might send a bullet through any one who tried to carry off a couple of their sheep, or one of their mules. They knew the country well, too, and might be valuable allies to the carabinieri, which meant that they could be useful friends to the outlaws, if they chose. Every one knew that they were poor and that it would not be worth while to take one of them in the hope of a ransom, and no one was surprised when it was hinted that they sold provisions to the brigands for cash when they could get it, and for credit when the brigands had no money—a credit which was perfectly good until the outlaws should be taken.

There was very little direct proof of this alliance, and the Pagliuca denied it in terms which did not invite further questioning. To make a brilliant show of their perfect innocence, they led a dozen carabinieri about for two days through a laby-

rinth of forest paths and hill passes, and brought them three times in forty eight hours to places where a fire was still smoldering, and remains of half cooked meat were scattered about, as if the brigands had fled suddenly at an alarm. They received the officer's thanks for their efforts, with sincere expressions of regret that they should have been unsuccessful. In one of the camps they even found the skin of a sheep which they identified as one of their own, with many loud spoken curses, by the brand on the back. It was all very well done, and the result of it was that the carabinieri often applied for news of the brigands at Camaldoli, a proceeding which of course kept the d'Oriani informed as to the whereabouts of the carabinieri themselves.

It was certainly as well in the end that Vittoria should have stayed at the convent in Palermo during those years, until the death of the old Corleone suddenly changed the existence of her mother and brothers. He died, as has been said, without much ceremony in a small hotel at Nice. He died childless and intestate, as well as ruined, so far as he knew at the time of his death. The news reached Camaldoli in the shape of a demand for money in payment of one of his just debts, from a money lender in Palermo who was aware of the existence of the three Pagliuca brothers, and knew that they were the prince's heirs at law.

It took a whole year to unravel the ruin of the dead man's estate. What he had not sold was mortgaged, and the mortgages had changed hands repeatedly during the tremendous financial crisis which began in 1888. There were debts of all kinds, just and unjust, and creditors by the hundred. The steward of the principal estate absconded with such cash as he happened to have in hand, as soon as he heard of Corleone's death. An obscure individual shot himself because the steward owed him money, and this also was talked of in the newspapers, and a good deal of printed abuse was heaped upon the dead rake. But one day Ferdinando Pagliuca entered the office of one of the papers in Palermo, struck the editor in the face, forced him into a duel, and ran him through the lungs the next morning. The editor ultimately recovered, but the Pagliuca had asserted themselves, and there was no more scurrilous talk in the press about poor dead Corleone.

Things turned out to be not quite so bad as he had imagined. Here and there, a little property had escaped, perhaps because he hardly knew of its existence. There was a small house in Rome, in the new quarter,

which he had bought for a young person in whom he had been temporarily interested, and which, by some miracle, was not mortgaged. The mortgages on some of the principal estates in Sicily had found their way to the capacious desk of the Marchese di San Giacinto, whose name was Giovanni Saracinesca, and who was a rather distant cousin of Orsino. San Giacinto was enormously rich, and was a singular combination of old blood and modern instincts; a man of honor, but of terrible will, and a good enemy; a man of very large views and of many great projects, some of which were already successfully carried out, some in course of execution, some as yet only planned. In the great crisis he had neither lost much nor profited immediately by the disasters of others. No one called him grasping, and yet everything worth having that came within his long reach came sooner or later into his possession. When land and houses lost value and everything in the way of business was dull and dead, San Giacinto was steadily buying. When all had been excitement and mad speculation, he had quietly saved his money and waited. And in the course of his investments he had picked up the best of the Corleone mortgages, without troubling himself much as to whether the interest were very regularly paid or not. Before long he knew very well that it would not be paid at all, and that the lands would fall to him when Corleone should have completely ruined himself.

The Pagliuca family moved to Rome before the settlement of the inheritance was finished, and Vittoria was at last taken from the convent and accompanied her mother. Ferdinando alone remained at Camaldoli. The family established themselves in an apartment in the new quarter, and began to live well, if not extravagantly, on what was still a very uncertain income. Tebaldo, who managed all the business himself, succeeded in selling the house in Rome advantageously. Through San Giacinto he made acquaintance with a few Romans, who treated him courteously and regarded him with curiosity as the nephew of the notorious Prince Corleone. As for the title, San Giacinto advised him not to assume it at once, as it would not be of any especial advantage to him.

San Giacinto was on excellent terms with all his Saracinesca relations, and very naturally spoke to them about the d'Oriani. In his heart he did not like and did not trust Tebaldo, and thought his brother Francesco little better; but, in spite of this, he could not help feeling a sort of pity for the two

young men, whose story reminded him of his own romantic beginnings. San Giacinto was a giant in strength and stature, and it is undoubtedly true that in all giants a tendency to good nature and kindness will sooner or later assert itself. He was advancing in years now, and the initial hardness of his rough nature had been tempered by years of success and of almost phenomenal domestic felicity. He was strong still, in body and mind, and not easily deceived; but he had grown kind. He pitied the Pagliuca tribe, and took his wife to see Donna Maria Carolina. He persuaded the Princess of Sant' Ilario to receive her and make acquaintance, and the Marchesa di San Giacinto brought her to the palace one afternoon with Vittoria.

Corona thought the mother pretentious, and guessed that she was at once bad tempered and foolish; but she saw at a glance that the young girl was of a very different type, and a few kindly questions, while Donna Maria Carolina talked with the marchesa, explained the mystery. Vittoria had never been at home, even for a visit, during the ten years which had elapsed since she had been placed at the convent, and her mother was almost a stranger to her. She was not exactly timid, as Corona could see, but her young grace was delicately nurtured and shrank and froze in the presence of her mother's coarse grained self assertion.

"Shall we marry her in Rome, do you think, princess?" asked Donna Maria Carolina, nodding her head indicatively towards her daughter, while her eyes looked at Corona, and she smiled with much significance.

Vittoria's soft brown eyes grew suddenly bright and hard, and the blood sprang up in her face as though she had been struck, and her small hands tightened quietly on her parasol; but she said nothing, and looked down.

"I hope that your daughter may marry very happily," said Corona, with a kind intonation, for she saw the girl's embarrassment and understood it.

The Marchesa di San Giacinto laughed quite frankly. Her laughter was good humored, not noisy, and distinctly aristocratic, it is true; but Vittoria resented it, because she knew that it was elicited by her mother's remark, which had been in bad taste. Corona saw this also.

"You always laugh at the mention of marriage, Flavia," said the princess, "and yet you are the most happily married woman I know."

"Oh, that is true!" answered the marchesa. "My giant is good to me, even now that my hair is gray."

Donna Maria Carolina rose to go. In saying good by, Corona took Vittoria's hand.

"I am sorry that it is so late in the season, my dear," she said. "You will have little to amuse you until next year. But you must come to dinner with your mother. Will you come, and bring her?" she asked, turning to Donna Maria Carolina.

The Marchesa di San Giacinto stared in well bred surprise, for Corona was not in the habit of asking people to dinner at first sight. Of course her invitation was accepted.

III.

SAN GIACINTO and his wife came to the dinner, and two or three others, and the d'Oriani made a sort of formal entry into Roman society under the best possible auspices. In spite of Corona's good taste and womanly influence, festivities at the Palazzo Saracinesca always had an impressive and almost solemn character. Perhaps there were too many men in the family, and they were all too dark and grave, from the aged prince to his youngest grandson, who was barely of age, and whose black eyebrows met over his Roman nose and seemed to shade his eyes too much. Ippolito, the exception in his family, as Vittoria d'Oriani was in hers, did not appear at table, but came into the drawing room in the evening. The prince himself sat at the head of the table, and rarely spoke. Corona could see that he was not pleased with the Pagliuca tribe, and she did her best to help on conversation and to make Flavia San Giacinto talk, as she could when she chose.

From time to time she looked at Orsino, whose face that evening expressed nothing, but whose eyes were almost constantly turned towards Vittoria. It had happened naturally enough that he sat next to her, and it was an unusual experience for him. Of course, in the round of society, he occasionally found himself placed next to a young girl at dinner, and he generally was thoroughly bored on such occasions. It was either intentional or accidental on the part of his hosts, whoever they might be. If it was intentional, he had been made to sit next to some particularly desirable damsel of great birth and fortune, in the hope that he might fall in love with her and make her the future Princess Saracinesca. And he resented in gloomy silence every

such attempt to capture him. If, on the other hand, he chanced to be set down beside a young girl, it happened according to the laws of precedence; and it was ten to one that the young lady had nothing to recommend her, either in the way of face, fortune, or conversation. But neither case occurred often.

The present occasion was altogether exceptional. Vittoria d'Oriani had never been to a dinner party before, and everything was new to her. It was her first appearance in society, and Orsino Saracinesca was the first man who could be called young, except her brothers, with whom she had ever exchanged a dozen words. It was scarcely two months since she had left the convent, and during that time her mind had been constantly crowded with new impressions, and as constantly irritated by her mother's manner and conversation. Her education was undoubtedly very limited, though in this respect it only differed in a small degree from that of many young girls whom Orsino had met; but it was as liberal compared with her mother's, as her ideas upon religion were broad in comparison with Donna Maria Carolina's complicated system of superstition.

Vittoria's brown eyes were very wide open, as she sat quietly in her place, listening to what was said, and tasting a number of things which she had never seen before. She looked often at Corona, and wished that she might be like her some day, which was quite impossible. And she glanced at Orsino from time to time, and answered his remarks briefly and simply. She could not help seeing that he was watching her, and now and then the blood rose softly in her cheeks. On her other side sat Giambattista Pietrasanta, whose wife was a Frangipani, and who was especially amused and interested by Vittoria's mother, his other neighbor, but paid little attention to the young girl herself.

A great writer has very truly said that psychological analysis, in a book, can never be more than a series of statements on the part of the author, telling what he himself fancies that he might have felt, could he have been placed in the position of the particular person whom he is analyzing. It is extremely doubtful whether any male writer can, by the greatest effort of imagination, clothe himself in the ingenuous purity of thought and intention which is the whole being of such a young girl as Vittoria d'Oriani when she first enters the world, after having spent ten years in a religious community of refined women.

The creature we imagine, when we try to understand such maiden innocence, is colorless and dull. Her mind and heart are white as snow, but blankly white, as the snow on a boundless plain, without so much as a fence or a tree to relieve the utter monotony. There is no beauty in such whiteness in nature, except when it blushes at dawn and sunset. Alone on snow, and with nothing but snow in sight, men go mad; for snow madness is a known and recognized form of insanity.

Evidently our imagination fails to evoke a true image in such a case. We are aware that maiden innocence is a state, and not a form of character. The difficulty lies in representing to ourselves a definite character in just that state. For to the word innocence we attach no narrow meaning; it extends to every question which touches humanity, to every motive in all dealings, and to every purpose which, in that blank state, a girl attributes to all human beings, living and dead. It is a magic window through which all good things appear clearly, though not often truly, and all bad things are either completely invisible, or seen in a dull, neutral, and totally uninteresting shadow of uniform misunderstanding. We judge that it must be so, from our observation. This is not analysis, but inspection.

Behind the blank lies, in the first place, the temperament, then the character, then the mind, and then that great, uncertain element of heredity, monstrous or god-like, which animates and moves all three in the gestation of unborn fate, and which is fate itself in later life, so far as there is any such thing as fatality.

Behind the blank there may be a turbulent and passionate blood, may be a character of iron. But the blank is a blank, for all that. Catherine of Russia was once an innocent and quiet little German girl, with empty, wandering eyes, and school girl sentimentalities. Goethe might have taken her for *Werther's Charlotte*. Good, bad, or indifferent, the future woman is at the magic window, and all that she is to be is within her already.

Vittoria d'Oriani was certainly not to be a Catherine, but there was no lack of conflicting heredities beneath her innocence. Orsino had thought more than most young men of his age, and he was aware of the fact, as he looked at her and talked with her, and carried on one of those apparently empty conversations, of which the recollection sometimes remains throughout a lifetime, while he quietly studied her face, and tried to find out the secret of its rare

charm. He began by treating her almost as a foreigner. He remembered long afterwards how he smiled as he asked her the first familiar question, as though she had been an English girl, or Miss Lizzie Slayback, the heiress from Nevada.

"How do you like Rome?"

"It is a great city," answered Vittoria.

"But you do not like it? You do not think it is beautiful?"

"Of course, it is not Palermo," said the young girl, quite naturally. "It has not the sea; it has not the mountains——"

"No mountains?" interrupted Orsino, smiling. "But there are mountains all round Rome."

"Not like Palermo," replied Vittoria soberly. "And then it has not the beautiful streets."

"Poor Rome!" Orsino laughed a little. "Not even fine streets! Have you seen nothing that pleases you here?"

"Oh, yes—there are fine houses, and I have seen the Tiber, and the queen, and—" she stopped short.

"And what else?" inquired Orsino, very much amused.

Vittoria turned her brown eyes full upon him, and paused a moment before she answered.

"You are making me say things which seem foolish to you, though they seem sensible to me," she said quietly.

"They seem original, not foolish. It is quite true that Palermo is a beautiful city, but we Romans forget it. And if you have never seen another river, the Tiber is interesting, I suppose. That is what you mean. No, it is quite reasonable."

Vittoria blushed a little, and looked down, only half reassured. It was her first attempt at conversation, and she had said what she thought, naturally and simply. She was not sure whether the dark young man, who had eyes exactly like his mother's, was laughing at her or not. But he did not know that she had never been to a party in her life.

"Is the society in Palermo amusing?" he inquired carelessly.

"I do not know," she answered, again blushing, for she was a little ashamed of being so very young. "I left the convent on the day we started to come to Rome. And my mother did not live in Palermo," she added.

"No—I had forgotten that."

Orsino relapsed into silence for a while. He would willingly have given up the attempt at conversation, so far as concerned any hope of making it interesting. But he

liked the sound of Vittoria's voice, and he wished she would speak again. On his right hand was Tebaldo, who, as the head of a family, and not a Roman, sat next to Corona. He seemed to be making her rather bold compliments. Orsino caught a phrase.

"You are certainly the most beautiful woman in Italy, princess," the Sicilian was saying.

Orsino raised his head, and turned slowly towards the speaker. As he did so, he saw his mother's look. Her brows were a little contracted, which was unusual, but she was just turning away to speak to San Giacinto on her other side, with an otherwise perfectly indifferent expression. Orsino laughed.

"My mother has been the most beautiful woman in Europe since before I was born," he said, addressing Tebaldo rather pointedly, for the latter's remark had been perfectly audible to him.

Tebaldo had a thin face, with a square, narrow forehead, and heavy jaws that came to an overpointed chin. His upper lip was very short, and his mustache was unusually small, black, and glossy, and turned up at the ends in aggressive points. His upper teeth were sharp, long, and regular, and he showed them when he smiled. The smile did not extend upwards above the nostrils, and there was something almost sinister in the still black eyes. In the front view the lower part of the face was triangular, and the low forehead made the upper portion seem square. He was a man of bilious constitution, of an even, yellow brown complexion, rather lank and bony in frame, but of a type which is often very enduring. Such men sometimes have violent and uncontrolled tempers, combined with great cunning, quickness of intelligence, and an extraordinary power of taking advantage of circumstances.

Tebaldo smiled at Orsino's remark, not at all acknowledging that it might be intended as a rebuke.

"It is hard to believe that she can be your mother," he said quietly, and with such frankness as completely disarmed resentment.

But Orsino in his thoughts contrasted Tebaldo's present tone with the sound of his voice when speaking to the princess an instant earlier, and he forthwith disliked the man, and believed him to be false and double. Corona either had not heard, or pretended not to hear, and talked indifferently with San Giacinto, whose vast, lean frame seemed to fill two places at the table, while his energetic gray head towered high

above every one else. Orsino turned to Vittoria again.

"Should you be pleased if some one told you that you were the most beautiful young lady in Italy?" he inquired.

Vittoria looked at him wonderingly.

"No," she answered. "It would not be true. How should I be pleased?"

"But suppose, for the sake of argument, that it were true. I am imagining a case. Should you be pleased?"

"I do not know—I think——" She hesitated and paused.

"I am very curious to know what you think," said Orsino, pressing her for an answer.

"I think it would depend upon whether I liked the person who told me so." Again the blood rose softly in her face.

"That is exactly what I should think," answered Orsino gravely. "Were you sorry to leave the convent?"

"Yes, I cried a great deal. It was my home for so many years, and I was so happy there."

The girl's eyes grew dreamy as she looked absently across the table at Guendalina Pietrasanta. She was evidently lost in her recollections of her life with the nuns. Orsino was almost amused at his own failure.

"Should you have liked to stay and be a nun yourself?" he inquired, with a smile.

"Yes, indeed! At least—when I came away I wished to stay."

"But you have changed your mind since? You find the world pleasanter than you expected? It is not a bad place, I dare say."

"They told me that it was very bad," said Vittoria seriously. "Of course they must know, but I do not quite understand what they mean. Can you tell me something about it, and why it is bad, and what all the wickedness is?"

Orsino looked at her quietly for a moment, realizing very clearly the whiteness of her life's unwritten page.

"Your nuns may be right," he said at last. "I am not in love with the world, but I do not believe that it is so very wicked. At least, there are many good people in it, and one can find them if one chooses. No doubt, we are all miserable sinners in a theological sense, but I am not a theologian. I have a brother who is a priest, and you will see him after dinner; but though he is a very good man, he does not give one the impression of believing that the world is bad. It is true that he is rather a dilettante priest."

Vittoria was evidently shocked, for her face grew extraordinarily grave and a shade paler. She looked at Orsino in a startled way and then at her plate.

"What is the matter?" he asked quickly. "Have I shocked you?"

"Yes," she answered, almost in a whisper and still looking down. "That is," she added with hesitation, "perhaps I did not quite understand you."

"No, you did not, if you are shocked. I merely meant that although my brother is a very good man, and a very religious man, and believes that he has a vocation, and does his best to be a good priest, he has other interests in life for which I am sure that he cares more, though he may not know it."

"What other interests?" asked Vittoria, rather timidly.

"Well, only one, perhaps—music. He is a musician first, and a priest afterwards."

The young girl's face brightened instantly. She had expected something very terrible, perhaps, though quite undefined.

"He says mass in the morning," continued Orsino, "and it may take him an hour or so to read his breviary conscientiously in the afternoon. The rest of his time he spends over the piano."

"But it is not profane music?" asked Vittoria, growing anxious again.

"Oh, no!" Orsino smiled. "He composes masses and symphonies and motets."

"Well, there is no harm in that," said Vittoria indifferently, being again reassured.

"Certainly not. I wish I had the talent and the interest in it to do it myself. I believe that the chief real wickedness is doing nothing at all."

"Sloth is one of the capital sins," observed Vittoria, who knew the names of all seven.

"It is also the most tiresome sin imaginable, especially when one is condemned to it for life, as I am."

The young girl looked at him anxiously, and there was a little pause.

"What do you mean?" she asked. "No one is obliged to be idle."

"Will you find me an occupation?" Orsino asked in his turn, and with some bitterness. "I shall be gratified."

"Is not doing good an occupation? I am sure that there must be plenty of opportunities for that."

She felt more sure of herself, when upon such ground. Orsino did not smile.

"Yes. It might take up a man's whole life, but it is not a career—"

"It was the career of many of the saints!" interrupted Vittoria cheerfully, for she was beginning to feel at her ease at last. "Saint Francis of Assisi—Saint Clare—Saint—"

"Pray for us!" exclaimed Orsino, as though he were responding in a litany.

Vittoria's face fell instantly, and he regretted the words as soon as he had spoken them. She was like a sensitive plant, he thought; and yet she had none of the appearance of an over-impressionable, nervous girl. It was doubtless her education.

"I have shocked you again," he said gravely. "I am sorry, but I am afraid that you will often be shocked, at first. Yes; I have no doubt that to the saints doing good was a career, and that a saint might make a career of it nowadays. But you see I am not one. What I should like would be to have a profession of some sort, and to work at it with all my might."

"What a strange idea!" Vittoria looked at him in surprise; for though her three brothers had been almost beggars for ten years, it had never struck them that they could possibly have a profession. "But you are a noble," she added thoughtfully. "You will be the Prince Saracinesca some day."

Orsino laughed.

"We do not think so much of those things as we did once," he answered. "I would be a doctor, if I could, or a lawyer, or a man of business. I do not think that I would like to be a shopkeeper, though it is only a matter of prejudice—"

"I should think not!" cried Vittoria, startled again.

"It would be much more interesting than the life I lead. Almost any life would be, for that matter. Of course, if I had my choice —" He stopped.

Vittoria waited, her eyes fixed earnestly on his face, but she said nothing. Somehow she was suddenly anxious to know what his choice would be. He felt that she was watching him, and turned towards her. Their eyes met in silence, and he smiled, but her face remained grave. He was thinking that this must certainly be one of the most absurd conversations in which he had ever been engaged, but that somehow it did not appear absurd to himself, and he wondered why.

"If I had my choice —" He paused again. "I would be a leader," he added suddenly.

He was still young, and there was ambition in him. His dark eyes flashed like his mother's, a warmer color rose for one in-

stant under his olive skin; the fine, firm mouth set itself.

"I think you could be," said Vittoria, almost under her breath and half unconsciously.

Then, all at once, she blushed scarlet, and turned her face away to hide her color. If there is one thing in woman which more than any other attracts a misunderstood man, it is the conviction that she believes him capable of great deeds; and if there is one thing beyond others which leads a woman to love a man, it is her own certainty that he is really superior to those around him, and really needs woman's sympathy. Youth, beauty, charm, eloquence, are all second to these in their power to implant genuine love, or to maintain it, if they continue to exist as conditions.

It mattered little to Vittoria that she had as yet no means whatever of judging whether Orsino Saracinesca had any such extraordinary powers as might some day make him a leader among men. She had been hardly conscious of the strong impression she had received, and which had made her speak, and she was far too young and simple to argue with herself about it. And he, on his part, with a good deal of experience behind him and the memory of one older woman's absolute devotion and sacrifice, felt a keen and unexpected pleasure, quite different from anything he remembered to have felt before now. Nor did he reason about it at first, for he was not a great reasoner, and his pleasures in life were really very few.

A moment or two after Vittoria had spoken, and when she had already turned away her face, Orsino shook his head almost imperceptibly, as though trying to throw something off which annoyed him. It was near the end of dinner before the two spoke to each other again, though Vittoria half turned towards him twice in the mean time, as though expecting him to speak, and then, disappointed, looked at her plate again.

"Are you going to stay in Rome, or shall you go back to Sicily?" he asked suddenly, not looking at her, but at the small white hand that touched the edge of the table beside him.

Vittoria started perceptibly at the sound of his voice, as though she had been in a reverie, and her hand disappeared at the same instant. Orsino found himself staring at the table cloth, at the spot where it had lain.

"I think—I hope we shall stay in Rome,"

she answered. "My brother has a great deal of business here."

"Yes. I know. He sees my cousin San Giacinto about it almost every day."

"Yes."

Her face grew thoughtful again, but not dreamily so as before, and she seemed to hesitate, as though she had more to say.

"What is it?" asked Orsino, encouraging her to go on.

"Perhaps I ought not to tell you. The marchese wishes to buy Camaldoli of us."

"What is Camaldoli?"

"It is the old country house where my mother and my brothers lived so long, while I was in the convent, after my father died. There is a little land. It was all we had until now."

"Shall you be glad if it is sold, or sorry?" asked Orsino thoughtfully, and watching her face.

"I shall be glad, I suppose," she answered. "It would have to be divided among us, they say. And it is half in ruins, and the land is worth nothing, and there are always brigands."

Orsino laughed.

"Yes. I should think you might be very glad to get rid of it. There is no difficulty about it, is there?"

"Only—I have another brother. He likes it and has remained there. His name is Ferdinando. No one knows why he is so fond of the place. They need his consent, in order to sell it, and he will not agree."

"I understand. What sort of man is your brother Ferdinando?"

"I have not seen him for ten years. They are afraid of—I mean, he is afraid of nothing."

There was something odd, Orsino thought, about the way the young girl shut her lips when she checked herself in the middle of the sentence, but he had no idea what she had been about to say. Just then Corona nodded slightly to the aged prince at the other end of the table, and dinner was over.

"I should think it would be necessary for San Giacinto to see this other brother of yours," observed Orsino, finishing the conversation as he rose and stood ready to take Vittoria out.

The little ungloved hand lay like a white butterfly on his black sleeve, and she had to raise her arm a little to take his, though she was not short. Just before them went San Giacinto, darkening the way like a figure of fate. Vittoria looked up at him, almost awe struck at his mere size.

"How tall he is!" she exclaimed in a very low voice. "How very tall he is!" she said again.

"We are used to him," answered Orsino, with a short laugh. "But he has a big heart, though he looks so grim."

Half an hour later, when the men were smoking in a room by themselves, San Giacinto came and sat down by Orsino in the remote corner where the latter had established himself, with a cigarette. The giant, as ever of old, had a villainous looking black cigar between his teeth.

"Do you want something to do?" he asked bluntly.

"Yes."

"Do you care to live in Sicily for a time?"

"Anywhere—Japan, if you like."

"You are easily pleased. That means that you are not in love just at present, I suppose."

San Giacinto looked hard at his young cousin for some time, in silence. Orsino met his glance quietly, but with some curiosity.

"Will you go to Sicily with me if I need you, and stay there, and get an estate in order for me?"

"With pleasure. When?"

"I do not know yet. It may be in a week, and it may be in a month. It will be hot there, and you will have troublesome things to do."

"So much the better."

"There are brigands in the neighborhood just now."

"That will be very amusing. I never saw one."

"You may tell Ippolito, if you like, but please do not mention it to any one else until we are ready to go. You know that your mother will be anxious about you, and your father is a conservative—and your grandfather is a firebrand, if he dislikes an idea. One would think that at his age his temper should have subsided."

"Not in the least!" Orsino smiled, for he loved the old man, and was proud of his great age.

"But you may tell Ippolito if you like, and if you warn him to be discreet. Ippolito would let himself be torn in pieces rather than betray a secret. He is by far the most discreet of you all."

"Yes. You are right, as usual. You have a good eye for a good man. What do you think of all these Pagliuca people, or Corleone, or d'Oriani—or whatever they call themselves?" Orsino looked keenly at his cousin as he asked the question.

"Did you ever meet Corleone? I mean

the one who married Norba's daughter—the uncle of these boys."

"I met him once. From all accounts, he must have been a particularly disreputable personage."

"He was worse than that, I think. I never blamed his wife. Well—these boys are his nephews. I do not see that any comment is necessary." San Giacinto smiled thoughtfully.

"This young girl is also his niece," observed Orsino, rather sharply.

"Who knows what Tebaldo Pagliuca might have been if he had spent ten years amongst devout old women in a convent?" The big man's smile developed into an incredulous laugh, in which Orsino joined.

"There has certainly been a difference of education," he admitted. "I like her."

"You would confer a great benefit upon a distressed family, by falling in love with her," said San Giacinto. "That worthy mother of hers was watching you two behind Pietrasanta's head, during dinner."

"Another good reason for going to Sicily," answered Orsino. "The young lady is communicative. She told me, this evening, that you were trying to buy some place of theirs—I forget the name—and that one of her brothers objects."

"That is exactly the place I want you to manage," his cousin went on. "The name is Camaldoli."

"Then there is no secret about it," observed Orsino. "If she has told me, she may tell the next man she meets."

"Certainly. And mysteries are useless, as a rule. I do not wish to make any with you, at all events. Here are the facts. I am going to build a light railway connecting all those places; and I am anxious to get the land into my possession without much talk. Do you understand? This place of the Corleone is directly in my line, and is one of the most important, because it is at a point through which I must pass, to make the railway at all, short of an expensive tunnel. Your management will simply consist in keeping things in order until the railway makes the land valuable. Then I shall sell it, of course."

"I see. Very well. Could you not give my old architect something to do? Andrea Contini is his name. The houses we built for Del Ferice have all turned out well, you know." Orsino laughed rather bitterly.

"Remind me of him at the proper time," said San Giacinto. "Tell him to learn something about building small railway stations. There will be between fifteen and twenty, altogether."

"I will. But—do you expect that a railway in Sicily will ever pay you?"

"No. I am not an idiot."

"Then why do you build one, if that is not an indiscreet question?"

"The rise in the value of the land I buy will make it worth while, several times over. It is quite simple."

"It must take an enormous capital," said Orsino thoughtfully.

"It needs a large sum of ready money. But the lands are generally mortgaged for long periods, and almost to two thirds of their selling value. The holders of the mortgages do not care who owns the land. So I pay about one third in cash."

"What becomes of a country, when all the land is mortgaged for two thirds of what it is worth?" asked Orsino carelessly, and half laughing.

But San Giacinto did not laugh.

"I have thought about that," he answered gravely. "When the yield of the land is not enough to pay the interest on the mortgages, the taxes to the government, and some income to the owners, they starve outright, or emigrate. There is a good deal of starvation nowadays, and a good deal of emigration in search of bread." "And yet they say that the value of land is increasing almost all over the country," objected Orsino. "You count on it yourself."

"The value rises wherever railways and roads are built."

"And what pays for railways?"

"The taxes."

"And the people pay the taxes."

"Exactly. And the taxes are enormous. The people in places remote from the projected railway are ruined by them, but the people who own land where the railways pass are indirectly very much enriched by the result. Sometimes a private individual like myself builds a light road. I think that is a source of wealth, in the end, to every one. But the building of the government roads, like the one down the west coast of Calabria, seems to destroy the balance of wealth and increase emigration. It is a necessary evil."

"There are a great many necessary evils in our country," said Orsino. "There are too many."

"*Per aspera ad astra*. I never knew much Latin, but I believe that means something. There are also unnecessary evils, such as brigandage in Sicily, for instance. You can amuse yourself by fighting that one, if you please; though I have no doubt that the brigands will often travel by my

railway—and they will certainly go in the first class."

The big man laughed and rose, leaving Orsino to meditate upon the prospect of occupation which was opened to him.

IV.

ORSINO remained in his corner for a few minutes, after San Giacinto had left him, and then rose to go into the drawing room. As he went he passed the other men who were seated and standing, all near together and not far from the empty fireplace, listening to Tebaldo Pagliuca, who was talking about Sicily with a very strong Sicilian accent. Orsino paused a moment to hear what he was saying. He was telling the story of a frightful murder committed in the outskirts of Palermo not many weeks earlier, and about which there had been much talk. But Tebaldo was on his own ground and knew much more about it than had appeared in the newspapers. His voice was not unpleasant. It was smooth, though his words were broken here and there by gutturals which he had certainly not learned on his own side of the island. There was a sort of reserve in the tones which contrasted with the vividness of the language. Orsino watched him and looked at him more keenly than he had done as yet. He was struck by the stillness of the deep eyes, which were slightly blood-shot, and at the same time by the mobility and changing expression of the lower part of the face. Tebaldo made gestures, too, which had a singular directness. Yet the whole impression given was that he was a good actor rather than a man of continued, honest action, and that he could have performed any other part as well.

Near him stood his brother Francesco. There was doubtless a family resemblance between the two, but the difference of constitution was apparent to the most unpractised eye. The young man was stouter, more sanguine, less nervous. The red blood glowed with strong health under his brown skin, his lips were scarlet and full, his dark mustache was soft and silky like his short smooth hair, and his eyes were soft, too, and moistly bright, very long, with heavy drooping lids that were whiter than the skin of the rest of the face. Francesco was no more like his sister than was Tebaldo.

Orsino found himself by his father as he paused in passing, and he suddenly realized how immeasurably nearer he was to this strong, iron gray, middle sized, silent man

beside him, than to any other one of all the men in the room, including his own brothers. Sant' Ilario had perhaps never understood his eldest son; or perhaps there was between them the insurmountable barrier of his own solid happiness. For it is sorrow that draws men together. Happiness needs no sympathy; happiness is not easily disturbed; happiness that is solidly founded is itself a most negative source of that most all pervading virtue, without the least charity for unhappiness' sins; happiness suffices to itself; happiness is a lantern to its own feet; it is all things to one man and nothing to all the rest; it is an impenetrable wall between him who has it and mankind. And Sant' Ilario had been happy for nearly thirty years. His four sons were all grown men, straight and tall, so that he looked up to their faces when they stood beside him. Strong, peaceable, honest, rather hard faced young men they were, excepting Ippolito, the second of them, who had talent and a lovable disposition in place of strength and hardness of character.

They were fond of their father, no doubt, and there was great solidarity in the family. But what they felt for Sant' Ilario was perhaps more like an allegiance than an affection, and they looked to him as the principal person of importance in the family, because their grandfather was such a very old man. They were accustomed to take it for granted that he was infallible when he expressed himself definitely in a family matter, whereas they had no very high opinion of his judgment in topics and questions of the day; for they had received a modern education, and were to some extent imbued with those modern prejudices compared with which the views of our fathers hardly deserved the name of a passing caprice.

Orsino thought that there was something at once cunning and ferocious about Tebaldo's way of telling the story. He had a fine smile of appreciation for the secrecy and patience of the two young men who had sought occasion against their sister's lover, and there was a squaring of the angular jaws and a quick forward movement of the head, as of a snake when striking, to accompany his description of the death blow. Orsino listened to the end and then went quietly out and returned to the drawing room.

Vittoria d'Oriani was seated near Corona, who was talking to her in a low tone. The other ladies were standing together before a famous old picture. The Marchesa di San Giacinto was smoking a cigarette.

Orsino sat down by his mother, who looked at him quietly and smiled, and then went on speaking. The young girl glanced at Orsino. She was leaning forward, one elbow on her knee, and her chin supported in her hand, her lips a little parted as she listened with deep interest to what the elder woman said. Corona was telling her of Rome many years earlier, of the life in those days, of Pius the Ninth, and of the coming of the Italians.

"How can you remember things that happened when you were so young?" exclaimed Vittoria, watching the calm and beautiful face.

"I was older than you even then," answered Corona, with a smile. "And I married very young," she added thoughtfully. "I was married at your age, I think. How old are you, my dear?"

"I am eighteen—just eighteen," replied Vittoria.

"I was married when I was scarcely seventeen. It was too young."

"But you have always been so happy. Why do you say that?"

"What makes you think that I have always been happy?" asked the princess.

"Your face, I think. One or two of the nuns were very happy, too. But it was different. They had quite another look on their faces."

"I dare say," answered Corona, and she smiled again, and looked proudly at Orsino.

She rose and crossed the room, feeling that she was neglecting her older guests for the young girl, who was thus left with Orsino again. He did not see Donna Maria Carolina's quick glance as she discovered the fact, and made sure of it, looking again and again at the two while she joined a little in the conversation which was going on around her. She was very happy, just then, poor lady, and almost forgot to struggle against the accumulated provincialisms of twenty years, or to be anxious lest her new friends should discover that her pearls were false. For the passion for ornament, whether false or real, had not diminished with the improvement in her fortunes.

But Orsino was not at all interested in Vittoria's mother, and he had seen too much to care whether women wore real jewelry or not. He had almost forgotten the young girl after dinner when he had sat down in the corner of the smoking room, but San Giacinto's remark had vividly recalled her face to his memory, with a strong desire to see her again at once. Nothing was easier than to satisfy such a wish, and he found himself by her side.

Once there, he did not trouble himself to speak to her for several moments. Vittoria showed considerable outward self possession, though it was something of an ordeal to sit in silence, almost touching him and not daring to speak, while he was apparently making up his mind what to say. It had been much easier during dinner, she thought, because she had been put in her place without being consulted, and was expected to be there, without the least idea of attracting attention. Now, she felt a little dizzy for a moment, as though the room were swaying; and she was afraid that she was going to blush, which would have been ridiculous.

Now, he was looking at her, while she looked down at her little white fan that lay on the white stuff of her frock, quite straight, between her two small, white gloved hands. The nuns had not told her what to do in any such situation. Still Orsino did not speak. Two minutes had crawled by, like two hours, and she felt a fluttering in her throat.

It was absurd, she thought. There was no reason for being so miserable. Very probably he was not thinking of her at all. But it was of no use to tell herself such things, for her embarrassment grew apace, till she felt that she must spring from her seat and run from the room without looking at him. The fluttering became almost convulsive, and her hands pressed the little fan on each side, clinching themselves tightly. Still he did not speak.

In utter despair she began to recite inwardly the litany of the saints, biting her lips lest they should move and he should guess what she was doing. In her suppressed excitement the holy personages raced and tumbled over one another at a most unseemly rate, till the procession was violently checked by the gravely indifferent tones of Orsino's voice. Her hands relaxed, and she turned a little pale.

"Have you been to Saint Peter's?" he inquired calmly.

He was certainly not embarrassed, but he could think of nothing better to say to a young girl. On the first occasion, at dinner, he had asked her how she liked Rome. At all events it had opened the conversation. He remembered well enough the half dozen earnest words they had exchanged; and there was something more than mere memory, for he knew that he half wished they might reach the same point again. Perhaps, if the wish had been stronger and if Vittoria had been a little older, it might have been easier.

"Yes," she said. "My mother took me as soon as we came. She was very anxious that we should pay our devotion to the patron saint."

Orsino smiled a little.

"Saint Peter is not the patron of Rome," he observed. "Our protector is San Filippo Neri."

Vittoria looked up in genuine surprise.

"Saint Peter is not the patron saint of Rome?" she exclaimed. "But—I always thought——"

"Naturally enough. All sorts of things in Rome seem to be what they are not. We seem to be alive, for instance. We are not. Six or seven years ago we were all in a frantic state of excitement over our greatness. We have turned out to be nothing but a set of embalmed specimens in glass cases. Do not look so much surprised, signorina—or shocked—which is it?"

He laughed a little.

"I cannot help it," answered Vittoria simply, her brown eyes still fixed on him in wonder. "It is—it is all so different from what I expected—the things people say——" She hesitated and stopped short, turning her eyes from him.

The light was strong in the room, for the aged prince hated the modern fashion of shading lamps almost to a dusk. Orsino watched Vittoria's profile, and the graceful turn of her young throat as she looked away, and the fine growth of silky hair from the temples and behind the curving little ear. The room was warm, and he sat silently watching her for a moment. She was no longer embarrassed, for she was not thinking of herself, and she did not know how he was thinking of her just then.

"I wonder what you expected us to be like," he said at last. "And what you expected us to say," he added as an afterthought.

It crossed his mind that if she had been a married woman three or four years older, he might have found her very amusing in conversation. He could certainly not have been talking in detached and almost idiotic phrases, as he was actually doing. But if she had been a young married woman, her charm would have been different, and of a kind not new to him. There was a novelty about Vittoria, and it attracted him strongly. There was real freshness and untried youth in her; she had that sort of delicacy which some flowers have, and which is not fragility—the bloom of a precious thing fresh broken from the mold and not yet breathed upon. He wondered whether all young

girls had this inexpressible something, and if so, why he had never noticed it.

"I am not quite sure," answered Vittoria, blushing a little at the thought that she could have had a preconceived idea of Orsino Saracinesca.

The reply left everything to be desired in the way of brilliancy, but the voice was soft and expectant, as some women's voices are, that seem just upon the point of vibrating to a harmonic while yielding the fundamental tone in all its roundness. There are rare voices that seem to possess a distinct living individuality, apart from the women to whom they belong, a sort of extra-natural musical life, of which the woman herself cannot control nor calculate the power. It is not the "golden voice" which some actresses have. One recognizes that at the first hearing; one admits its beauty; one hears it three or four times, and one knows it by heart. It will pronounce certain phrases in a certain way, inevitably; it will soften and swell and ring with mathematical precision at the same verse, at the identical word, night after night, year after year, while it lasts. Vittoria's voice was not like that. It had the spontaneity of independent life which a passion itself has when it takes possession of a man or a woman. Orsino felt it, and was conscious of a new sensitiveness in himself.

On the whole, to make a very wide statement of a general truth, Italian men are moved by sense and Italian women are stirred by passion. Between passion and sense there is all the difference that exists between the object and the idea. Sense appreciates, passion idealizes; sense desires all things, passion hungers for one; sense is material, though ever so estheticized and refined, but passion clothes fact with unearthly attributes; sense is singly selfish, passion would make a single self of two. The sensual man says, "To have seen much and to have little is to have rich eyes and poor hands;" the passionate man or woman will "put it to the test, to win or lose it all," like Montrose. Sense is vulgar when it is not monstrous in strength, or hysterical to madness. Passion is always noble, even in its sins and crimes. Sense can be satisfied, and its satisfaction is a low sort of happiness; but passion's finer strings can quiver with immortal pain, and ring with the transcendent harmony that wakes the hero even in a coward's heart.

Vittoria first touched Orsino by her outward charm, by her voice, by her grace. But it was his personality, or her spontan-

eous imagination of it, which made an indelible impression upon her mind before the first evening of their acquaintance was over. The woman who falls in love with a man for his looks alone is not of a very high type, but the best and bravest men that ever lived have fallen victims to mere beauty, often without much intelligence, or faith, or honor.

Orsino was probably not aware that he was falling in love at first sight. Very few men are, and yet very many people certainly begin to fall in love at a first meeting, who would scout the idea as an absurdity. For love's beginnings are most exceedingly small in the greatest number of instances. Were they greater, a man might guard himself more easily against his fate.

V.

At that time a young Sicilian singer had lately made her first appearance in Rome and had been received with great favor. She was probably not destined ever to become one of the chief artists of the age, but she possessed exactly the qualifications necessary to fascinate a Roman audience. She was very young, she was undeniably beautiful, and she had what Romans called a "sympathetic" voice. They think more of that latter quality in Italy than elsewhere. It is what in English we might call charm, and to have it is to have the certainty of success with an Italian public.

Aliandra Basili was the daughter of a respectable notary in the ancient town of Randazzo, which lies on the western slope of Mount Etna, on the high road from Piedimonte to Bronte and Catania, within two hours' ride of Camaldoli, the Corleone place. It is a solemn old walled town, built of almost black tufo, though many of the houses on the main street have now been stuccoed and painted; and it has a very beautiful Saracen-Norman cathedral.

Aliandra's life had been very like that of any other provincial girl of the middle class. She had been educated in a small convent, while her excellent father, whose wife was dead, labored to accumulate a little dowry for his only child. At fifteen years of age, she had returned to live with him, and he had entertained good hopes of marrying her off before she was seventeen. In fact, he thought that he had only to choose among a number of young men, of whom any one would be delighted to become her husband.

Then, one day, Tebaldo and Francesco Pagliuca came riding down from Camaldoli, and stopped at the notary's house to get a small lease drawn up; and while they were there, in the dusty office, doing their best to be sure of what old Basili's legal language meant, they heard Aliandra singing to herself up stairs. After that they came to Randazzo again, both separately and together, and at last they persuaded old Basili that his daughter had a fortune in her voice and should be allowed to become a singer. He consented after a long struggle, and sent her to Messina to live with a widowed sister of his, and to be taught by an old master of great reputation who had taken up his abode there. Very possibly Basili agreed to this step with a view to removing the girl to a distance from the two brothers, who made small secret of their admiration for her, or about their jealousy of each other; and he reflected that she could be better watched and guarded by his sister, who would have nothing else to do, than by himself. For he was a busy man, and obliged to spend his days either in his office, or in visits to distant clients, so that the motherless girl was thrown far too much upon her own resources.

Tebaldo, on the other hand, realized that so long as she lived in Randazzo, he would have but a small chance of seeing her alone. He could not come and spend a week at a time in the town, but he could find an excuse for being longer than that in Messina, and he trusted to his ingenuity to elude the vigilance of the aunt with whom she was to live. In Messina, too, he would not have his brother at his elbow, trying to outdo him at every turn, and evidently attracting the young girl to a certain extent.

To tell the truth, Aliandra's head was turned by the attentions of the two young noblemen, though her father never lost an opportunity of telling her that they were a pair of penniless good for nothings and otherwise dangerous characters, supposed to be on good terms with the brigands of the interior, and typical *maffiosi* through and through. But such warnings were much more calculated to excite the girl's interest than to frighten her. She had an artist's nature and instincts, and the two young gentlemen were very romantic characters in her eyes, when they rode down from their dilapidated stronghold, on their compact little horses, their beautiful Winchester rifles slung over their shoulders, their velvet coats catching the sunlight, their spurs gleaming, and their broad hats

shading their dark eyes. Had there been but one of them, her mind would soon have been made up to make him marry her, and she might have succeeded without much difficulty. But she found it hard to decide between the two. They were too different for comparison, and yet too much alike for preference. Tebaldo was a born tyrant, and Francesco a born coward. She was dominated by the one and she ruled the other, but she was not in love with either, and she could not make up her mind whether it would on the whole be more agreeable to love her master or her slave.

Meanwhile she made rapid progress in her singing, appeared at the opera in Palermo, and almost immediately obtained an engagement in Rome. To her father, the sum offered her appeared enormous, and her aunt was delighted by the prospect of going to Rome with her during the winter. Aliandra had been successful from the first, and she seemed to be on the high road to fame. The young idlers of rich Palermo intrigued to be introduced to her, and threw enormous nosegays to her at the end of every act. She found that there were scores of men far handsomer and richer than the Pagliuca brothers, ready to fall in love with her, and she began to reflect seriously upon her position. Artist though she was, by one side of her nature, there was a touch of her father's sensible legal instinct, together with that extraordinary self preserving force which usually distinguishes the young girl of southern Italy.

She soon understood that no one of her new admirers would ever think of asking her to be his wife, whereas she was convinced that she could marry either Tebaldo or Francesco, at her choice and pleasure. They were poor, indeed, but of as good nobility as any of the rich young noblemen of Palermo, and she was beginning to find out what fortunes were sometimes made by great singers. She dreamed of buying back the old Corleone estates and of being some day the Princess of Corleone herself. That meant that she must choose Tebaldo, since he was to get the title. And here she hesitated again. She did not realize that Francesco was actually a physical coward and rather a contemptible character altogether; to her he merely seemed gentle and winning, and she thought him much ill used by his despotic elder brother. As for the third brother, Ferdinando, of whom mention has been made, she had rarely seen him.

Time went on, and in the late autumn Aliandra and her aunt went to Rome for the

season. As has been seen, it pleased fortune that the Pagliuca brothers should be there also, with their mother and sister, Ferdinando remaining in Sicily. When the question of selling Camaldoli to San Giacinto arose, Ferdinando at first flatly refused to give his consent. Thereupon Tebaldo wrote him a singularly temperate and logical letter, in which he very quietly proposed to inform the government of Ferdinando's complicity with the brigands unless he at once agreed to the sale. Ferdinando might have laughed at the threat had it come from any one else, but he knew that Tebaldo's thorough acquaintance with the country and with the outlaws' habits would give him a terrible advantage. If he gave information, Tebaldo could never return to Sicily, for his life would not be safe, even in broad daylight, in Palermo, and it was quite possible that the mafia might reach him even in Rome. But he was undoubtedly able to help the government in a raid in which many of Ferdinando's friends must perish or be taken prisoners. For their sakes Ferdinando signed his consent to the sale, before old Basili in Randazzo, and sent the paper to Rome; but that night he swore that no Roman should ever get possession of Camaldoli while he was alive, and half a dozen of the boldest among the outlaws swore that they would stand by him in his resolution.

Aliandra knew nothing of all this, for Tebaldo was far too wise to tell any one how he had forced his brother's consent. She would certainly have been disgusted with him, had she known the truth, for she was morally as far superior to him and to Francesco as an innocent girl brought up by honest folks can be better than a pair of exceedingly corrupt young adventurers. But they both had in a high degree the power of keeping up appearances and of imposing upon their surroundings. Tebaldo was indeed subject to rare fits of anger in which he completely lost control of himself, and when he was capable of going to any length of violence; but these were very unusual, and as a general rule he was reticent in the extreme. Francesco possessed the skill and gentle duplicity of a born coward and a born ladies' man. They both deceived Aliandra, in spite of her father's early warning and her old aunt's anxious advice.

Aliandra was successful beyond any one's expectations during the first engagement in Rome, and she was wise enough to gain herself the reputation of being unapproachable to her many admirers. Only Tebaldo and Francesco, whom she now considered as old

friends of her family, were ever admitted to her room at the theater, or received at the quiet apartment where she lived with her aunt.

On the night of the dinner party at the Palazzo Saracinesca, Aliandra was to sing in "Lucia" for the first time in Rome. Both the brothers had wished that they could have been in the theater to hear her, instead of spending the evening in the society of those very stiff and mighty Romans, and both made up their minds separately that they would see her before they left the Argentina that night. Tebaldo, as usual, took the lead of events, and peremptorily ordered Francesco to go home with their mother and sister in the carriage.

When the Corleone party left the palace, therefore, Francesco got into the carriage, but Tebaldo said that he preferred to walk, and went out alone from under the great gate. He was not yet very familiar with the streets of Rome, but he believed that he knew the exact situation of the palace, and could easily find his way from it to the Argentina theater, which was not very far distant.

The old part of the city puzzled him, however. He found himself threading unfamiliar ways, dark lanes, and winding streets which emerged suddenly upon small squares from which three or four other streets led in different directions. Instinctively he looked behind him from time to time, and felt in his pocket for the pistol which, like a true provincial, he thought it as necessary to carry in Rome as in his Sicilian home. Presently he looked at his watch, saw that it was eleven o'clock, and made up his mind to find a cab if he could. But that was not an easy matter either, in that part of the city, and it was twenty minutes past eleven when he at last drew up to the stage entrance at the back of the Argentina. A weary, gray, unshaven, and very dirty old man admitted him, looked at his face, took the flimsy currency note which Tebaldo held out, and let him pass without a word. The young man knew his way much better within the building than out in the streets. In a few moments he stopped before a dingy little door, the last on the left in a narrow corridor dimly lit by a single flame of gas, which was turned low for economy's sake. He knocked sharply and opened the door without waiting for an answer.

There were three persons in the small, low dressing room, and all three faced Tebaldo rather anxiously. Aliandra Basili, the young Sicilian prima donna who had

lately made her first appearance in Rome, was seated before a dim mirror which stood on a low table covered with appliances for theatrical dressing. Her maid was arranging a white veil on her head, and beside her, very near to her, and drawing back from her as Tebaldo entered, sat Francesco.

Tebaldo's lips moved uneasily, as he stood still for a moment, gazing at the little group, his hand on the door. Then he closed it quickly behind him, and came forward with a smile.

"Good evening," he said. "I lost my way in the streets and am a little late. I thought the curtain would be up for the last act."

"They have called me once," answered Aliandra. "I said that I was not ready, for I knew you would come."

She was really very handsome and very young, but the mask of paint and powder changed her face and expression almost beyond recognition. Even her bright, gold brown eyes were made to look black and exaggerated by the deep shadows painted with antimony below them and on the lids. The young hand she held out to Tebaldo was whitened with a chalky mixture to the tips of her fingers. She was dressed in the flowing white robe which *Lucia* wears in the mad scene, and the flaring gaslights on each side of the mirror made her face and wig look terribly artificial. Tebaldo thought so as he looked at her, and remembered the calm simplicity of Corona Saracinesca's mature beauty. But he had known Aliandra long, and his imagination saw her own face through her paint.

"It was good of you to wait for me," he said. "I dare say my brother helped the time to pass pleasantly."

"I have only just come," said Francesco quickly. "I took our mother home."

"I did not know that you were coming at all," replied Tebaldo coldly. "How is it going?" he asked, sitting down by Aliandra. "Another ovation?"

"No. They are waiting for the mad scene, of course—and my voice is as heavy as lead tonight. I shall not please any one—and it is the first time I have sung *Lucia* in Rome. My nerves are in a state—"

"You are not frightened? You—of all people?"

"I am half dead with fright. I am white under my rouge. I can feel it."

"Poor child!" exclaimed Francesco softly, and his eyes brightened as he watched her.

"Bah!" Tebaldo shrugged his shoulders and smiled. "She always says that!"

"And sometimes it is true," answered Aliandra, with a sharp sigh.

A double rap at the door interrupted the conversation.

"Signorina Basili! Are you ready?" asked a gruff voice outside.

"Yes!" replied the young girl, rising with an effort.

Francesco seized her left hand and kissed it. Tebaldo said nothing, but folded his arms and stood aside. He saw on his brother's dark mustache a few grains of the chalky dust which whitened Aliandra's fingers.

"Do not wait for me when it is over," she said. "My aunt is in the house, and will take me home. Good night."

"Good by," said Tebaldo, looking intently into her face as he opened the door.

She started in surprise, and perhaps her face would have betrayed her pain, but the terribly artificial rouge and powder hid the change.

"Come and see me tomorrow," she said to Tebaldo, in a low voice, when she was already in the doorway.

He did not answer, but kept his eyes steadily on her face.

"Signorina Basili! You will miss your cue!" cried the gruff voice in the corridor.

Aliandra hesitated an instant, glancing out and then looking again at Tebaldo.

"Tomorrow," she said suddenly, stepping out in the passage. "Tomorrow," she repeated, as she went swiftly towards the stage.

She looked back just before she disappeared, but there was little light, and Tebaldo could no longer see her eyes.

He stood still by the door. Then his brother passed him.

"I am going to hear this act," said Francesco quietly, as though unaware that anything unusual had happened.

Before he was out of the door, he felt Tebaldo's hand on his shoulder, gripping him hard and shaking him a little. He turned his head, and his face was suddenly pale. Tebaldo kept his hand on his brother's shoulder and pushed him back against the wall of the passage, under the solitary gaslight.

"What do you mean by coming here?" he asked. "How do you dare?"

Francesco was badly frightened, for he knew Tebaldo's ungovernable temper.

"Why not?" he tried to ask. "I have often been here—"

"Because I warned you not to come again. Because I am in earnest. Because I will do you some harm, if you thrust yourself into my way with her."

"I shall call for help now, unless you let me go," answered Francesco, with white lips. Tebaldo laughed savagely.

"What a coward you are!" he cried, giving his brother a final shake and then letting him go. "And what a fool I am to care!" he added, laughing again.

"Brute!" exclaimed Francesco, adjusting his collar and smoothing his coat.

"I warned you," retorted Tebaldo, watching him. "And now I have warned you again," he added. "This is the second time. Are there no women in the world besides Aliandra Basili?"

"I knew her first," objected the younger man, beginning to recover some courage.

"You knew her first? When she was a mere child in Randazzo—when we went to her father about a lease, we both heard her singing—but what has that to do with it? That was six years ago, and you have hardly seen her since."

"How do you know?" asked Francesco scornfully.

He had gradually edged past Tebaldo towards the open end of the passage.

"How do you know that I did not often see her alone before she went to Messina, and since then, too?" He smiled as he renewed the question.

"I do not know," said Tebaldo calmly. "You are a coward. You are also a most accomplished liar. It is impossible to believe a word you say, good or bad. I should not believe you if you were dying, and if you swore upon the holy sacraments."

"Thank you," answered Francesco, apparently unmoved by the insult. "But you would probably believe Aliandra, would you not?"

"Why should I? She is only a woman."

(To be continued.)

Tebaldo turned angrily as he spoke, and his eyelids drooped at the corners, like a vulture's.

"You two are not made to be believed," he said, growing more cold. "I sometimes forget, but you soon remind me of the fact again. You said distinctly this evening that you would go home with our mother—"

"So I did," interrupted Francesco. "I did not promise to stay there—"

"I will not argue with you—"

"No. It would be useless, as you are in the wrong. I am going to hear the act. Good night."

Francesco walked quickly down the passage. He did not turn to look behind him, but it was not until he was at the back of the stage, groping his way amidst lumber and dust towards the other side, that he felt safe from any further violence.

Tebaldo had no intention of following. He stood quite still under the gaslight for a few seconds, and then opened the door of the dressing room again. He knew that the maid was there alone.

"How long was my brother here before I came?" he asked sharply.

The woman was setting things in order, packing the tinsel trimmed gown which the singer had worn in the previous scene. She looked up nervously, for she was afraid of Tebaldo.

"A moment, only a moment," she answered, not pausing in her work, and speaking in a scared tone.

Tebaldo looked at her, and saw that she was frightened. He was not in the humor to believe any one just then, and after a moment's silence, he turned on his heel and went out.



FATE.

ONE ship drives east and another drives west
With the self same winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sails,
And not the gales,
Which tell us the way to go.

Like the winds of the sea are the ways of fate;
As we voyage along through life,
'Tis the set of a soul
That decides its goal,
And not the calm, or the strife.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

ON SAINT VALENTINE'S DAY.

MORNING.

THE gray dawn creeps across the sky
Above the silent town ;
Reluctant, from their home on high
The snowflakes falter down ;
But with the passing of the night
My heart awakes, with love alight,
And happiness astir.
What matter if the skies be gray?
It is my privilege today
To speak of love to her !

A toast to thee, Saint Valentine,
So old and yet so young ;
A good and gracious task is thine—
To loose the lover's tongue ;
And, be it sun or be it storm
That comes today, his heart is warm,
And lightsome laughter lies
Upon his lip. Saint Valentine
Can win some witching secret sign
From out the coldest eyes.

No care have I for what is past,
No dread of what must come,
Dark hours with doubtings overcast,
When longing lips are dumb.
Today, today of all the year,
I laugh at doubt and silence fear !
She cannot well demur
At any word that I may say—
It is my privilege today
To speak of love to her !

NOON.

THE sovereign sun his gold is placing
On the proud dark heads of the distant hills,
And from this window, westwardly facing,
I look toward you and my whole heart
thrills.

Distant you are yet I know you nearest,
Nearest and best of the joys life brings,
Therefore, my lady, my fairest and dearest,
I look toward you and my heart takes
wings !

Over the streets of the city, throbbing
With pride and passion, with sin and care,
Over the river's insistent sobbing,
And the whitened meadows beyond, to
where

You are, my lady, my heart upholder,
With the dear deep eyes of tender brown,
In whose wondrous light grows the pilgrim
bolder,
Tenfold repaid for its trip from town !

This is the cause of a hint of flowers
That brings Arcadian visions near,
And gilds the flight of these business hours—
I can see the home of my heart from here !
And I marvel, too, at the men about me
So blind to the charm of this pleasant place,
And if life be good I much misdoubt me,
If unlightened by love of your gracious face.

NIGHT.

I FALL asleep, of you to dream,
And wake to dream of you,
Watching the moonlight glance and gleam
My window curtains through ;
And then I set my thoughts afloat,
When all the world is stilled,
And drift in fancy's shadow boat
On tides of hope fulfilled.

I fall asleep to find your eyes,
And, waking in the gloom,
Believe they shine in shy surprise
Across the silent room ;
And every night I loose anew
A flock of whispered words,
And bid them swiftly wing to you,
Like homeward faring birds.

And good it is to sleep and wake
But this must still be best,
When fancy's shadow boat shall make
The harbor of its quest ;
When all my golden hopes come true,
And this sweet thing shall be,
That while I wake to dream of you
You sleep to dream of me !

Guy Wetmore Carryl.

STORIETTES

WINNING THE LAUREL.

CAPTAIN HOLLISTER was so dizzy with the confused horror of it all, that he had abandoned the guidance of his horse. All the roar and crash of the battle could not drown the sullen thud of that deadening sledge, pounding at his brain and stupefying him.

"God! I never dreamed of anything like this," he gasped.

True, he was very young to be a captain, and until now his nearest approach to experience had been an occasional skirmish. His captaincy had been gained by no special deeds of his own. And yet the unanimous verdict was that the opportunity, not the man, had been lacking. Ever since his entrance into the army, such expectant confidence had been his share from officers and men alike that Hollister, fortified in his judgment of his own character, had long since ceased to harbor doubts thereon.

Were not the dead and living witnesses that in the three previous American wars Hollister had been a name of unsullied honor? Had not a general, a commodore, and a major successively borne and preserved it untarnished? Young Captain Hollister seemed the ideal son of such a race. "A little high strung, perhaps," old General Carnes had once remarked to a fellow officer, glancing admiringly after the captain, "but there, you can see, sir, blood will tell, blood will tell."

Yet here Captain Hollister was, in the midst of that hell of roar and flame, murmuring with ashy lips, "Oh, my God! What fiends!" and shuddering as he murmured.

To be just, he had undergone a terrible ordeal in the early part of the battle. Ask any man that has fought with his fellow men, and he will tell you that the soul wrecking part of war is not the actual fighting, where men are maddened by the lust of battle, but the terrible agony while waiting for the command to fight.

For one hour of horror Hollister had stood with his troop in a partially sheltered position; not so protected, however, but that every minute some living, breathing human being would topple over, a bleeding lump of flesh. And then suddenly, without warning, a masked battery of artillery had poured its murderous storm upon his troopers, and the man with whom the captain had been speaking was struck by a cannon ball. One of the bloody fragments was spattered over the officer's horse, while the severed head grimaced at him from the grass. Hollister's nerves, strained by the long and sickening wait, gave way entirely, and dropping the bridle with a great cry, he buried his face in his hands.

Grim and furious, covered with grime and dust, General Carnes dashed up.

"What are you doing here?" he roared with an oath. "Charge that company on the right—over there—and drive them back! Charge!"

Rising in his stirrups, he pointed with his sword. The next moment, to escape being hurled off his horse, Hollister grasped the bridle again, and borne along by the rush of his troopers he was carried into the vortex of the fight.

Then it was that, utterly unnerved by the horror of the scene, he became dizzy and dazed. Only for a moment, however. A Minié ball passed through his cap, and recalled him fearfully to consciousness. Under this shock, all his mental revolt at the ghastliness, terror, and inhumanity of the field in that one second changed into a wild, uncontrollable fear.

He dashes his spurs deep into the horse's flank. The brute makes a wild leap, and by accident springs through a gap to a comparatively clear space. Again and once again the spurs gash into the flesh, and the horse tears over the field with its white faced rider. If only he can gain the edge of those woods unkilld, he can turn the corner and be out of sight of the butchery. The horse has caught the spirit of terror, and flies over the ground. Another moment, and he will have reached the edge.

"Ha! What's that?"

He reins up his horse with a terrible jerk, and glares through the sparse trees. There, screened by the woods, there steals up a body of armed men, in the uniform of—yes—the enemy.

Under this new shock, reeling in his saddle, he wheels around in a wild access of terror, then stops suddenly, his face drawn by anguish and fear. With a gesture of despair, he flings up his hands. He is doomed! For his troop have perceived the flight, and here they thunder with grim, fierce, determined faces, resolved that the coward and traitor shall die.

So he stands for an instant in that rapidly closing vise of death, and then with a moan that is half curse, half prayer, whirls his horse around, just as the enemy, seeing that they are discovered, burst around the corner.

A bullet from a pistol not ten yards away crashes through his head, and at the supreme moment of terror and shame he plunges to the ground—dead!

After the din and turmoil of that troubled day, came the serene majesty of a perfect night. Above, far back in the infinite depths of a pitchy sky, the stars seemed starting from their places and standing out against the vault. Below, that which in the garish, glaring light of day had been a ground strewn with horrors, in this soft, serene gloom lost all its terror and harshness. The work of God and man alike, the fields and trees, the mangled dead and

dying, all were bathed and idealized in the silvery moon mist.

On every side the stronger glare of camp fires dotted and lit up the camp itself. Around one of these a narrator was holding forth to an interested audience. A group of admiring infantry men surrounded this central figure, Sergeant Roll, of the Tenth Cavalry, a non commissioned officer of the troop which at the beginning of that day had been commanded by Captain Hollister.

"Yes," Sergeant Roll was saying, "they had nearly driven us wild in that hollow down there. So when we got that order to charge, and stopped being human targets, we rode on like devils, and carried back their flank and broke through the line. We were just reforming to charge again, when the captain jumps as if he'd been shot, and the next minute he and his horse just fly across the field. Well, for a minute the whole troop were so astonished, that we just stood still and looked at our officer riding in the opposite direction to the fight. And then, in the same second, we caught sight of what explained everything. For right through a little opening in the woods to our rear we saw the shine of bayonets, and we saw that the men carrying them had on gray uniforms. Well, it just about knocked us silly for a minute, and we couldn't believe that the general had been such a fool as to leave that approach entirely unguarded. But then, you know, privates ain't supposed to think, so we just tore on after the captain. Lots of the men hadn't heard his order to follow, and it took a little while before we were all started, so that he got a good ways ahead.

"Well, I never saw such a case of foolish bravery in my life. Do you think that he'd wait till we caught up to him? Not a bit of it. He saw the enemy, and he didn't care about anything else. Just as he got near the edge, though, he turned 'round and signals us with his arms, and then, so as to get his wound on the honorable side of his body, he turns back and is shot. Well, all of you know how we held them there until the others came up, and then how we drove them back.

"You see"—here Sergeant Roll shifted his position, leaning slightly toward the group—"he made two mistakes. In the first place, he relied on us being right back of him; but his start and the way he rode carried him way ahead. Then when he got to the edge he didn't think that the enemy was quite so near. Well, he turned around and saw that he was alone; but rather than run, he got killed. It was brave enough, I know, but I don't see the use of suicide like that. His big ideas of honor remind me"—and here the sergeant went off into a reminiscence.

* * *

(Extract from a letter to Mrs. Hollister.)

... Your son's death was the most glorious that a soldier could meet. By his alertness and superb courage he saved the army from a most disastrous surprise, and perhaps from a defeat. Then, unwilling to

turn his back to the enemy, he rode on and fell like a hero. Madam, you mourn for a noble son. I mourn for a most noble man.

A. F. CARNES, General U. S. A.

His proud old mother wept, but there was no bitterness in her tears.

Frederick Schwed.

AN AWAKENING.

"If every old maid were as bonny and sweet as Miss Annabel, the reproach of the name would be taken away!" This is what the young girls who knew her said.

In spite of her years, Annabel Graham was at heart as young as they; and there had been a time, now long ago, when she had been called "the prettiest girl of the village," and had had more admirers than all of them. But one after another her suitors had received the same reply, and had gone their ways—to marry their second loves, or their third, or their fourth, as the case might be. And gradually the years had taken Annabel's youth and sprightliness from her, though they had given her, in exchange, the dower of grace and loveliness (unusual with lonely middle age) which so distinguished her today.

Her mother had long been dead, and there were few left now to remember that one young, ardent lover—more favored than the rest—who had gone away long ago to the far off mias of the West, vowing to carve out a fortune for the lovely lady of his choice.

Few, even then, had known of Annabel's promise to wait for his return; and none now dreamed that her perfect love for this long absent suitor was the secret and the happiness of her still youthful heart.

She knew that he was as true to her as she had been to him. His brief, infrequent letters kept her assured of that; and she had never grown weary of waiting, nor disappointed, nor bitter. The longer the years since their parting, the nearer came the time for his return.

Her only dread was lest, in coming, he should find her too greatly changed. A woman's face at forty is a fading flower, at best; and those delicate tendrils of curling hair, whose soft waves he had loved to see above her brow, had lost their early glints of gold, and were fast assuming a silvery hue.

But her heart was still the heart of a girl, and every morning its quick throbbing sent the rich color to her cheeks at the thought: "What if he comes *today*?" And each night she sank to rest with his name, and the whispered word, "*Tomorrow!*" upon her lips.

He had had hard luck all through these long, long years; and more than once, when he seemed to have caught at the edge of fortune's garment, it was only to see it slip from his fingers again, and vanish, like the mirage of the desert.

So Annabel waited, and hoped, and loved, and lost her early bloom—and he, his youth.

But at last a letter of ringing triumph came. The long ordeal of separation was over, and,

crowned with success at last, he was speeding homeward, to her!

Then the beauty and delicate roses of youth came back, joy bidden, to Annabel's fair face; and her friends regarded her, amazed, not knowing the reason of the change.

The day, so long expected, has now come, and he is there! And these two, faithful though so many years, are face to face at last, with hands clasping eager hands, and eyes that seem trying to reach and read the other's inmost soul.

He sees the face he remembers well, grown older, but still beautiful with a beauty he is glad of, but fails to understand.

And she—in that brief instant before their lips have met—has realized that through all these years she has been loving an ideal of her own creation, and that this jovial, deep voiced man of middle age who stands before her, is a material being, with a soul that rates nothing higher than the gold which is his god.

He finds no flaw in her at all, and goes away, at last, clinking the coins in his pockets and thinking of the fine house he is going to build, and of the jewels and the costly silks with which he will adorn her—and which she will become so well.

But she, when he has gone, returns to her quiet chamber and shuts herself within. The flush has faded from her face, and the roses at her breast are crushed with his strong embrace. Desolation has come into her heart, but she will not break her promise, for that would be cowardly and cruel. She throws herself on her knees, but not for prayer. The vision of her lost ideal comes back to her, and she mourns for it as one without hope.

Judith Spencer.

THE MAN FROM HIGH HAT.

When the train reached the supper stop that May evening it contained three of the most disgusted, bored, and ill tempered men that ever occupied a sleeper between Grand Junction and Denver. For six hours we had traveled at no more than a snail's pace from the plains to the foothills, from the foothills to the mountains. We had swapped yarns, exchanged cigars, read papers, dog eared our novels, and, in fact, done everything that it is possible to do in the smoking compartment of a sleeping car, save play whist. We had not played whist. We had tried to play whist as no three men had ever tried before. We had attempted the game for nearly an hour with a dummy and had given up in disgust. We had begged the conductor to take a hand, with no success. We had even attempted to bribe the porter. Then we had sat disconsolate and eyed the table and the idle decks with murder in our hearts. At each stop we had looked anxiously for a new passenger, but none appeared. It really looked as though we three were the only people who would ever inhabit a sleeper on the Denver & Wyoming.

Consequently when, after having eaten our

miserable dinners at High Hat, we assembled again in the smoking room of the "La Junta," our joy was beyond concealment at sight of a valise and a light overcoat on the seat. Before we had time to congratulate one another on the brightened prospect the owner of the bag appeared. But as soon as my eyes rested on him my heart sank; he didn't look as though he had ever seen a card in his life. Tall, with a sallow complexion and handsome features, there was an unmistakable atmosphere of the country about him. His clothes were neat and of good material, but spoilt in the making. His hair was in need of cutting, and his mustache was ragged to the point of anarchism.

He nodded to us and sank into the corner. A rapid look of disappointment passed from the wealthy flour manufacturer from St. Paul to the hat drummer from Philadelphia, and from the latter to me. But nothing was said. It was the flour man who broke the silence.

"Here's another train held up in Kansas. It does seem that it is almost time for such things to stop. Now here's a whole train load of people relieved of their money within three miles of a town, and no sign of the robbers to be found. Over forty passengers on the train, not counting the train crew, and not a blamed one of them dared fire a shot!"

The newcomer took his cigar from his mouth.

"I'll venture that there wasn't a man on the train, outside of the train men, with a gun."

"Nonsense," replied the flour man, "there was a dozen guns in the lot, I'll bet a hat!"

"I'd be willing to take your bet if there was any way of proving it," said the man from High Hat. "People don't carry revolvers traveling the way they used to; or, if they do, they keep them in their grips. Now here are four of us here, all men, I guess, who have been around country a bit and ought to know better, and I don't suppose there's a gun in the crowd?"

The flour man looked at me. I shook my head; the flour man shook his; the hat drummer did likewise.

"I thought so," said the man from High Hat. The flour man opened his mouth to reply, but thought better of it and subsided again behind his paper. The new passenger started his second cigar. When it was well going he nodded his head at the idle card table.

"Been playing cards?"

"Been trying to," said I.

"Don't want to try again, I suppose?"

"What do you play?" The flour man and the hat drummer jumped from behind their papers.

"Well, seven up." The flour man and the hat drummer disappeared again. "Nap, bezique, euchre, casino." The flour man grunted. "Dom Pedro, poker." The flour man laid down his paper.

"My friend," he asked, "do you play whist?"

"Well, yes, I *have* played it."

Three minutes later the cards were dealt.

The flour man and the man from High Hat were partners. I could see by the former's face that he didn't expect much from his partner. But he was agreeably disappointed. At the end of the third hand the newcomer had proved himself able to give points to any of us, and I rather pride myself on playing a fairly good game. The porter came in to light the gas and the game went on again. It was during the second hand of the rubber that the long whistle sounded and the hat drummer asked what station we were approaching.

"Colfax," answered the man from High Hat; "we stop for water about five minutes."

My partner held the winning trick, and when the last card was on the board the score stood four to four.

"Well, gentlemen, this decides it," said the man from High Hat, "and if no one objects I'm going to open the car door to let in a little air." He rose, stepped out, and we heard the rear door open. When he came back he threw away his cigar with a determined air and cut for the hat drummer. As the cards were dealt we felt the train slow down to a stop, and heard the forward door bang as the porter and conductor went out to the platform.

I was gladdened when I took up my hand by the sight of four high trumps. It was the flour man's lead. I arranged my hand and glanced over at him; and then I let my cards fall on the board. The flour man, with a set face and twitching lips, was staring at the man from High Hat. The drummer was still studying his cards. I turned and followed the flour man's gaze.

What I saw seriously damaged my composure. The man from High Hat sat far back in his seat and held before him two determined looking revolvers. His hat was pushed to the back of his head, and he was a different person, indeed, from the countrified traveler who had joined us at the dinner stop. I heard the drummer's cards alight softly on the board and knew that he, too, had at length grasped the situation. There followed a moment's silence, during which only the sound of voices far up the platform and the subdued "puff puff" of the engine were heard. The hat drummer sighed nervously, and the man from High Hat shifted a revolver in his direction like a flash. That broke the tension.

"Gentlemen," he said, at length, "this is rather an unpleasant situation, but much of the unpleasantness may be removed by obeying my instructions to the letter and with alacrity. The gentleman on my left will empty his pockets on to the table; the next gentleman will kindly follow suit—there is no renigging in this game—and the gentleman on my right will do the same. *At once, please!*" The last words were spoken in a tone that sent our hands to our several pockets simultaneously. When his instructions had been obeyed, there rested on the table three pocketbooks, a heap of small silver, three watches, and two silver match safes. Further orders led to the addition to the collection of two immense diamond

studs from the flour man's shirt front, three rings, and a diamond pin from my scarf.

"Now, gentlemen, if there are any tickets or papers of only personal value in those wallets which you desire to keep, you can take them."

"I should like to keep about fifty of that currency," ventured the hat drummer with a tremulous laugh.

"I am sorry that I can't accommodate you," was the unsmiling reply. "Now, sit perfectly still, gentlemen, until I am through."

He laid one pistol on his knee and used his right hand to stow our belongings in his coat pocket. A sudden recollection of the electric call button by my elbow must have shown in my eyes, for the man from High Hat moved the muzzle of a revolver a hair's breadth nearer the line of my breast and remarked,

"It is quite useless; there is no one else in the car. And now, gentlemen, accept my apologies for what inconvenience I have put you to, and my thanks for your pleasant company and your pleasanter gifts. I need hardly point out to you that the moral to be derived from this evening's adventure is: Never travel without a gun! I must ask you to remain quiet a moment longer."

The sound of the engine whistle broke in on his last words and the train began to move.

"Keep your seats, gentlemen, or I shall not be responsible for the consequences!" The man from High Hat backed to the door, dropped one pistol into a pocket, settled his hat firmly on his head, buttoned his coat and waited, eyeing us closely the while, and never letting the muzzle of the remaining gun move from our direction. The train took on more speed; we heard the door close at the front end of the car and listened to hear the footsteps of the conductor approaching. But not so the man from High Hat; with a quick "Good night, friends!" he stepped outside of the door and slammed it swiftly behind him. We sat motionless the fraction of a minute, during which we heard him reach the car door and heard it bang sharply after him. Then I leaped at the bell cord.

* * * *

When the train started on again, after ten minutes' fruitless delay, we viewed sorrowfully the yellow valise and the light overcoat. In the former reposed a solitary chunk of red sandstone; the market value of the overcoat was something under three dollars. Our investigations were disturbed by the porter.

"Has any you gentlemen seen de big man wid de diamon' studs?"

I looked around; he was not in sight; but on the littered card table lay a sheet of paper torn from the back of a book. This is the message it bore, hastily scrawled in pencil:

"The flour man has gone with the dough."

So we had been sold by more than one scoundrel.

"Well," said the hat drummer, "I'll be—!" But the rest was drowned in the noise of the train.

Richard Stillman Powell.

FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTERS.

I—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS (SECOND PAPER).

INCIDENTS OF THE GREAT ENGLISH PAINTER'S LIFE AMONG THE HISTORIC FIGURES OF SOCIETY, ART, AND THE STAGE WHOM HE PERPETUATED IN HIS GALLERY OF GEORGIAN BEAUTY.

AMID all his portrait painting and his literary work, Sir Joshua found time to go everywhere and know everybody of any consequence in London. The list of his acquaintances would read like the index of a biographical dictionary of that period. From the throne of royalty to that of the stage was a step he made almost every day.

It was during the heyday of Sarah Siddons' fame that she came into an intimacy with Sir Joshua, which was much closer than he usually gave to any one, man or woman; and it was at this time that he painted her portrait as the Tragic Muse. The picture is one that added to his own reputation, and that helped to make the later public understand Mrs. Siddons' great power. John Philip Kemble's famous sister first acted in London in 1775, taking the characters of *Portia* and *Lady Anne* with Garrick. She made no particular stir then. It was not until 1782 that she carried the town by storm in such parts as *Constance* in "King John," and *Jane Shore*. When Reynolds painted her portrait she had never tried *Lady Macbeth*. That part was considered sacred to the dead Mrs. Yates, whom Romney had painted as the Tragic Muse. One day Sir Joshua asked Mrs. Siddons to come to his studio. As she entered he led her to the sitter's chair, saying in that handsomely rounded complimentary form which all the gentlemen of the day had learned from Dr. Johnson, "Ascend your undisputed throne; bestow on me some idea of the Tragic Muse." "Upon which," says Mrs. Siddons, "I walked up the steps, and instantly seated myself in the attitude in which the 'Muse' now appears."

In private life, Sarah Siddons was a rather heavy personage with no great amount of imagination. She was in the habit of telling how Sir Joshua wrote his name in her draperies, saying: "I cannot resist the opportunity for going down to posterity in the edge of your garment," without any apparent realization of the value of the com-

pliment. We must take her story of her own posing with our knowledge of Sir Joshua's courtliness. In the first place the pose strongly suggests Michelangelo's "Isaiah" in the Sistine Chapel; and in the second place, Reynolds drew the picture twice on the same canvas. This makes Mrs. Siddons' account rather improbable. She used to tell every one that if it had not been for her good taste Sir Joshua would have tricked her out in the colors of the rainbow. Being quite unacquainted with the earlier stages of an oil painting, she probably supposed, when the artist toned down his body colors, that he was following her advice. Sir Joshua must have found that it cost his nerves something to be intimate with this lady, great as she was on the other side of the footlights. The portrait as a whole is almost a perfect example of a dramatic work of art.

One of the happiest of Sir Joshua's works is the picture that shows the celebrated Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, playing with her infant daughter. The duchess was still a fashionable beauty in 1786, when this picture was exhibited, although she had lost some of the girlish appearance that had been one of her charms. She is dressed in black satin, and sits on a sofa, playing with the baby Georgiana Dorothy, who was afterwards married to the Earl of Carlisle. The picture, which belongs to the present Duke of Devonshire, is a remarkably effective one, but some of Sir Joshua's critics have insisted that he sacrificed truth for effect. The conception is full of vivacity, and the color is still rich, although none of the artist's later canvases have kept their original tints. He grew too fond of experimenting in pigments.

Sir Joshua did not paint the draperies in his pictures himself. He generally turned them over to Toms, an artist whose independent work was good enough to make him a Royal Academician, but who never left Reynolds' studio until he died.



Sarah Siddons as "The Tragic Muse."

From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

The portraits of Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick as "Collina," and of Lady Isabella Gordon as "The Cherub Choir," are two of the best liked of Sir Joshua's paintings of children. He has been laughed at for choosing such pretentious names for his canvases, but very often it was the engravers who were at

confounded. These are the "Fortune Teller" and the "Gipsy Fortune Teller." The first is a portrait of two of the Marlborough children, Lady Charlotte and Lord Henry Spencer. The little girl, dressed as a gipsy, reads the hand of her brother, who is in Vandyke costume—a fashion much



Georgiana, Duchess of Devonshire, and Her Daughter, Georgiana Dorothy Cavendish, Afterwards Countess of Carlisle.

From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

fault. They were not allowed to engrave the pictures under the names of the sitters, and they were obliged to exercise what was often a poor inventive faculty. Little Lady Gertrude was the daughter of Lord Ossory. There is some affectation in the child's pose, but for all that she is a charming childish figure. But the five portraits of Lady Isabella Gordon which make up the "Cherub Choir"—now hanging on the walls of the National Gallery—are inimitable.

Two of Sir Joshua's canvases are often

followed by boys at that time. When the Blenheim pictures were dispersed this went into the hands of Sir Charles Tennant. But the "Gipsy Fortune Teller," of which we give an engraving, is at Knowle. The figures of the gipsy and the lover in the plumed hat, who holds the girl in his arms, are by no means remarkable, but the hysterical girl herself, trying to disguise her uneasiness, is full of character. It was very seldom that Reynolds could get away from his women of fashion in the grand



"Collina" (Lady Gertrude Fitzpatrick).

From an engraving by George Zabel after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.



"The Cherub Choir" (Five Portraits of Lady Isabella Gordon).

From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

world or in Bohemia, to paint ideal pictures.

Sir Joshua was so full of imagination that he delighted in posing his sitters in some character. This, too, was a fashion of the time, which several other painters affected. A good instance of it is his beautiful picture of Eliza Ann Linley, the young singer and reigning belle of Bath, who made a runaway match with Richard Brinsley Sheridan. The Linley sisters, whose father was a composer, were known as "the nightingales." When Betty Linley, as she was called, was only sixteen, she was so beautiful that she was besieged by suitors. One of these, a man named Matthews, was almost successful in win-



"The Gipsy Fortune Teller."

From an engraving by W. Ward after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

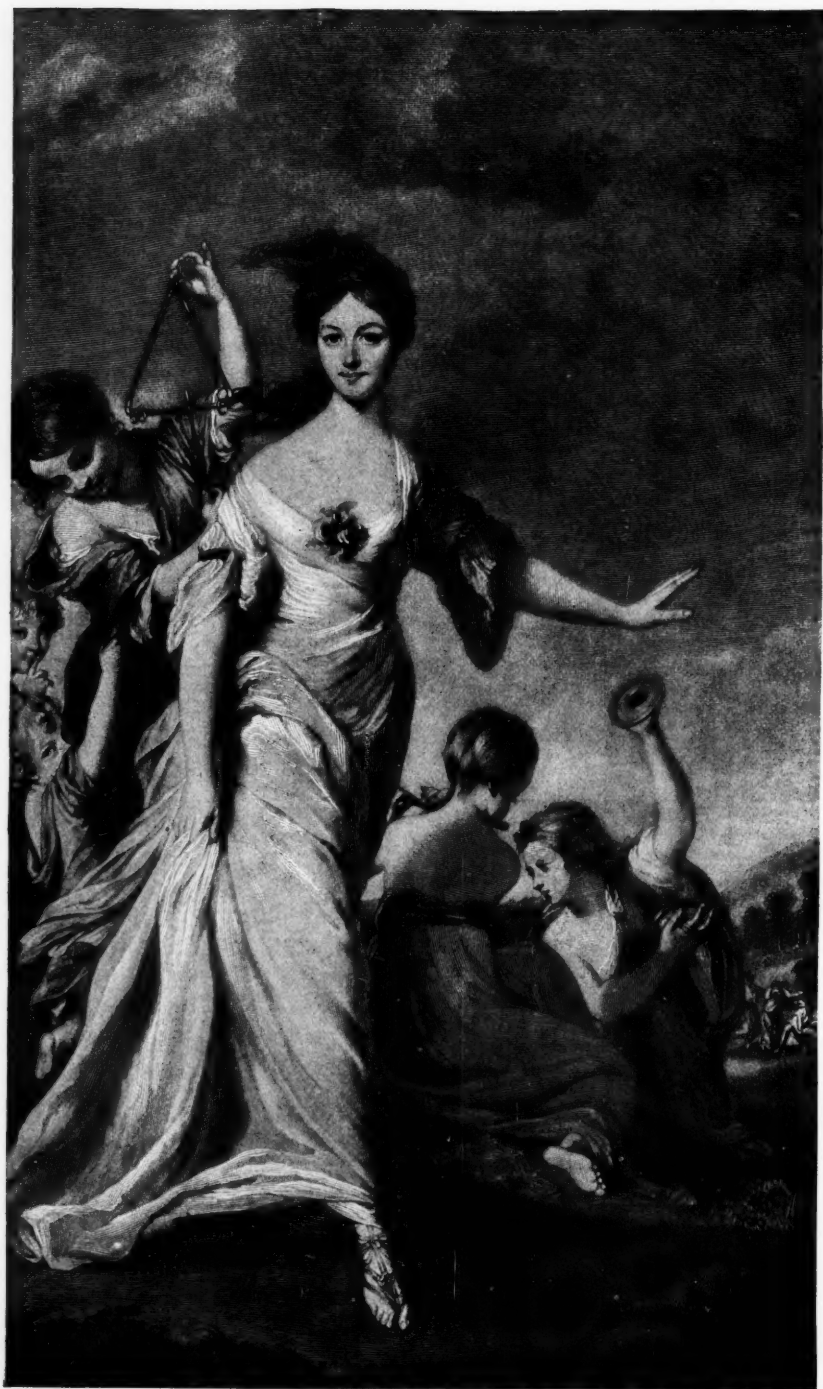


Isabella Anne, Marchioness of Hertford.

From an engraving by J. Scott after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

ning the young girl's interest. Sheridan, who was a friend of the family, warned her against him, and persuaded her to elope with himself. Although she was such a child, Miss Linley had already sung in concerts in London, and had attracted the attention of King George. She had a delicate beauty and

a most pathetic expression. Sir Joshua first met her at the house of a Mr. Coote, who gave musical parties, and it is this Mr. Coote's children who appear as the angels attending St. Cecilia in the picture engraved on page 567. The purity of the young singer's face is admirably shown in the



"L'Allegro" (Mrs. Hale).
From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

painting. Mrs. Sheridan was often spoken of among her friends as "the saint." Her countenance has no insipidity, no smiling self consciousness. The picture belonged

the central figure's grace, we find the affectation which the "St. Cecilia" entirely lacks.

Among the bevy of beauties whom Sir



"Saint Cecilia" (Mrs. Richard Brinsley Sheridan).

From an engraving by Thomas Watson after the portrait by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

to the Marquis of Lansdowne's collection at Bowood, but it is now the property of Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild.

Another of Sir Joshua's fanciful pictures is not so successful from the viewpoint of the stern art critic as it is to the eye of the casual observer. This is the portrait of Mrs. Hale as "L'Allegro." Here, with all

Joshua painted he appears to have walked unscathed. It is true that many of his sitters were by no means so lovely in real life as he represented them. Women of the stage were in the habit of going to him to sit for the throat, hands, and feet of his court ladies. But there was a fellow artist to whom Sir Joshua is said to have lost his



Mrs. Jackson.

From an etching by T. K. Sherwin after the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds.

heart. This was Angelica Kauffmann. But while "Miss Angel," as she was called in England, was talented and beautiful, she had some attributes which were not exactly celestial. She was a sentimental woman and a consummate coquette, who was yet cold enough to keep an eye upon the main

chance in matrimonial matters. The flirtation came to nothing. We find Angelica, at middle age, in Rome, coquetting with Goethe, who used to read her his poetry, and at last marrying an adventurer.

Sir Joshua never had another love affair. He died a bachelor at an advanced age.

Two Valentines.

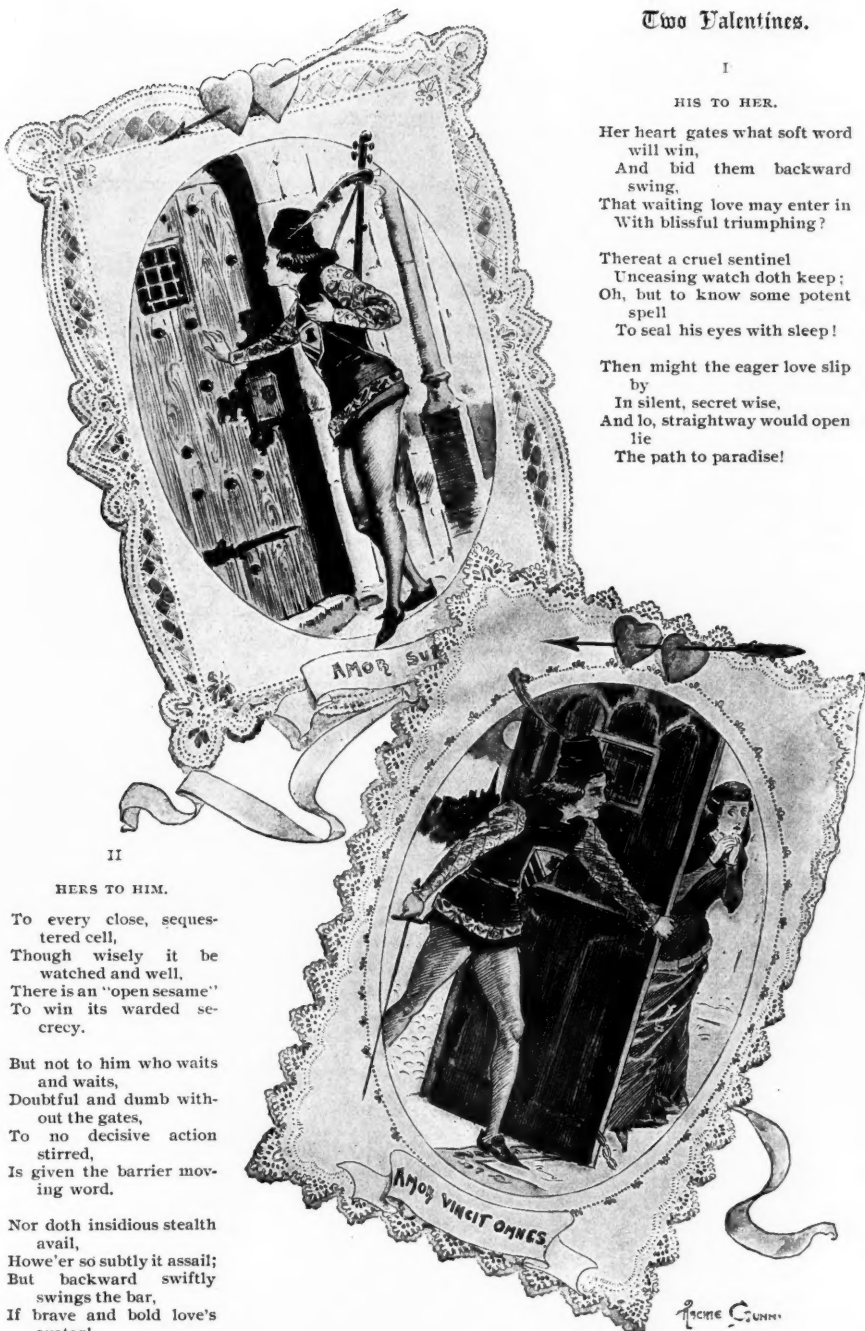
I

HIS TO HER.

Her heart gates what soft word
will win,
And bid them backward
swing,
That waiting love may enter in
With blissful triumphing?

Thereat a cruel sentinel
Unceasing watch doth keep;
Oh, but to know some potent
spell
To seal his eyes with sleep!

Then might the eager love slip
by
In silent, secret wise,
And lo, straightway would open
lie
The path to paradise!



II

HERS TO HIM.

To every close, seques-
tered cell,
Though wisely it be
watched and well,
There is an "open sesame"
To win its warded se-
crecy.

But not to him who waits
and waits,
Doubtful and dumb with-
out the gates,
To no decisive action
stirred,
Is given the barrier mov-
ing word.

Nor doth insidious stealth
avail,
Howe'er so subtly it assail;
But backward swiftly
swings the bar,
If brave and bold love's
avatar!

Clinton Scollard.

THE GUNN

THE DAUGHTERS OF THE AMERICAN REVOLUTION.

THE MOST PROMINENT AND IMPORTANT OF THE PATRIOTIC SOCIETIES ORGANIZED BY THE WOMEN OF THE UNITED STATES—ITS RAPID GROWTH, ITS PRACTICAL WORK, AND SOME OF ITS LEADING MEMBERS.

THE society of the Daughters of the American Revolution, the largest of the patriotic associations organized by the women of the United States, was founded in Washington six years ago. From the time of its inception there has never been any doubt of its success or of its usefulness. The interest evinced on all sides has been extraordinary, and the society's progress along patriotic and practical lines has been consistent and uninterrupted. In the phraseology of its constitution, the objects of the organization are :

"To perpetuate the memory and the spirit of the men and women who achieved

American independence, by the acquisition and protection of historical spots and the erection of monuments; by the encouragement of historical research in relation to the Revolution, and the publication of its results; by the preservation of documents and relics, and of the individual services of Revolutionary soldiers and patriots; and by the promotion of celebrations of all patriotic anniversaries. Also, to carry out the injunction of Washington, 'To promote institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge;' and to cherish, maintain and extend the institutions of American freedom, to foster true patriotism, and to aid in



Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, the Present President of the Society.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.



Mrs. Donald McLean, Regent of the New York City Chapter.

From a photograph by Prince, New York.

securing for mankind all the blessings of liberty." An unwritten aim is to preserve the history of the women of the Revolution, and to bring to light as many interesting facts concerning them as possible.

Any woman is eligible for admission to the society, provided she has reached the age of eighteen years, is personally acceptable, and can prove by documentary or other reliable evidence her lineal descent from a man or woman who rendered material aid to the cause of independence. No indirect descent is recognized, nor any family tradition unsupported by proof.

The society is divided into chapters or local circles, which are under the immediate control of their own officers and the general supervision of the parent organization. There are now some two hundred and



Mrs. Albert G. Brackett, Vice President Presiding.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

twenty five of these local branches established in the United States, with others, actual and prospective, in Halifax, Switzerland, and Paris. The New York City Chapter, naturally one of the most important, has lately distinguished itself by es-

characteristic of the city in which it is located. The Saratoga Chapter is another that deserves special mention. It recently demonstrated its enthusiasm for patriotic projects by playing hostess to a large and representative joint gathering of Sons, Daugh-



The Late Mrs. Caroline Scott Harrison, First President of the Society.

From a photograph by Merritt, Washington.

tablishing a chair of American history at Barnard College, the coeducational annex of Columbia, the old King's College of Revolutionary times. This is probably the most important service to the cause of education yet rendered by any one of the patriotic orders.

The Chicago Chapter is the oldest in the society, being one month the senior of the New York branch. It is also the largest, numbering over four hundred members, and is noted for the energy and progressiveness

ters, and Children of the American Revolution.

The most characteristic feature of the society's proceedings is its Continental Congress, which convenes annually for the week including Washington's birthday, in the national capital. Delegates come from all portions of the country to represent their respective chapters, to elect the National Society's officers, and to transact the accumulated business of the year. The visiting Daughters arrive on Monday of the

appointed week, and meet in the evening for a reception at Willard's Hotel, this being the prologue to the official opening of the congress on the following morning at the Church of Our Father. This gathering is always a remarkable one, and the most casual visitor is likely to be impressed by the manner and bearing of the fair patriots. The delegates are grouped by States and Territories in the body of the church, the gallery being reserved for visiting Daughters and their friends or for any one caring to witness the proceedings of the congress. Every member present at the meeting wears a distinguishing badge or satin ribbon, the color denoting the office held. A Daughter who holds no special rank wears the society's color, colonial blue; the national officer, red, white and blue; an honorary officer, plain white; chapter regents, red; delegates from the various local chapters, red and white; alternates, white and blue.



Mrs. Levi P. Morton, Vice President.



Mrs. Philip Hichborn, Vice President in Charge of Organization.

Among the subjects discussed at the last congress was a definite plan for the erection of permanent headquarters in Washington, a building to be known as Continental Hall, and to cost \$200,000. Designs were exhibited showing the arrangement of its proposed apartments, offices, museum, statuary hall, and relic rooms for the thirteen original colonies, as well as a fine library. Another topic considered by the convention was the movement for a national university, which has several times been brought before Congress. The Daughters of the American Revolution are enlisted in its support on general grounds, and especially because Washington favored the founding of a great national seat of learning, and in his will bequeathed a sum of money to form the nucleus of an endowment fund. Whenever the project shall be realized, the Daughters propose that their share in it shall be the establishment of a chair of American history.



Miss Eugenia Washington, Honorary Vice President.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

The official seal, affixed to all of the society's documents, is a circle containing a Revolutionary dame at her spinning wheel, with thirteen stars above her, surrounded by the legend, "Daughters of the American Revolution, 1776-1890," and the motto, "Home and Country." The insigne consists of a badge, the design a spinning wheel and distaff. The wheel is of gold, and is nearly an inch in diameter. Its tire is of blue enamel, and opposite the ends of the thirteen spokes are the same number of golden stars. Underneath the wheel is a distaff filled with silver flax, on the back of which is the name of the owner and her registration number. The insigne may be used as a pin, or attached to a bit of the society ribbon, colonial blue and white. It is quite commonly worn by the Daughters, as it serves at once as an introduction and a recommendation of the bearer to the kind offices

of other members. Any representative is sure of a cordial welcome from her colleagues, no matter where chance may place her.

Although the Sons of the American Revolution were opposed to admitting women to membership in their organization, they readily extended the right hand of fellowship to the sister society, and the two orders constantly work more or less in unison. It has been publicly suggested by a Son that they should unite and form one association, and there is a possibility, perhaps a probability, that such a consolidation will eventually take place.

The first president of the Daughters of the American Revolution was the late Mrs. Ben-



Mrs. John W. Foster, Late President of the Society.

jamin Harrison, at that time the lady of the White House. So just and tactful was her rule that her name and memory are revered by every member of the society. An evidence of this regard is the fine portrait of Mrs. Harrison by Daniel Huntington, presented by the society, and now hanging in the Executive Mansion. She was an eminently patriotic woman, keenly alive to the useful possibilities of the organization and to the importance of its practical work. She carried it successfully through the formative period, that most trying time of all, when there were no precedents to guide her in dealing with the many difficulties encountered. Her Revolutionary descent was traced from



Mrs. Charles S. Johnson, Vice President.

From a photograph by Clinedinst, New York.



Miss Fedora Wilbur,
Assistant Historian.

her father's grandfather, John Scott, who served as commissary general of the Pennsylvania State troops.

It has been the rule, hitherto, that the wives of the nation's highest officers should be chosen to fill the chief offices of the society. Mrs. Harrison was succeeded as president general by Mrs. Adlai E. Stevenson, and she by Mrs. John W. Foster, the wife of President Harrison's secretary of state. After a year's service Mrs. Foster declined a renomination, and Mrs. Stevenson resumed her tenure of the office, to which she has now been elected three times. She is universally popular, and under her administration the society has prospered uninterruptedly. Alike in point

of personality, social position, and ancestry, she is well qualified for leadership among the Daughters. She is directly descended from no less than three gallant soldiers of the Revolution—Captain James Speed, Joshua Fry, and Dr. Thomas Walker. Mrs. Foster can also claim three Revolutionary great grandfathers, all of them officers in the colonial forces. As an executive officer of the



Mrs. De B. Randolph Keim, First Vice President General.

From a photograph by Merritt, Washington.

society she was so successful that her place might have been exceedingly difficult to fill had not her predecessor consented to serve again.

At the society's last continental congress a new office was created, that of vice president general presiding, whose incumbent fills the chair whenever the president general may be absent. This is a highly responsible position, most satisfactorily filled by Mrs. Rose Field Brackett, who possesses the alertness and self possession which are the best characteristics of a born leader. But perhaps the most arduous post in the association is that held by Mrs. Philip Hichborn, wife of the chief naval constructor, who is the vice president in charge of organization, her duty being to form new chapters. This is a task that requires a great deal of tact and good judgment, for both of which qualities Mrs. Hichborn is noted.

Among the other vice presidents four of the best known and most popular are Mrs.



Mrs. Roberdean Buchanan, Recording Secretary.

From a photograph by Rice, Washington.

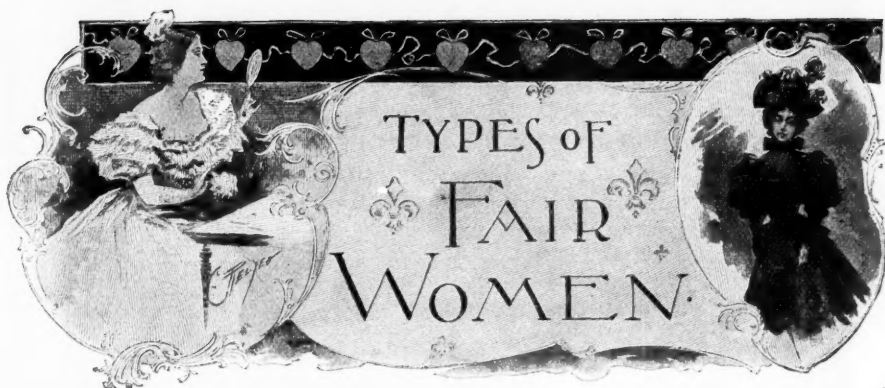
James Robert McKee, daughter of Ex President Harrison; Mrs. Levi P. Morton, wife of the late Governor of New York; Mrs. de Benneville Randolph Keim, whose husband is a well known journalist; and Mrs. F. W. Dickins, wife of Commander Dickins of the United States navy. Three ladies who should be mentioned as founders of the society are Miss Eugenia Washington, who is a great grandniece of George Washington, Miss Mary Desha, and Mrs. Ellen Hardin Walworth. The youngest national officer is Miss Fedora Isabel Wilbur, the assistant historian. Two others who have served the society with unvarying zeal are Mrs. Charles Sweet Johnson and Mrs. Roberdean Buchanan. Finally it may be noted that one of the most brilliant and representative women in the whole society is Mrs. Donald McLean, regent of the New York City Chapter.

Carolyn Halstead.



Mrs. F. W. Dickins, Vice President.

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.



THE old towns of the Mississippi River possess a wealth of romance which Eastern and Northern people never learn. The quaint houses set back in their walled gardens have held generation after generation of brave men and beautiful women. Here many of the best families of French blood

knew the slow sound of the convent bell; and even where the young girls were not of Catholic parentage, the French ideas dominated in their training. They were brought up like flowers hidden away in shaded gardens until they were ready to be shown to the world. They married among themselves,



Mrs. Albert Swasey, of St. Louis.

From a photograph by Parrott, St. Louis.



Miss Blanche E. Wright, Queen of the Denver Festival of Mountain and Plain.

From a photograph by Rose & Hopkins, Denver.

keeping to the society of their own friends, until their cliques became more exclusive than the Faubourg St. Germain.

But since St. Louis has grown to be one of the most important cities of America, with affiliations all over the world, her beautiful women have become famous. One of the most noted of these is Mrs. Albert Swasey, who was Miss McNeal of Memphis,

one of Denver's best known citizens, Mr. R. R. Wright. She has a tall and queenly figure, and a typical blonde beauty. Her merriment and gaiety of spirit have made her popular not only in her own circle, but all over Denver. Miss Wright is a clever musician, and has done much to make music one of the fads of Denver society.

Mrs. Arthur Kinsolving, of Brooklyn,



Mrs. Arthur Kinsolving, of Brooklyn.

From a photograph by Davis, Richmond.

Tennessee. Mrs. Swasey is the great granddaughter of President Polk, and has been known as a belle throughout the South both before and since her marriage.

When Denver held her carnival, last fall, she tried to be as eclectic as possible. The celebration was called the "Festival of Mountain and Plain," and the decorations were of yellow and white to represent gold and silver, that in this debatable political ground there might be no cause for offense. The queen was chosen with the same tact that was shown in every other arrangement. The selection of Miss Blanche Wright was so generally approved that the citizens built her a float at a cost of a thousand dollars. Miss Wright is the daughter of

who was Miss Sallie Bruce, of Virginia, is one of the many lovely Southern girls who have married Northern men. She is the daughter of Seddon Bruce, of Staunton Hall, Charlotte County. Her grandfather was one of the real old Virginia planters, being in his day the greatest tobacco grower in the world. Mrs. Kinsolving's family tree carries several names that have been famous in the history of the Old Dominion. Her mother was a daughter of General Joseph E. Anderson, and her grandmother on the maternal side was a famous toast before the war as Miss Pegram of Richmond. The first wife of Thomas Nelson Page was Mrs. Kinsolving's aunt, and her husband's brother is the Episcopal Bishop

of Texas. The Bruce family is noted for its beautiful women. Those famous White Sulphur belles of a few years ago, Miss Sophie and Miss Kate Bruce, were Mrs. Kinsolving's cousins.

Another famous Virginia beauty is the

Amélie Rives' nurse knew that she was not going to have a humdrum life. As a little girl she was full of a vivacity, a restlessness, and a spirit which made "Miss Omly," as the servants called her, known through three Virginia counties for her "ways."



The Princess Pierre Troubetzkoy, Formerly Miss Amélie Rives.

Princess Pierre Troubetzkoy, who was Amélie Rives of Castle Hill.

Whether fate depends upon personality or environment is a subject social philosophers never weary of discussing. The palmist who can tell a woman's character from her hand—and we must all allow that the owner of a long, slender fingered hand has not the same characteristics as those that belong to the woman whose fingers are short and knotty—makes his reputation by predicting her future through her temperament. The motto of these seers is "Character is Fate." It is probable that Miss

They were very sweet ways, sometimes. She was loved as much as admired by all of her humble friends; but sometimes one of her innumerable cousins would shake a warning head over some new vagary. She painted pictures, she rode, she wore short corduroy skirts and had a pack of dogs always at her heels, and it was a short day in which she did not supply the neighborhood with something to talk about.

At last, she wrote a short story called "A Brother to Dragons," which made her a reputation among literary critics. The editor of the old and solid monthly which



Miss Jeannie Williams, of Buffalo.

From the portrait by Hubert Herkomer.



Miss Augusta Wareing-Whitney.

From a photograph by Dupont, Brussels.

published her story anonymously, journeyed down into Virginia to see her and to get more manuscript from the same source. He expected to meet a scholarly woman. What he found was a beautiful young girl in a red satin ball gown, who seemed to have her heart in the frivolities of the hour. A few more stories followed, tales full of picturesque imagination, but lacking the essential something which can make a piece of fiction great. Then she astonished the world with the very first of the so called erotic novels, "The Quick or the Dead." Were this to appear today, it would not cause a ripple. Ten years ago audacity was looked upon with uplifted eyebrows. Now, audacity of that sort is too common.

Miss Rives first became Mrs. John Armstrong Chanler, and is now the wife of a well known London portrait painter, whose father was a Russian and whose mother an American. Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy has exhibited a collection of pictures in New York this winter. One portrait of Mr. Gladstone is quite notable.

Miss Jeannie Williams, of Buffalo, has the distinction of being one of the few women whom Hubert Herkomer expressed a desire to paint. Miss Williams is a brunette with an exquisite creamy complexion. She is a daughter of Charles H. Williams, a lawyer prominent in western New York, and is one of the society leaders of Buffalo. Most of Miss Williams' childhood was spent in

Europe. Herkomer saw her, two years ago, and asked permission to paint her portrait.

Another young American who has attracted attention abroad is Miss Wareing-Whitney. Miss Whitney has one of the tallest family trees in America, tracing her

thing else about your genuine Kentucky girl which makes her unmistakable. This is her air of being reined up. She carries her head in the air. She reminds you of the race horse that bears her colors on to victory. The stranger humbly wonders which



Miss Elsie Gaylord, of Louisville.

lineage to John Nott, Lord Mayor of London in 1363. She makes her home in Brussels. We show her photograph in the gown she wore at her presentation to King Leopold, who spoke of her as "*le divin sourire*" ("the heavenly smile").

The Blue Grass beauty is a creation in herself. The limestone of Kentucky, the blue skies, the temperate atmosphere, give a health, a fine texture of skin to a woman which can scarcely be seen in any other part of the country. But there is some-

of the two splendid creatures learned the beautiful trick from the other.

Miss Elsie Gaylord, of Louisville, is a typical Kentucky girl. She is the beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother, and last season, when she made her début, she was known as "Kentucky Belle."

The daughter of Ex President Harrison has inherited much of her father's executive ability. During the Harrison administration, Mrs. McKee was the dominating spirit in most of the White House enter-



Mrs. James R. McKee, Daughter of Ex President Harrison.

From the portrait by Charles Ayer Whipple.

tainments, and showed herself a clever and tactful woman of the world. Since then she has been a leading official of the Daughters of the American Revolution,

It is not always, however, that the mantle of riches and renown falls upon such worthy—or such beautiful—shoulders as those of the Duchess of Sutherland. She



The Duchess of Sutherland.
From a photograph by Watery, London.

and in various ways has maintained her position in the public eye.

It was no less a person than Victoria, Queen of England, who, leaving Buckingham Palace one day for a visit to Stafford House, the town place of the young Duchess of Sutherland, said to her fair hostess,

"I come from my house to your palace."

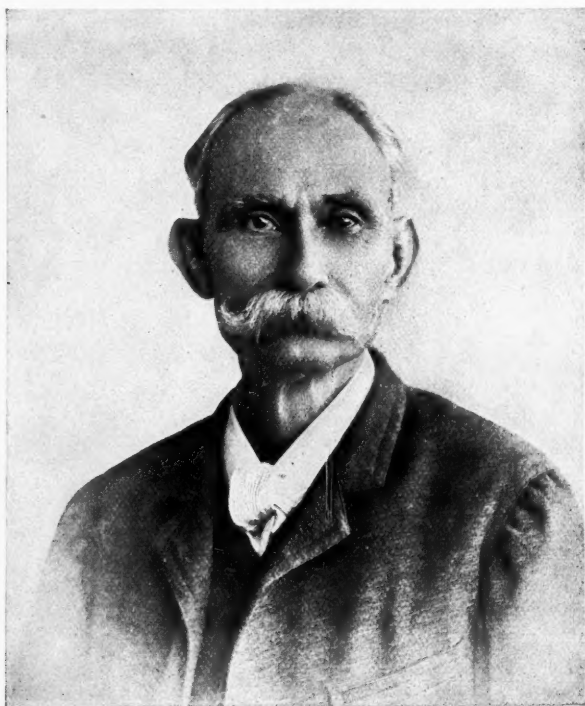
is the half sister of the Countess of Warwick, who was Miss Maynard. Her mother's second husband was the Earl of Roslyn, and the Duchess of Sutherland and the Lady Algernon Gordon were the children of this marriage. These three women are perhaps the most noted wits and beauties in English society today.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

A VETERAN REVOLUTIONIST.

One of the many puzzles of the situation in Cuba, at the time of writing, is afforded by Maximo Gomez, general in chief of the insurgents. During the first year of the destructive warfare into which the luckless Queen of the Antilles has been plunged,

Whether Gomez' achievements are over or not, his career has been a remarkable one. It has been brim full of adventure, even if, as seems probable, not all the stories told of him are true. He was born in San Domingo of Spanish stock, and is said to have been educated in Spain, and to



Maximo Gomez, Commander in Chief of the Cuban Insurgents.

Gomez was here, there, everywhere. He swept through the island, leaving devastation in his trail. He was a terror to Campos and Weyler, who never knew at what point he would strike next. His headquarters were in the saddle, and there was stirring news from them almost every day. Then, suddenly, he seemed to drop into innocuous desuetude. Maceo was hemmed in and slain in the west, the Spaniards appear to have tightened their grip upon the central provinces, but no sign came from the Napoleon of the revolution, as his admirers have called him.

have seen his first military service there. Then we hear of him in the Central American republic of Costa Rica, where he figured in politics, and was a candidate for the presidency. He was in Cuba when the revolution of 1868 broke out, and he plunged into it, fighting throughout the ten years of hostilities that followed, and becoming a general of the rebel forces. During this war the Spaniards invented the "trocha" as a device for severing and repressing the insurgents, but Gomez used to pass their fortified lines just as easily as he did last year. He could not prevent the ultimate

failure of the rebellion, and had to flee to Jamaica. In 1885 he and Maceo were associated in an attempt to start a new rising, which was quickly suppressed. Two years ago Gomez and Jose Marti were more successful, and the blaze they kindled flashed

and from his wide acquaintance and varied experience he became invaluable to the Republican organization in campaign times. His voice was heard in the national committee, of which he has been a member for many years; and he has helped to bear



Joseph H. Manley.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

from end to end of the island, with results that the world knows.

AN OLD CAMPAIGNER IN POLITICS.

Joseph H. Manley is an old hand at politics. For a long time he was Mr. Blaine's campaign manager, and the office was no sinecure. Mr. Blaine was perpetually threatened with elective office, and Mr. Manley was kept busy seeing that the calamity was not averted. In this occupation he gained personal knowledge of every prominent politician in the United States,

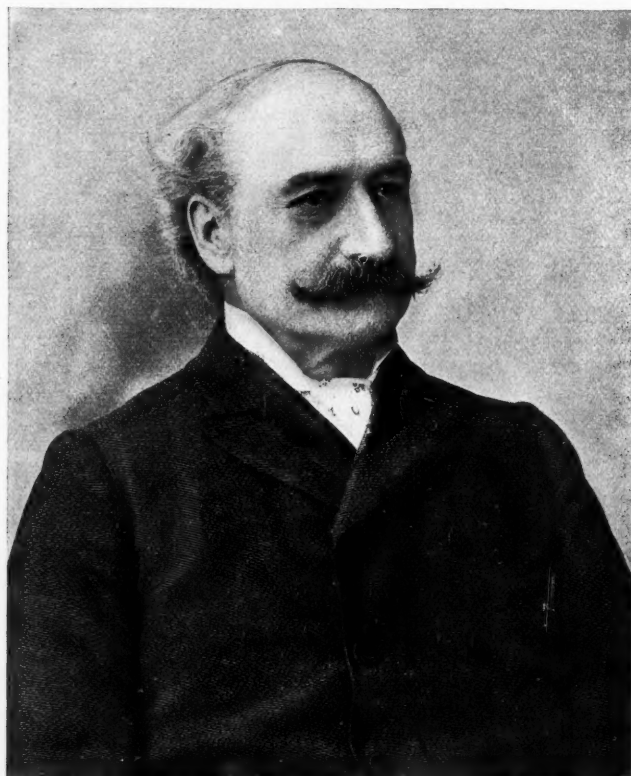
the brunt of many notable battles for his party. He has not been a seeker after the fruits of office, for he has held but one appointive position—that of postmaster at Augusta, Maine.

As the chief henchman of Blaine, Mr. Manley was long regarded as being, by the logic of the situation, an opponent of another great political leader from the same State—Thomas B. Reed. After Mr. Blaine's death, however, the enmities that had grown out of the disappointments of that brilliant statesman's career were buried;

and last year, when Mr. Reed became a prominent candidate for the Presidential nomination, Mr. Manley, as the national committeeman from Maine, took his interests in hand. He made the speaker's room at the Capitol his headquarters, and managed the campaign as he had so often managed those of Mr. Blaine. The result

ship of more than three hundred and fifty thousand, and its activity and influence in public affairs.

Major Clarkson, of Omaha, the present commander of this remarkable organization, was one of the very first men who volunteered for duty at the outbreak of the civil war. President Lincoln's proclamation



Major Thaddeus Clarkson, Commander in Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

From a photograph by Lancaster, Omaha.

is a matter of recent history. Mr. Manley was somewhat unfairly criticised when, shortly before the St. Louis convention made its choice, he publicly admitted what was evident to almost everybody—that Mr. McKinley was certain of the nomination. During the ensuing campaign he did good service as a member of Mr. Hanna's executive committee.

THE GRAND ARMY'S COMMANDER.

Outside of the great political offices, there is probably no more important post in the country than the headship of the Grand Army of the Republic, with its member-

was not two hours old when he enlisted in Battery A of the First Illinois Artillery. His first service was with Grant at Cairo. Later he took part in Steele's campaign in Arkansas, and saw fighting almost constantly throughout the war in the West, winning his way from the ranks to a major's commission.

Born at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania—the home of Thaddeus Stevens, after whom he was named—Major Clarkson settled in Omaha after the war. President Harrison appointed him postmaster of the Nebraska city, and he retained the office until about two years ago. He has taken a warm inter-



James A. Mount, Governor of Indiana.

From a photograph by Lacey, Indianapolis.

est in the development of the Grand Army, and served in several of its minor offices before his election to the national commandership at last year's encampment in St. Paul.

INDIANA'S NEW GOVERNOR.

Indiana remains true to her predilection for a farmer as her chief magistrate, James A. Mount, whom she chose at the last election, being a genuine tiller of the soil. It is the boast of the new Governor that he can swing a scythe or wield a corn knife with any man in the State.

It was his fellow farmers who made Mount governor. His popularity with the grangers of the Hoosier State, gained through several years of lecturing at farmers' institutes, insured his nomination against all combinations of town bred politicians, and brought about his election by some three thousand more votes than Major McKinley secured in the State.

Mount's life has been very much like that of other men in the central West who have made the most of their opportunities. Born fifty three years ago on a farm, he began life for himself on rented ground, did two years' work at an academy in one, served in the war, married, and reared three children. His home, won from the soil by hard

labor, is not far from Crawfordsville, and is one of the model farms of Indiana.

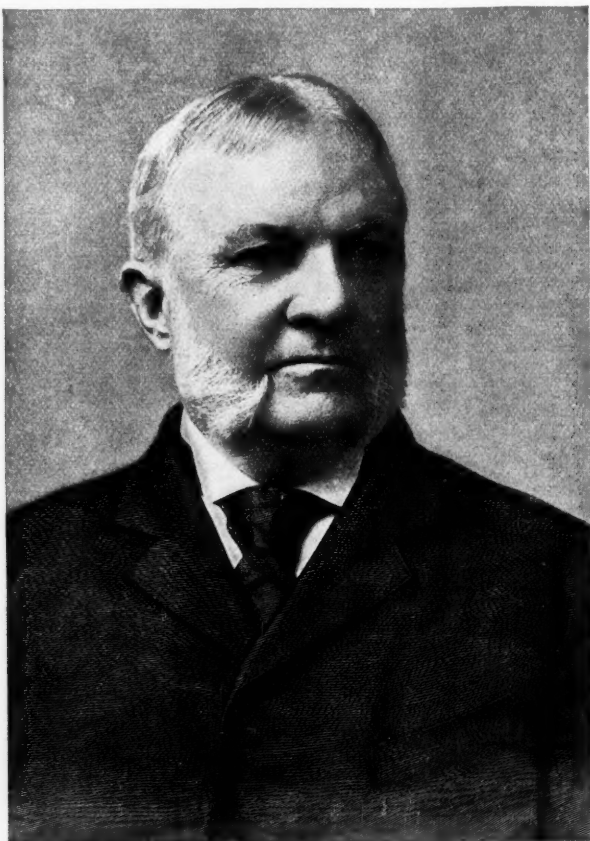
A BAYARD IN NEW YORK POLITICS.

There are some men who can unite business and politics without making a wire pulling expedient of the former or a mere commercial transaction of the latter. Cornelius N. Bliss is one of these men. For several years his name has been prominently associated with the doings of the Republican party in New York, and yet so dignified has been his attitude in every relation that his opponents have never found a peg on which to hang a caricature. It is doubtless owing to this fact that his personality is much less generally known than is usually the case with a man whose name appears so frequently in the papers.

Mr. Bliss is on the sunny side of sixty, and was a New England boy who came to New York to enter the wholesale dry goods business in season to take the tide in that industry at its flood. There were many other clever young men in it at the same period of rapid development, when the opening up of new centers of population in the West presented a vast market to the Eastern supply depots, but not all of them had the shrewdness to handle the opportunity with proper judgment. It was a

time to lose one's head over the glittering plenty of the present, when to keep it meant a more bountiful reward in the future. Mr. Bliss shows in his firm lips and keen, clear eye the well balanced brain that weighs wide possibilities.

committee and an ardent supporter of McKinley, Mr. Bliss' name has been frequently mentioned by the press in connection with a cabinet position. But should such an honor be offered him it is probable that it would be declined.



Cornelius N. Bliss.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

The house of Bliss, Fabyan & Company is a tower of strength in the dry goods district, and the wealth of its chief has accumulated until now it is reputed to be beyond the ten million point. And yet he lives in the same unostentatious house on lower Madison Avenue that became his home twenty years ago. He indulges in neither fast horses nor a yacht, and if he has a hobby, it is to take an active part in church affairs. At the Broadway Tabernacle he was one of the late Dr. Taylor's closest friends.

Treasurer of the Republican national

His family consists of a wife, a grown up daughter, and a son who is in his senior year at Harvard. As has been intimated, they live very quietly. Almost their only expensive amusement is a box at the opera, which they share with Mr. Bliss' partner, M. C. D. Borden.

THE NEXT VICE PRESIDENT'S WIFE.

With the approach of each Presidential inauguration, official society in Washington prepares to greet a new régime. The fact that Mrs. McKinley is an invalid will ren-



Mrs. Garret A. Hobart.

From a photograph by Davis & Sanford, New York.

der Mrs. Hobart's position one of particular importance to this side of the incoming administration. The next Vice President's wife is well fitted to be a social leader. She has long been accustomed to the part. She was the daughter of a rich and prominent lawyer, and her husband has known both how to make a fortune and how to use one. She has read and traveled, and is a woman of accomplishments and of the world. She has been called the most popular hostess of New Jersey.

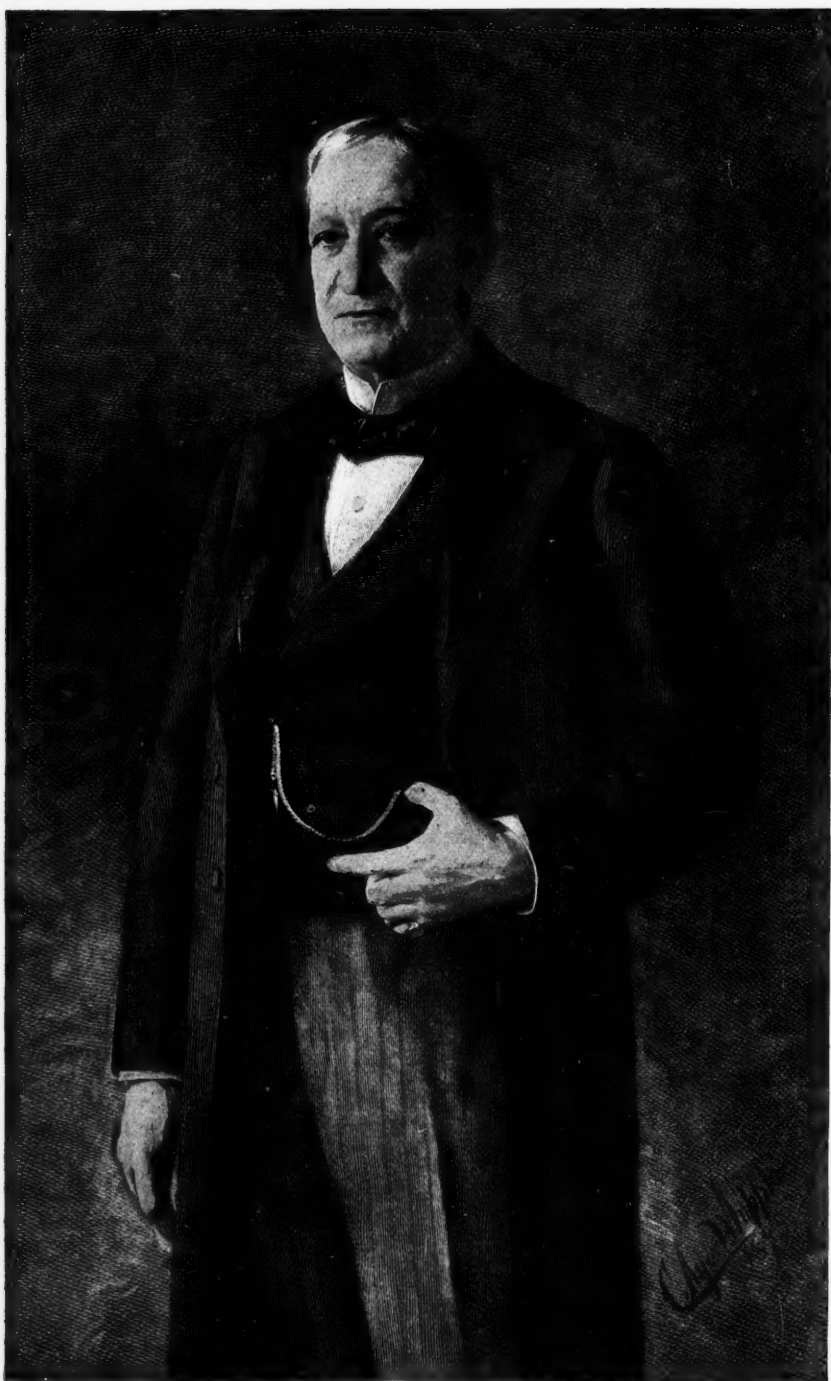
Mrs. Hobart—or Miss Jennie Tuttle, as she was then—met her husband when he was a promising young law student in her father's office. She was very young when

she married him in 1869. Her only surviving child is a thirteen year old boy, a namesake of his father.

Mr. Hobart's political career has been a matter of deep interest to his clever wife. She has generally accompanied him at the gatherings of his party, and knows most of the prominent public men of the day. She can keep a secret and smooth away a misunderstanding, and wherever the dinner table can aid her she knows how to use its influence.

NEW YORK'S LATE GOVERNOR.

We salute the Hon. Levi Parsons Morton—he deserves the overworked prefix if any-



Levi P. Morton, Vice President of the United States and Governor of New York.
From the portrait by Charles Ayer Whipple.

body does—on his return to private life. Mr. Morton is well past seventy, and it is not likely that he will hold office again. Indeed, there is no office that he would care to accept. The Presidency, for which he may have cherished a momentary aspiration, proved to be beyond his reach. He would have graced that high position, as he has graced every position that he has held—a seat in Congress, the Vice Presidency, the American ministry at Paris, and the chief magistracy of the Empire State. In public life he has shown himself to be an able, upright, conscientious gentleman. In business, he has won millions by honorable effort, and has been a financial prop to the government at a critical point in its history. In all the relations of private life he has been singularly fortunate. It is a record upon which he can look back with well deserved satisfaction. To call his a typical American career is a compliment to the American type.

Mr. Morton has set a high standard before his successors at Albany. When first elected Governor, he fixed his working hours in the executive chamber at from ten in the morning to one in the afternoon. These limits he gradually extended until he was generally to be found at his desk from nine to five, and frequently later. His attention to business was thorough, his influence upon legislation always for good. His administration was guided by public spirit, not by machine politics. With a full measure of tact and suavity he combined a sturdy independence. One of his last official acts was to negative a strongly backed petition for the pardon of a notorious political "boss."

We respectfully salute the retiring Governor of New York, and trust that his successor will fill his place worthily. To do so, Mr. Black will have to make a good record.

ABOUT PROMINENT PEOPLE.

America is not the only country of rapid political promotions. A dozen years ago M. Hanotaux, whose vigorous and somewhat "jingoistic" policy has made him the most popular foreign minister France has had for a long time, was struggling for a footing in journalism or as a teacher. The Sorbonne paid him thirty dollars a month to lecture to a small history class, and the *République Française* printed an occasional article of his. Then he obtained a government clerkship in the foreign department; and a meeting with Jules Ferry in the *République* office brought him to the notice of that influential minister, with the result

that he was appointed to a subordinate post in the French embassy at Constantinople. His next step was to a seat in the chamber of deputies, and today he ranks as one of the leaders of the Third Republic.

* * * *

It is literally true to say that Mr. Gladstone has left an indelible mark upon the House of Commons. Upon the table between the two "front benches" upon which sit the leaders of the opposing parties at Westminster, there are always set two brass bound oaken despatch boxes. Each of these bears indentations caused by the Grand Old Man's signet ring—witnesses to the tremendous force with which he used to bring down his clinched fist upon the boxes, when speaking from the government side of the table or from that of the opposition.

* * * *

Mr. Gladstone, who celebrated his eighty seventh birthday on the 29th of December, is younger than a former American Congressman and cabinet minister whose old age is as vigorous as that of the great English statesman. Colonel Richard W. Thompson, of Terre Haute, Indiana, who was a Whig leader in the days of Jackson and Clay, who was the close friend of Lincoln, and who served as secretary of the navy under Hayes, will be eighty eight if he lives to the 9th of next June.

Senator Morrill of Vermont, the patriarch of Congress, is nearly a year younger than Colonel Thompson, his eighty seventh birthday falling upon the 14th of April next. He is quite a youngster compared to the oldest member of the English Parliament, Mr. Charles P. Villiers, of Wolverhampton, who was born January 3, 1802.

* * * *

A full, clear voice does much for the popularity of those whose business it is to make themselves heard in public, whether from the stage, the platform, or the pulpit. The doctrines of the newly appointed Archbishop of Canterbury have sometimes been criticised as lax, but his stentorian tones have won him the favor of many an auditor. A farmer from the west country of England who heard Dr. Temple preach one day, declared: "I du love the bishop; he hollers proper!"

* * * *

Cecil Rhodes is not only a confirmed bachelor, like many other great men, but also a confirmed woman hater—a weakness rare among great men. Many utterances of his sentiment on the subject of the gentler sex have been reported, but none so out-

rageously ungracious as his order when he was brought back from the hunting field with a dislocated shoulder: "Let no devil of a woman be sent for." Many people will regard it as only a just punishment that, as a result, he suffered seriously for lack of proper nursing, and that his shoulder has troubled him ever since.

* * * *

A gentleman now resident in Missouri has a pleasant memory of an evening in the summer of 1861, when he was a Federal recruiting officer stationed at Canton, Ohio. He had been addressing a meeting of working men, and was almost exhausted by the heat, when a young girl appeared with a pitcher and glass with which she went among the gathering. She was Miss Ida Saxton, who is to become mistress of the White House on the 4th of March.

* * * *

Senator Cameron's championship of the Cuban revolutionists will probably be his last official action at Washington, as he retires from the Senate at the close of the expiring session. Mr. Cameron's father, the celebrated war secretary, was once asked why his son, who was clever and popular, and who entered politics with all the family prestige and influence, had not scored such a success as his friends had predicted.

"Don is a likely fellow, and will do well," Simon Cameron replied; "but you must remember that I started in life with a big advantage over him."

"What was that?"

"Poverty."

* * * *

The annals of sport record nothing more pleasant than R. C. Lehman's journey to America to coach the oarsmen of Harvard. It has been erroneously reported that Mr. Lehman came as a professional trainer, with the expectation of receiving pay for his work. As a matter of fact, he is a gentleman of means, an amateur in the best and strictest sense of the term. For a number of years, since he rowed in the Cambridge eight, he has gratuitously coached English crews, and entertained them at his house on the Thames. He was invited to the American Cambridge with the suggestion that his expenses should be paid, and that he should be the guest of Harvard while on this side of the Atlantic. From pure love of the fine sport of rowing, and in the hope of doing valuable service to the foremost American university, he accepted the invitation, but with the stipulation that he should not receive any payment whatever, even for expenses.

Little things sometimes have great results, and the trivial pettishness of Lord Dunraven caused no small ill feeling between Americans and Englishmen. Mr. Lehman's generous and truly sportsman-like action may well wipe out the memory of the bad tempered earl.

It may be added that it will be more than a pity if Harvard and Yale fail to agree upon a trial of aquatic skill this year. Are college men to follow the example of the proverbial pugilist, and wage their friendly disputes with the jaw instead of the biceps?

* * * *

This is the way in which the caustic Cannon, of Illinois, recently dealt with a Congressman who rose to interrupt the course of an important measure which Mr. Cannon was advocating:

"Mr. Speaker, this reminds me of an incident that happened in the old steam-boating days on the Mississippi. One of those magnificent floating palaces that adorned the river in those days was going down stream at a great rate of speed, when suddenly a skiff in which two boys were seated shot out of the willows, and the boys rowed desperately toward the boat, waving their hats. The pilot thought something was astray, and stopped the steamer. By that time the boys had come alongside and begun to back water, and one said in a satisfied way:

"Well, by crickety, we did stop the big boat, didn't we?"

* * * *

Lord Kelvin, the famous electrician (better known as Sir William Thomson) is generally set down as a Scotchman, presumably because his name sounds Scottish and because he lives in Glasgow. But as a matter of fact he is an Irishman, born in Belfast. Upholders of the theory that athletic prowess is not necessarily a bar to successful study may find in him a distinguished case in point, for at Cambridge he rowed in an eight which beat Oxford at Putney, and was "second wrangler" in the mathematical tripos, besides being president of a college musical society.

Lord Kelvin's inventions in connection with ocean telegraphy and other branches of electrical science have made him rich, but he continues, from a sense of public service, to lecture to a class at Glasgow University, as he has been doing for more than forty years. When Li Hung Chang visited the Clyde he told Lord Kelvin that he considered him the first scientific man in the world.

THE CHRISTIAN.*

By Hall Caine,

Author of "The Deemster," "The Manxman," etc.

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I—XVIII.

THE central figures of the story are John Storm and Glory Quayle, and its opening scene is laid in the Isle of Man. John Storm is the son of Lord Storm, and nephew of the Earl of Erin, prime minister of England. Both his father and his uncle loved the woman who married the former and became John's mother, and jealousy has estranged the brothers. Lord Storm brings up his son for a career in public life, and is bitterly disappointed when the young man decides to enter the church, and seeks a curacy in London.

Near Lord Storm's place at Knockaloe, in the Isle of Man, is Glenfaba, the house of Parson Quayle, the bishop's chaplain. Mr. Quayle's only son marries the bishop's wife's maid, a French girl, the daughter of an actress. Both of these young people die, leaving a little girl, Glory, to the care of her grandfather at Glenfaba. Glory has known John Storm since he was a boy and she a baby. At twenty she determines to become a hospital nurse, and when young Storm goes to London, to his curacy at All Saints', Belgravia, she travels with him to begin her work at Martha's Vineyard. Here she forms a friendship with another nurse, Polly Love, who shows her the sights of London, and takes her to a nurses' ball. At the ball Polly introduces her to Lord Robert Ure and his friend Drake, two young department officials who have left a reception at the house of Mrs. Mackray, a rich American, to come to this somewhat Bohemian affair. In Drake Glory recognizes a boy who had been her playmate years ago.

Storm takes up his residence at the house of his vicar, Canon Wealthy, a fashionable preacher whose utter worldliness shocks the earnest young curate. He is also greatly disquieted by Glory's associations, in which he sees danger to her. Polly Love, in fact, comes to grief through Lord Robert, and on the matter becoming manifest, is arraigned before the board of managers of the hospital. Polly starts to tell the name of her betrayer, but Canon Wealthy sternly bids her refrain from taking away the character of a gentleman in his absence, and proceeds to dismiss her from the hospital. Thereupon Glory flames up and expresses her opinion of the board in very plain language. On the chairman ordering her to be taken away, John Storm springs to her side, and then leads both the girls to the door. When they have gone he turns to the chairman, and wishes to know, now that they have finished with the woman, what they are going to do with the man in the case, whose name he holds in his hand on the list of the hospital's subscribers and governors. But the chairman's only reply is to rise and announce that the business of the board is at an end.

XIX.

JOHN STORM wrote a letter to Mrs. Calender, explaining Polly Love's situation, and asking her to call on the girl immediately. Then he went out in search of Lord Robert Ure at the address he had discovered in the report.

He found the man alone on his arrival,

but Drake came in soon afterwards. Lord Robert received him with a chilly bow, Drake offered his hand coldly; neither of them requested him to sit.

"You are surprised at my visit, gentlemen," said John; "but I have just now been present at a painful scene, and I thought it necessary that you should know something about it."

Then he described what had occurred in the board room, and in doing so dwelt chiefly on the abjectness of the girl's humiliation. Lord Robert stood by the window rapping a tune on the window pane, and Drake sat in a low chair with his legs stretched out and his hands in his trousers pockets.

"But I am at a loss to understand why you have thought it necessary to come here to tell that story," said Lord Robert.

"Lord Robert," said John, "you understand me perfectly."

"Excuse me, Mr. Storm, I do not understand you in the least."

"Then I will not ask you if you are responsible for the girl's position."

"Don't."

"But I will ask you a simpler and easier question."

"What is it?"

"When are you going to marry her?"

Lord Robert burst into ironical laughter and faced round to Drake.

"Well, these men—these curates—their assurance, don't you know! May I ask you, your reverence, what is your position in this matter—your standing, don't you know?"

"That of chaplain of the hospital."

"But you say she has been turned out of it."

"Very well, Lord Robert, merely that of a man who intends to protect an injured woman."

"Oh, I know," said Lord Robert dryly, "I understand these heroics. I've heard of your sermons, Mr. Storm—your interviews with ladies and so forth."

*Copyright, 1896, by Hall Caine.—This story began in the November, 1896, number of *MUNSEY'S MAGAZINE*.

"And I have heard of your doings with girls," said John. "What are you going to do for this one?"

"Exactly what I please."

"Take care. You know what the girl is. It's precisely such girls—at this moment she is tottering on the brink of hell, Lord Robert. If anything further should happen—if you should disappoint her—she is looking to you and building up hopes—if she should fall still lower and destroy herself body and soul——"

"My dear Mr. Storm, please understand that I shall do everything or nothing for the girl exactly as I think well, don't you know, without the counsel or coercion of any clergyman."

There was a short silence, and then John Storm said quietly, "It is no worse than I expected. But I had to hear it from your own lips, and I have heard it. Good day."

He went back to the hospital and asked for Glory. She was with Polly in the housekeeper's room. Polly was catching flies on the window (which overlooked the park) and humming "Sigh no more, ladies." Glory's eyes were red with weeping. John drew Glory aside.

"I have written to Mrs. Callender, and she will be here presently," he said.

"It's useless," said Glory. "Polly will refuse to go. She expects Lord Robert to come for her, and she wants me to call on Mr. Drake."

"But I have seen the man myself."

"Lord Robert?"

"Yes. He will do nothing."

"Nothing!"

"Nothing, or worse than nothing."

"Impossible!"

"Nothing of that kind is impossible to men like those."

"They are not so bad as that, though, and even if Lord Robert is all you say, Mr. Drake——"

"They are friends and housemates, Glory, and what the one is the other must be also."

"Oh, no, Mr. Drake is quite a different person."

"Don't be misled, my child. If there were any real difference between them——"

"But there is; and if a girl were in trouble or wanted help in anything——"

"He would drop her, Glory, like an old lottery ticket that has drawn a blank and is done for."

She was biting her lip, and it was bleeding slightly.

"You dislike Mr. Drake," she said, "and that is why you cannot be just to him. But

he is always praising and excusing you, and when any one——"

"His praises and excuses are nothing to me. I am not thinking of myself. I am thinking——" He had a look of intense excitement and his speaking was abrupt and disconnected. "You were splendid this morning, Glory, and when I think of the girl who defied the Pharisee being perhaps herself the victim—— The man asked me what my standing was, as if that—— But if I had really had a right, if the girl had been anything to me, if she had been somebody else and not a light, shallow, worthless creature, do you know what I should have said to him? 'Since things have gone so far, sir, you must marry the girl now, and keep to her, and be faithful to her, and love her, or else I——'"

"You are flushed and excited and there is something I do not understand——"

"Promise me, Glory, that you will break off this bad connection."

"You are unreasonable. I cannot promise."

"Promise that you will never see these men again."

"But I must see Mr. Drake at once and arrange about Polly."

"Don't mention the man's name again; it makes my blood boil even to hear you speak it."

"But this is tyranny; you are worse than the canon; and I cannot bear it."

"Very well; as you will. It's of no use struggling. What is the time?"

"Six o'clock, nearly."

"I must see the canon before he goes to dinner."

His manner had changed suddenly. He looked crushed and benumbed.

"I am going now," he said, turning aside.

"So soon? When shall I see you again?"

"God knows—I mean—I don't know," he answered in a helpless way.

He was looking around as if taking a mental farewell of everything.

"But we cannot part like this," she said.

"I think you like me a little still, and——"

Her supplicating voice made him look up into her face for a moment. Then he turned away, saying "Good by, Glory." And with a look of utter exhaustion he went out of the room.

Glory walked to a window at the end of the corridor that she might see him when he crossed the street. There was just a glimpse of his back as he turned the corner with a slow step and his head on his breast. She went back crying.

"I could fancy a fresh herring for supper, dear," said Polly. "What do you say, housekeeper?"

John Storm went back to the canon's house a crushed and humiliated man. "I can do no more," he thought. "I will give it up." His old influence with Glory must have been lost. Something had come between them—something or some one. "Anyhow, it is all over and I must go away somewhere."

To go on seeing Glory would be useless. It would also be dangerous. As often as he was face to face with her he wanted to lay hold of her and shake her and say, "You must do this and this, because it is my wish and direction and command, and it is I that say so." In the midst of God's work how subtle were the temptations of the devil!

But with every step that he went plod, plodding home there came other feelings. He could see the girl quite plainly, her fresh young face so strong and so tender, so full of humor and heart's love, and all the sweet beauty of her form and figure. Then the old pain in his breast came back again, and he began to be afraid.

"I will take refuge in the church," he thought. In prayer and penance and fasting he would find help and consolation. The church was peace—peace from the noise of life, and strength to fight and to vanquish. But the church must be the church of God—not of the world, the flesh, and the devil.

"Please ask the canon if he can see me immediately," said John Storm to the footman, and he stood in the hall to wait for the answer.

The canon had taken tea that day in the study with his daughter Felicity. He was reclining on the sofa, propped up with velvet cushions, and holding the teacup and saucer like the wings of a butterfly in both hands.

"We have been deceived, my dear" (sip, sip), "and we must pay the penalty of the deception. Yet we have nothing to blame ourselves for—nothing whatever. Here was a young man from heaven knows where bent on entering the church. True, he was merely the son of a poor lord who had lived the life of a hermit, but he was also the nephew, and presumably the heir, of the prime minister of England." (Sip, sip, sip.) "Well, I gave him his title. I received him into my house. I made him free of my family—and what is the result? He has disregarded my instructions, antagonized my supporters, and borne himself

towards me with an attitude of defiance if not disdain. Another cup, my child."

Felicity poured out a second cup of tea for her father, and sympathized with him. She wondered how he could have tolerated the young man so long.

"I had my reasons, dearest; but as I tell you, I have been deceived—repeatedly deceived. For example, I did not know until he told me little more than a month ago that before coming to me he had finally quarreled with his father—a most culpable and indeed compromising instance of concealment—and that down to the day of his arrival he had never so much as set eyes on his uncle."

Felicity was not surprised. The young man had no conversation, and his reticence was quite embarrassing. Sometimes when she had friends and asked him to come down, his silence—well, really—

"We might have borne with these little deficiencies, my dear, if the prime minister had been deeply interested. But he is not. I doubt if he has ever seen his nephew since that first occasion. When I called at Downing Street about the time of the sermon he seemed entirely undisturbed. 'The young man is in the wrong place, my dear canon; send him back to me.' That was all."

"Then why don't you do it?" said Felicity.

"It is coming to that, my child; but I must be discreet, I must watch my opportunity. Blood is thicker than water, you know, and after all—"

It was at this moment the footman entered the room to ask if the canon could see Mr. Storm.

"Ah, the man himself!" said the canon, rising. "Jenkyns, remove the tray." Dropping his voice, "Felicity, I will ask you to leave us together. After what occurred this morning at the hospital anything like a scene—" Then aloud, "Bring him in, Jenkyns. Say something, my dear. Why don't you speak? Come in, my dear Storm. You'll see to that matter for me, Felicity. Thanks, thanks! Sorry to send you off, but I'm sure Mr. Storm will excuse you. Good by for the present."

Felicity went out as John Storm came in. He looked excited, and there was an expression of pain in his face.

"I am sorry to disturb you, but I need not detain you long," he said.

"Sit down, Mr. Storm, sit down," said the canon, returning to the sofa.

But John did not sit. He stood by the chair vacated by Felicity, and kept beating his hat on the back of it.

"I have come to tell you, sir, that I wish to resign my curacy."

The canon glanced up with a stealthy expression and thought, "How clever of him! To resign before he is told plainly that he has to go—that is very clever."

Then he said aloud, "I am sorry, very sorry. I'm always sorry to part with my clergy. Still—you see I am entirely frank with you—I have observed that you have not been comfortable of late, and I think you are acting for the best. When do you wish to leave me?"

"As soon as convenient—as early as I can be spared."

The canon smiled condescendingly. "That need not trouble you at all. With a staff like mine, you see— Of course you are aware that I am entitled to three months' notice?"

"Yes."

"But I will waive it; I will not detain you. Have you seen your uncle on the subject?"

"No."

"When you do so please say that I always try to remove impediments from a young man's path if he is uncomfortable—in the wrong place, for example."

"Thank you," said John Storm, and then he hesitated a moment before stepping to the door.

The canon rose and bowed affably. "Not an angry word," he thought. "Who shall say that blood does not count for something?"

"Believe me, my dear Storm," he said aloud, "I shall always remember with pride and pleasure our early connection. It will continue to be a source of satisfaction to me that I was able to give you your first opportunity, and if your next curacy should chance to be in London I trust you will allow us to maintain the acquaintance."

John Storm's face was twitching and his pulses were beating violently, but he was trying to control himself.

"Thank you," he said; "but it is not very likely—"

"Don't say that you are giving up orders, dear Mr. Storm, or perhaps that you are only leaving our church in order to unite yourself to another. Ah, have I touched on a tender point? You must not be surprised that rumors have been rife. We cannot silence the tongues of busybodies and mischief makers, you know. And I confess, speaking as your spiritual head and adviser, it would be a source of grief to me if a young clergyman who has eaten the bread of the establishment, and of my own living as

well, were about to avow himself the subject and slave of an Italian bishop."

John Storm came back from the door.

"What you are saying, sir, requires that I should be plain spoken. In giving up my curacy I am not leaving the Church of England; I am only leaving you."

"I am so glad, so relieved."

"I am leaving you because I cannot live with you any longer, because the atmosphere you breathe is impossible to me, because your religion is not my religion or your God my God!"

"You surprise me. What have I done?"

"A month ago I asked you to set your face as a clergyman against the shameful and immoral marriage of a man of scandalous reputation, but you refused; you excused the man and sided with him. This morning you thought it necessary to investigate in public the case of one of that man's victims, and you sided with the man again—you denied to the girl the right even to mention the scoundrel's name."

"How differently we see things! Do you know, I thought my examination of the poor young thing was merciful to the point of gentleness! And that, I may tell you—notwithstanding the female volcano who came down on me—was the view of the board and of his lordship the chairman."

"Then I am sorry to differ from them. I thought it unnecessary and unmanly, and brutal and even blasphemous!"

"Mr. Storm! Do you know what you are saying?"

"Perfectly, and I came to say it."

His eyes were wild, his voice was hoarse; he was like a man breaking the bonds of a tyrannical slavery.

"You called that poor child a prostitute because she had wasted the good gifts which God had given her. But God has given good gifts to you also—gifts of intellect and eloquence with which you might have raised the fallen and supported the weak, and defended the down trodden and comforted the broken hearted—and what have you done with them? You have bartered them for benefices, and peddled them for popularity; you have given them in exchange for money, for houses, for furniture, for things like this—and this—and this. You have sold your birthright for a mess of pottage, therefore *you* are the prostitute."

"You're not yourself, sir; leave me," and crossing the room the canon touched the bell.

"Yes, ten thousand times more the prostitute than that poor fallen girl with her taint of blood and will. There would be no

such women as she is to fall victims to evil companionship if there were no such men as you are to excuse their betrayers and to side with them."

"You're mad, sir! But I want no scene here—"

"You are the worst prostitute on the streets of London, and yet you are in the church, in the pulpit, and call yourself a follower of the One who forgave the woman and shamed the hypocrites, and had not where to lay his head!"

But the canon had faced about and fled out of the room.

The footman came in answer to the bell, and finding no one but John Storm he told him that a lady was waiting for him in a carriage at the door.

It was Mrs. Callender. She had come to say that she had called at the hospital for Polly Love, and the girl had refused to go to the home at Soho.

"But whatever's amiss with ye, man?" she said. "You might have seen a ghost!"

He had come out bareheaded, carrying his hat in his hand.

"It's all over," he said. "I've waited weeks and weeks for it, but it's over at last. It was of no use mincing matters, so I spoke out." His red eyes were ablaze, but a great load seemed to be lifted off his mind, and his soul seemed to exult. "I have told him I must leave him, and I am to go immediately. The disease was dire and the remedy had to be dire also."

The old lady was holding her breath and watching his flushed face with strained attention.

"And what may ye be going to do now?"

"To become religious in something more than the name; to leave the world altogether with its idleness and pomp, and hypocrisy and unreality."

"Get yourself some flesh on your bones first, man. It's easy to see you've no been sleeping or eating these days and days together."

"That's nothing—nothing at all. God cannot take half your soul. You must give yourself entirely."

"Eh, laddie, laddie, I feared me this was what ye were coming til. But a man cannot bury himself before he is dead. He may bury the half of himself, but is it the better half? What of his thoughts—his wandering thoughts? Choose for yourself, though, and if you must go—if you must hide yourself forever, and this is the last I'm to see of you—you may kiss me, laddie—I'm old enough, surely. Go on, James, man, what for are you sitting up there staring?"

When John Storm returned to his room he found a letter from Parson Quayle. It was a good natured, cackling epistle, full of sweet nothings about Glory and the hospital, about Peel and the discovery of ancient runes in the graveyards of the green chapels, but it closed with this postscript:

You will remember old Chalse, a sort of itinerant beggar and the privileged pet of every body. The silly old gawk has got hold of your father and has actually made the old gentleman believe that you are bewitched! Some one has put the evil eye on you—some woman it would seem—and that is the reason why you have broken away and behaved so strangely! It is most extraordinary. That such a foolish superstition should have taken hold of a man like your father is really quite astonishing, but if it will only soften his rancor against you and help to restore peace we may perhaps forgive the distrust of Providence and the outrage on common sense. All's well that ends well, you know, and we shall all be happy.

XX.

LOST, STOLEN, OR STRAYED—a man, a clergyman, answers to the name of John Storm. Or rather he does not answer, having allowed himself to be written to twice without making so much as a yap or a yowl by way of reply. Last seen six days ago, when he was suffering from the ulks, after being in a de'il of a temper with a helpless and innocent maiden who "doesn't know nothin'" that can have given him offense. Any one giving information of his welfare and whereabouts to the said H. and I. M. will be generously and appropriately rewarded.

But soberly, my dear John Storm, what has become of you? Where are you and what ever have you been doing since the day of the dreadful inquisition? Frightful rumors are flying through the air like knives, and they cut and wound a poor girl woefully. Therefore be good enough to reply by return of post—and in person.

Meantime, please accept it as a proof of my eternal regard that after two knockdown blows received in silence I am once more coming up smiling. Know, then, that Mr. Drake has justified all expectations, having compelled Lord Robert to provide for Polly, who is now safely ensconced in her own country castle somewhere in St. John's Wood, furnished to hand with servants and vassals complete. Thus you will be charmed to observe in me the growth of the prophetic instinct, for you will remember my positive prediction that if a girl were in trouble, and the necessity arose, Mr. Drake would be the first to help her. Of course he had a great deal to say that was as sweet as syrup on the loyalty of my own friendship also, and he expended much beautiful rhetoric on yourself as well. It seems that you are one of those who follow the impulse of the heart entirely, while the rest of us

divide our allegiance with the head; and if you display sometimes the severity of a tyrant of our sex, that is only to be set down as another proof of your regard and of the elevation of the pedestal whereon you desire us to be placed. Thus he reconciles me to the harmony of the universe, and makes all things easy and agreeable.

This being the case, I have now to inform you that Polly's baby has come, having hastened his arrival (it's a man, bless it!) owing either to the tears or the terrors of the Crocodile. And being on night duty now, and therefore at liberty from six thirty to eight thirty, I intend to pay him my first call of ceremony this evening, when anybody else would be welcome to accompany me who might be willing to come to his shrine of innocence and love in the spirit of the wise men of the east. But lest anybody *should* inquire for me at the hospital at the first of the hours aforesaid, this is to give warning that the White Owl has expressly forbidden all intercourse between the members of her staff and the discharged and dishonored mother. Set it down to my spirit of contradiction that I intend to disregard the mandate, though I am only too well aware that the poor discharged and dishonored one has no other idea of friendship than that of a loyalty in which she shares but is not sharing. Of course woman is born to such selfishness as the sparks fly upward; but if I should ever meet with a man who isn't I will just give myself up to him, body and soul and belongings, unless he has a wife or other incumbence already and is booked for this world, and in that event I will enter into my own recognizances and be bound over to him for the next.

GLORY.

At six thirty that evening Glory stood waiting in the portico of the hospital, but John Storm did not come. At seven she was ringing at the bell of a little house in St. John's Wood that stood behind a high wall, and had an iron grating in the garden door. The bell was answered by a good natured, slack looking servant, who was friendly and even familiar in a moment.

"Are you the young lady from the hospital? The miss told me about you. I'm Liza, and come up stairs. Yes, doing nicely, thank you, both of 'em is—and mind your head, miss."

Polly was in a little bandbox of a bed room, looking more pink and white than ever against the linen of her frilled pillow slips. By the bedside a woman of uncertain age in deep mourning, with little twinkling eyes and fat cheeks, was rocking the baby on her knee and babbling over it in words of maudlin endearment.

"Bless it, 'ow it do notice! Boo-loo-loo!"

Glory leaned over the little one, and pronounced it the prettiest she had ever seen.

"Syme 'ere, miss. There ain't sech another in all London! It's jest the sort of baby you can love. Poor little thing, it's quite took to me already, as if it wanted to enkirridge you, my dear."

"This is Mrs. Jupe," said Polly, "and she's going to take baby to nurse."

"Boo-loo-loo-boo! And a nice new cradle's awaiting of it afront of the fire in my little back parlor. Boo-loo!"

"But surely you're never going to part with your baby?" said Glory.

"Why, what do you suppose, dear? Do you think I'm going to be tied to a child all my days, and never be able to go anywhere, or do anything, or amuse myself at all?"

"Jest that. It'll be to our mootual benefit, as I said when I answered your advertisement."

Glory asked the woman if she was married and had any children of her own.

"Me, miss? I've been married eleven years, and I've allus prayed the Lord to gimme childring. Got any? On'y one little girl; but I want to adopt another from the birth, so as to have something to love when my own's grewed up."

Glory supposed that Polly could see her baby at any time, but the woman answered doubtfully—

"Can she see baby? Well, I would rather not, certingly. If I tyke it I want to feel it is syme as my very own, and do my dooty by it, pore thing; and if the mother were coming and going I should allus feel as she had the first claim."

Polly showed no interest in the conversation until Mrs. Jupe asked for the name of her "friend" in lieu of eighty pounds that were to be paid down on delivery of the child.

"Come, myke up your mind, my dear, and let me tyke it away at once. Give me his name, that's good enough for me."

After some hesitation, Glory gave Lord Robert's name and address, and the woman prepared the child for its departure.

"Don't tyke on so, my dear. 'Tain't sech a great crime to have a baby, and many a lydy of serciety has done worse."

At the street door Glory asked Mrs. Jupe for her own address, and the woman gave her a card, saying if she ever wanted to leave the hospital it would be easy to help such a fine looking young woman as she was to make a bit of living for herself.

Polly recovered speedily from the troubles of the child's departure, and presently assumed an easy and almost patronizing tone towards Glory, pretending to be amused

and even a little indignant when asked how soon she expected to be fit for business again, and able to do without Lord Robert's assistance.

"To tell you the truth," she said, "I was as much to blame as he was. I wanted to escape from the drudgery of the hospital, and I knew he would take me when the time came."

Glory left early, vowing in her heart she would come no more. When she changed her omnibus at Piccadilly the Circus was full of women.

"Letter for you, nurse," said the porter as she entered the hospital. It was from John Storm:

DEAR GLORY—I have at length decided to enter the brotherhood at Bishopsgate Street, and I am to go into the monastery this evening. It is not as a visitor that I am going this time, but as a postulant or novice and in the hope of becoming worthy in due course to take the vows of lifelong consecration. Therefore I am writing to you probably for the last time, and parting from you perhaps forever.

Since we came up to London together I have suffered many shocks and disappointments, and I seem to have been torn in ribbons. My cherished dreams have proved to be delusions; the palaces I had built up for myself have turned out to be tawdry pasteboard, gilt and rubbish; I have been robbed of all my jewel: or they have shown themselves to be shingle stones. In this condition of pain and shame and disillusionment I am now resolved to escape at the same time from the world and from myself, for I am tired of both alike, and already I feel as if a great weight had been lifted off.

But I wish to speak of you. You must have thought me cantankerous, and so I have been sometimes, but always by conviction and on principle. I could not countenance the fashionable morality that is corrupting the manhood of the laity, or tolerate the toleration that is making the clergy thoroughly wicked; I could not without a pang see you cater to the world's appetites or be drawn into its gaieties and frivolities; and it was agony to me to fear that a girl of your pure if passionate nature might perhaps fall a victim to a mere gamester in life's follies—a mere actor indulging a pastime—a mere cheat.

And what you tell me of your friend's altered circumstances does not relieve me of such anxieties. The man who has deceived a girl once is likely to deceive her again. Short of marriage itself, such connections should be cut off entirely, whatever the price and penalty. When they are maintained in relations of liberty the victim is sure to be further victimized, and her last state is always worse than the first.

However, I do not wish to blame anybody, least of all you, who have done everything for the best, and especially now when I am part-

ing from you for life. You have never realized how much you have been to me, and I doubt if I knew it myself until today. You know how I was brought up—with a solitary old man—God be with him—who tried to be good to me for the sake of his ambitions, and to love me for the sake of his revenge. I never knew my mother, I never had a sister, and I can never have a wife. You were all three to me, and yourself besides. There were no women in our household, and you stood for women in my life. I have never told you this before, but now I tell it as a dying man whispers his last secret with his parting breath.

I have written my letters of farewell—one to my father, asking his forgiveness if I have done him any wrong, one to my uncle with my love and thanks, and one to your good old grandfather, giving up my solemn and sacred trust of you. By my departure some difficulties will be removed, and for the rest I have come to see that everything is done by the spirit and nothing by the flesh, and that by prayer and fasting I can help and protect you more than by counsel and advice. Thus everything is for the best.

The Benedictine rule, under which the brothers live in community, forbids them to write and receive letters, or even to think of the world outside, and now that I am on the eve of that new life, memories of the old one keep crowding on me as on a drowning man. But they are all of one period—the days when we were at Peel in your sweet little island, before the vain and cruel world came in between us when you were a simple, merry, happy girl and I was little more than a happy boy, and we went plunging and plowing and laughing through your bright blue sea together.

But earth's joys grow very dim and its glories are fading. That also is for the best. I have my Koh-i-noor—my desire to depart and surrender my life to God.

JOHN STORM.

"Anything wrong, nurse? Feeling ill, ain't ye? Only dizzy a bit? Unpleasant news from home, perhaps?"

"No, something else. Let me sit in your room, porter."

She read the letter again and again until the words seemed blurred and the lines irregular as a spider's web. Then she thought, "We cannot part forever like this. I must see him again, whatever happens. Perhaps he has not yet gone."

It was now half past eight, and time to go on duty, but she went up stairs to Sister Allworthy and asked for an hour's further leave. The request was promptly refused. She went down stairs to the matron and asked for half an hour only, that she might see a friend away on a long journey, and that was refused too. Then she tightened her quivering lips, returned to the porter's room, fixed her bonnet strings before the

scratched pierglass, and boldly walked out of the house.

It was now quite dark, and the fashionable dinner hour of Belgravia; and as she hurried through the streets many crested and coroneted carriages drew up at the great mansions and discharged their occupants in evening dress. The canon's house was brilliantly lighted, and when the door was opened in answer to her knock she could see the canon himself at the head of his own detachment of diners coming down stairs with a lady in white silk chatting affably on his arm.

"Is Mr. Storm at home?"

The footman in powdered wig and white cotton gloves answered haltingly, "If it is—er—anything about the hospital, miss, Mr.—er—Golightly will attend."

"No, it is Mr. Storm himself I wish to see."

"Gorn!" said the footman, and he shut the door in her face.

She had an impulse to hammer on the door with her hands and command the flunky to go down on his knees and beg her pardon. But what was the good? She had no time to think of herself now.

As a last resource she would go to Bishopsgate. How dense the traffic seemed to be at Victoria! She had never felt so helpless before.

It was better in Bishopsgate Street, and as she walked westward in the direction indicated by a policeman, every step brought her into quieter streets. She was now in that part of London which is the world's busiest market place by day, but is shut up and deserted at night. Her light footsteps echoed against the shutters of the shops. The moon had risen, and she could see far down the empty street.

She found the place at last. It was one of London's weather beaten old churches shouldered by shops on either hand, and almost pushed back by the tide of traffic. There was an iron gate at the side, leading by an arched passage to a little courtyard that was bounded by two high blank walls, by the back wall of the church, and by the front of a large house with a small doorway and many small windows, all barred like the windows of a prison. In the middle of the courtyard there was a tree with a wooden seat about its trunk.

And being there she felt afraid, and almost wished she had not come. The church was dimly lighted, and she thought perhaps the cleaners were within. But presently there was a sound of singing, in men's voices only, and without any kind

of musical accompaniment. Just then the clock in the steeple struck nine and chimes began to play—

Days and moments quickly flying.

The singing came to an end, and there was some low, inarticulate droning, and then a general "Amen." The hammer of the bell continued to beat out its hymn, and Glory stood under the shadow of the tree to collect her thoughts.

Then the sacristy door opened, and a line of men came out. They were in long black cassocks, and they crossed the courtyard from the church to the house with the measured and hasty step of monks, and with their hands clasped at their breasts. Almost at the end of the line, walking with an old man whose tread was heavy, there was a younger one who was bare headed, and who did not wear the cassock. The moon threw a light on his face, which looked pale and worn. It was John Storm.

Glory made a faint cry, a gasp, and he turned round as if startled.

"Only the creaking of the sycamore," said the superior. And then the mysterious shadows took them; they passed into the house, the door was closed, and she was alone with the chimes—

Days and moments quickly flying
Blend the living with the dead.

Glory's strength had deserted, and she went away as she came. When she got back to Victoria she felt for the first time as if the noise of her own little life had been swallowed up in the turmoil of London, and she had gone down to the cold depths of an icy sea.

It was a quarter to ten when she returned to the ward, and the matron, with her dog on her lap, was waiting to receive her.

"Didn't I tell you that you could not go out tonight?"

"Yes, ma'am," said Glory.

"Then how did you dare to go?"

Glory looked at her unwaveringly with glittering eyes that seemed to smile, whereupon the matron picked up her dog, gathered up her train, and swept out of the ward saying:

"Nurse, you can leave me at the end of your probation; and you need never cross the doors of this institution again."

Then Glory, who had all night wanted to cry, burst into a peal of laughter. The ward sister reproved her, but she laughed in the woman's fat face, and would have given worlds to slap it.

There was not a nurse in the hospital who showed more bright and cheerful spirits

when the patients were being prepared for the night. But next morning, in the gray dawn, when she had dragged herself to bed, and was able at length to be alone, she beat the pillows with both hands and sobbed in her loneliness and shame.

XXI.

BUT youth is rich in hope, and at noon, when Glory awoke, the thought of Drake flashed upon her like light in a dark place. He had compelled Lord Robert to assist Polly in a worse extremity, and he would assist her in her present predicament. How often he had hinted that the hospital was not good enough for her, and that some day and somewhere fate would find other work for her and another sphere. The time had come; she would appeal to him, and he would hasten to help her.

She began to revive the magnificent dreams that had floated in her mind for months. No need to tell the people at home of her dismissal and disgrace; no need to go back to the island. She would be somebody in her own right yet. Of course she would have to study, to struggle, to endure disappointments, but she would triumph in the end. And when at length she was great and famous she would be good to other poor girls; and as often as she thought of John Storm in his solitude, in his cell, though there might be a pang, a red stream running somewhere within, she would comfort herself with the thought that she too was doing her best, she too had her place, and it was a useful and worthy one.

Before that time came, however, there would be managers to influence and engagements to seek, and perhaps teachers to pay for. But Drake was rich and generous and powerful; he had a great opinion of her talents, and he would stop at nothing.

Leaping out of bed she sat down at the table as she was and wrote to him.

DEAR MR. DRAKE—Try to see me tonight. I want your advice immediately. What do you think? I have got myself "noticed" at last, and I am to leave at the end of my term. So things are urgent, you see. I "wave my lily hand" to you.

GLORY.

P. S.—To save time I suggest the hour and the place: eight o'clock—St. James' Park—by the bridge going down from Marlborough House.

Drake received this note as he was sitting alone in his chambers smoking a cigarette after drinking a cup of tea, in that hour of glamour that is between the lights. It

seemed to bring with it a secret breath of passion out of the atmosphere in which it had been written. At the first impulse it went up to his lips, but at the next moment he was smitten by the memory of something, and he thought, "I will do what is right; I will prove myself an honorable man."

He dined that night with a group of civil servants at his club in St. James' Street, but at a quarter to eight, notwithstanding some playful bantering, he put on his overcoat and turned towards the park. The autumn night was soft and peaceful; the stars were out and the moon had risen; a fragrant mist came up from the lake, and the smoke of his cigar was hardly troubled by the breeze that pattered the withered tassels of the laburnums. Big Ben was striking eight as he reached the end of the little bridge, and almost immediately afterwards he was aware of soft and hurrying footsteps approaching him.

Glory had come down by the Mall and Constitution Hill. The whispering of the big white trees in the moonlight was like company, and she sang to herself as she walked. Her heart seemed to have gone into her heels since yesterday, for her step was light and sometimes she ran a few paces. She arrived out of breath as the great clock was striking, and seeing the figure of a gentleman in evening dress by the end of the bridge she stopped to collect herself.

Her hand was hot and a little damp when Drake took it, and her face was somewhat flushed. She had all at once become ashamed that she had come to ask him for anything, and she took out her pocket handkerchief and began to roll it in her palms. He misunderstood her agitation, and trying to cover it he offered his arm and took her across the bridge, and they turned westward down the path that runs along the margin of the lake.

"Mr. Storm has gone," she said, thinking to explain herself.

"I know," he answered.

"Is it generally known, then?"

"I had a letter from him yesterday."

"Was it about me?"

"Yes."

"You must not mind if he says things, you know."

"I don't, Glory. I set them down to the egotism of the religious man. The religious man cannot believe that anybody can live the moral life and act on principle except from the religious impulse. I suppose he has warned you against me, hasn't he?"

"Well—yes."

"I'm at a loss to know what I've done to deserve it. But time must justify me. I am not a religious man myself, you know, though I hate to talk of it. To tell you the truth, I think the religious idea a monstrous egotism altogether, and the love of God merely the love of self. Still, you must judge for yourself, Glory."

"Are we not wasting our time a little?" she said. "I am here—isn't that proof enough of my opinion?" And then in an agitated whisper she added, "I have only half an hour, and I want to ask your advice, you know. You remember what I told you in my letter?"

He patted the hand on his arm and said, "Tell me how it happened."

She told him everything, with many pauses, expecting every moment that he would break in upon her and say, "Why didn't you box the woman's ears?" or perhaps laugh and assure her that it did not matter in the least, and she was making too much of a mere bagatelle. But he listened to every syllable, and after she had finished there was silence for a moment. Then he said, "I'm sorry—very sorry; in fact, I am much troubled about it."

Her nerves were throbbing hard, and her hand on his arm was twitching.

"If you had left of your own accord after that scene in the board room it would have been so different—so easy for me to help you."

"How?"

"I should have gone to my chief—he is a governor of many hospitals—and said, 'A young friend of mine, a nurse, is uncomfortable in her present place, and would like to change her hospital.' It would have been no sooner said than done. But now—now there is the black book against you, and God knows if— In fact, they have laid a trap for you, Glory, intending to get rid of you at the first opportunity, and you seem to have walked straight into it."

She felt stunned. "He has forgotten all he has said to me," she thought. In a feeble, expressionless voice, she asked—

"But what am I to do now?"

"Let me think."

They walked some steps in silence. "He is turning it over," she thought. "He will tell me how to begin."

He stopped, as if seized by a new idea.

"Did you tell them where you had been?"

"No," she replied in the same weak voice.

"But why not do so? There is hope in

that. The chaplain was your friend—your only friend in London, so far as they know. Surely that is an extenuating circumstance so plausible——"

"But I cannot——"

"I know it is bitter to explain—to apologize—and if I can do it for you——"

"I will not allow it!" she said. Her lips were set and her breath was coming through them in gusts.

"It is a pity to allow the hospitals to be closed against you. Nursing is a good profession, Glory—even a fashionable one. It is true womanly work, and——"

"That was what he said."

"Who? John Storm? He was right. Indeed, he was an entirely honorable and upright man, and——"

"But *you* always seemed to say there were other things more worthy of a girl, and if she had a mind to—but no matter. We needn't talk about the hospitals any longer. I shall never go back to them, whatever happens."

He looked down at her. She was biting her lips, and the tears were gathering in her eyes.

"Well, well, never mind, dear," he said, and he patted her hand again.

The moon had begun to wane, and out of the dark shadows they walked in they could see the lines of houses lit up all around.

"Look," she said, with a feeble laugh, "in all this great busy London is there nothing else I'm fit for?"

"You are fit for anything in the world, my dear," he answered.

Her nerves were throbbing harder than ever. "Perhaps he doesn't remember," she thought. Should she tell him what he said so often about her talents, and how much she might be able to make of them?

"Is there nothing a girl can do except go down on her knees to a woman?"

He laughed, and talked some nonsense about the kneeling. "Poor little woman, she doesn't know what she is doing," he thought.

"I shouldn't mind what people thought of me," she said, "not even my own people, who have been brought up with such narrow ideas, you know. They might think what they like, if I felt I was in the right place at last—the right place for me, I mean."

Her nervous fingers were involuntarily clutching at his coat sleeve. "Now any other man——" he thought.

She began to cry. "He *won't* remember," she told herself. "It was only his way of being agreeable when he praised me

and predicted such wonderful things. And now his good breeding will not allow him to tell me there are hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands of girls in London as likely to——"

"Come, you mustn't cry, Glory. It's not so bad as that."

She had never seemed to him so beautiful, and he wanted to take her in his arms and comfort her.

"I had no one but you to come to," she murmured in her confusion. But she was thinking, "Why didn't you stop me before? Why have you let me go on all these months?"

"I must try to think of something, and I'll speak to my friend Rosa—Miss Macquarrie, you know."

"You are a man," said Glory, "and I thought perhaps——" But she could not speak of her fool's paradise now, she was so deeply ashamed and abased.

"That's just the difficulty, my dear. If I were not a man I might so easily help you."

What did he mean? The frogs kept croaking at the margin of the lake, disturbed by the sound of their footsteps.

"Whatever you were to tell me to do I should do it," she said in the same confused murmur. She was ruining herself with every word she uttered.

He drew up and stood before her, so close that she could feel his breath on her face. "My dear Glory," he said passionately, "don't think it isn't terrible to me to renounce the happiness of helping you, but I must not, I dare not, I will not take it."

She could scarcely breathe for the shame that took sudden hold of her.

"Heaven knows I would give anything to have the joy of looking after your happiness, dear, but I should despise myself forever if I took advantage of your circumstances."

Good God! What did he think she had been asking of him?

"I am thinking of yourself, Glory, because I want to esteem you and honor you, and because your good name is above everything else—everything else in the world."

Her shame was now abject. It stifled her, deafened her, blinded her. She could not speak, or hear, or see.

He took her hand, and pressed it.

"Let me go," she stammered.

"Stay—do not go yet!"

"Let me go, will you?"

"One moment——"

But with a cry like the cry of a startled

bird she disappeared in the shadow of the trees.

He stood a moment where she had left him, tingling in every nerve, wanting to follow her, and overtake her, and kiss her, and abandon everything. But he buttoned up his overcoat and turned away, telling himself that whatever another man might have done in the same case, he at least had done rightly, and that men like John Storm were wrong if they thought it was impossible to act on principle without the impulse of religion.

Meanwhile Glory was flying through the darkness and weeping in the bitterness of her disappointment and shame. The big trees overhead were all black now and very gaunt and grim, and the breeze was moaning in their branches.

"I had disgrace enough already," she thought; "I might have spared myself a degradation like this."

Drake had supposed that she came to plead for herself tonight as she had pleaded for Polly a week ago. How natural that he should think so! How natural and yet how hideous!

"I hate him! I hate him!" she thought.

John Storm had been right. In their heart of hearts these men of society had only one idea about a girl, and she had stumbled on it unawares. They never thought of her as a friend and an equal, but only as a dependent and a plaything, to be taken or left as they liked.

"Oh, how shameful to be a woman, how shameful, how shameful!"

And Drake had renounced her! In the hideous tangle of his error he had renounced her! For honor's sake, and her own sake, and for sake of his character as a gentleman—renounced her! Oh, there was somebody who would never have renounced her whatever had happened, and yet she had driven him away, and he had gone from her forever.

"I hate myself! I hate myself!"

John Storm was right, and Drake in his different way was right, too, and she only had been to blame in what had happened. But fate was laughing at her, and the jest was very, very cruel.

"No matter. It may all prove to be for the best," she thought. She would be the stronger for this experience—the stronger and the purer, too, to stand alone and to face the future.

She got back to the hospital just as the great clock of Westminster was chiming the half hour, and she stood a moment on the

steps to listen to it. Only half an hour had passed, and yet all the world had changed!

XXII.

It was the last day of Glory's probation, and, dressed in the long blue ulster in which she came from the Isle of Man, she was standing in the matron's room waiting for her wages and discharge. The matron was sitting sideways at her table, with her dog snarling in her lap. She pointed to a tiny heap of gold and silver and to a foolscap paper which lay beside it.

"That is your month's salary, nurse, and that is your certificate. The certificate has given me a deal of trouble. I have done all I could for you. I have said you were bright and cheerful, and that the patients liked you. I trust I have not committed myself too far."

Glory gathered up the money, but left the certificate untouched.

"You need not be anxious, ma'am; I shall not require it."

"Have you got a situation?"

"No."

"Then where are you going next?"

"I don't know—yet."

"How much money have you saved?"

"About two months' wages."

"Only three pounds altogether!"

"It will be quite sufficient."

"What friends have you got in London?"

"None—that is—no, none whatever."

"Then why don't you go back to your island?"

"Because I don't wish to be a burden upon my people, and because earning my living in London doesn't depend on the will or the whim of any woman."

"That's just like you. I've tried to be your friend, and yet—I dare say you've not even told your people why you are leaving the hospital."

"I haven't—I haven't told them yet that I'm leaving at all."

"Then I've a great mind to do it for you. A venturesome, headstrong girl who flings herself on London is in danger of ruin itself."

"You needn't trouble yourself, ma'am," said Glory, opening the door to go.

"Why so?" said the matron.

Glory stood at her full height and answered, "Because if you said that of me there is nobody in the world who would believe you."

Her box had been brought down to the hall, and the porter, who wished to be friendly, was cording it.

"May I leave it in your care, porter, until I am able to call for it?"

"Certainly, nurse. Sorry you're goin'. I'll miss your face, too."

"Thank you. I'll call for letters also."

"There's one just come."

It was from Aunt Anna, and was full of severe reproof and admonition. Glory was not to think of leaving the hospital; she must try to be content with the condition to which God had called her. But why had her letters been so few of late? And how did it occur that she had never told them about Mr. Storm? He had gone for good into that strange brotherhood, it seemed. Not Catholic, and yet a monastery. Most extraordinary! They were all eagerly waiting to hear more about it. Besides, the grandfather was anxious on Glory's account. If half they heard was true, the dangers of London—

The house doctor came down to say good by. He had always been as free and friendly as Sister Allworthy would allow. They stood a moment at the door together.

"Where are you going to?" he asked.

"Anywhere—nowhere—everywhere; to 'all the airts the wind can blow.'"

It was a clear, bright morning, with a light, keen frost. On looking out Glory saw that flags were flying on the public buildings.

"Why, what's going on?" she said.

"Don't you know? It's the ninth of November—Lord Mayor's Day."

She laughed merrily. "A good omen. I'm the female Dick Whittington! Here goes for it! Good by, hospital nursing. By by, doctor."

She dropped him a playful courtesy at the bottom of the steps, and then tripped along the street.

"What a girl it is!" he thought. "And what is to become of her in this merciless old London?"

She had taken less than a score of steps from the hospital when great blinding tear-drops leaped from her eyes, and ran down her cheeks, but she only dropped her veil and walked on boldly.

XXIII.

THE Society of the Holy Gethsemane, popularly called the Bishopsgate Fathers, was one of the many conventual institutions of the English church which came as a sequel to the great upheaval of religious feeling known as the Tractarian movement at Oxford. Most of them gave way under the pressure of external opposition, some of

them broke down under the strain of internal dissension, and a few lived on as secret brotherhoods, in obedience to a rule which was never divulged by their members, who were said to wear a cord next to the skin and to whip themselves with the lash of discipline.

Of these conventual institutions, the Society of the Holy Gethsemane had been one of the earliest, and it was now quite the oldest, although it had challenged, not only the traditions of the reformed church, but the spirit of the age itself, by establishing itself at the very doors of that bank of Europe, the Stock Exchange of London.

Its founder and first superior had been a man of iron will, who had fought his way through congresses and ecclesiastical courts and popular anger, and even family persecution, which had culminated in an effort of his own brother to commit him to an asylum as a lunatic. His first disciple and most staunch supporter had been the Rev. Charles Frederic Lamplugh, thirty years of age, a fellow of Corpus, newly called to orders after an earlier career which had been devoted to the world, and, according to rumor, nearly wrecked in an affair of the heart.

When the community had proved its legal right to exist within the establishment, and public clamor had subsided, this disciple was despatched to America, and there he established a branch brotherhood, and became great and famous. At the height of his

usefulness and renown he was recalled, and this exercise of monastic authority provoked a universal outcry among his admirers. But he obeyed; he left his fame and glory in America and returned to his cell in London, and was no more heard of by the outer world until the founder of his order died, when he was elected by the brothers to the vacant place, and Father Lamplugh became the father superior.

At the time of John Storm's arrival at Bishopsgate Street the father was a man of seventy, so gentle in his manner, so sweet in his temper, so pious in his life, that when he stepped out of his room to greet him, it seemed as if he brought the air of heaven in the rustle of his habit, and to have come from the holy of holies.

"Welcome! welcome!" he said. "I knew you would come to us; I have been expecting you. The first time I saw you I said to myself, 'Here is one who bears a burden; the world cannot satisfy the cravings of a heart like that; he will surrender it some day.'"

John's throat was choking him, and he made no answer. Having been there before, though in retreat only, he entered at once into the life of the brotherhood. It was arranged that he was to spend two or three months as postulant, then to make the vow of a novice for one year, and finally, if he proved his vocation, to seal and establish his calling by taking the life vows of poverty, chastity, and obedience.

(To be continued.)

DO NOBLE THINGS—NOT DREAM THEM.

THE dreamer sighed:

"My starved heart craves a work to do,
My idle hands employment woo.
Oh, for the din and clash of war,
For valorous deeds and cannons' roar!"
But as he dreamed brave souls fell, score on score,
And duty knocked in vain upon his door.

Again he sighed:

"Oh, for a name! a name that long
Would wake the nation's heart to song;
Sweep through the land, from east to west,
Nor fade till all the world's at rest."
But as he dreamed of glory far and wide,
Unrecognized, fame lingered at his side.

And still he sighs:

"If love into my life would creep,
And hush my weary heart to sleep,
With crooning song and dewy kiss,
My soul would sing for purest bliss!"
He dreams while, unseen, Cupid pleadeth near,
With drooping wings and mingled smile and tear.

Lizzie English Dyas.

RICHELIEU.

THE HISTORIC FIGURE OF THE FAMOUS PRIEST, STATESMAN, AND SOLDIER, AND THE PART HE PLAYED IN THE MAKING OF MODERN FRANCE.

"WHEN I have once made up my mind, I go straight to the point. I mow down everything that stands in my way, and then I cover it all with my red cassock!" In these words, from his own lips, we have the keynote of the career of Armand Jean du Plessis, Cardinal Duc de Richelieu, who from 1624 to 1642 held the kingdom of France in the hollow of his hand, and whose indomitable will ruled not only his inferiors, the people, but his superior, the king.

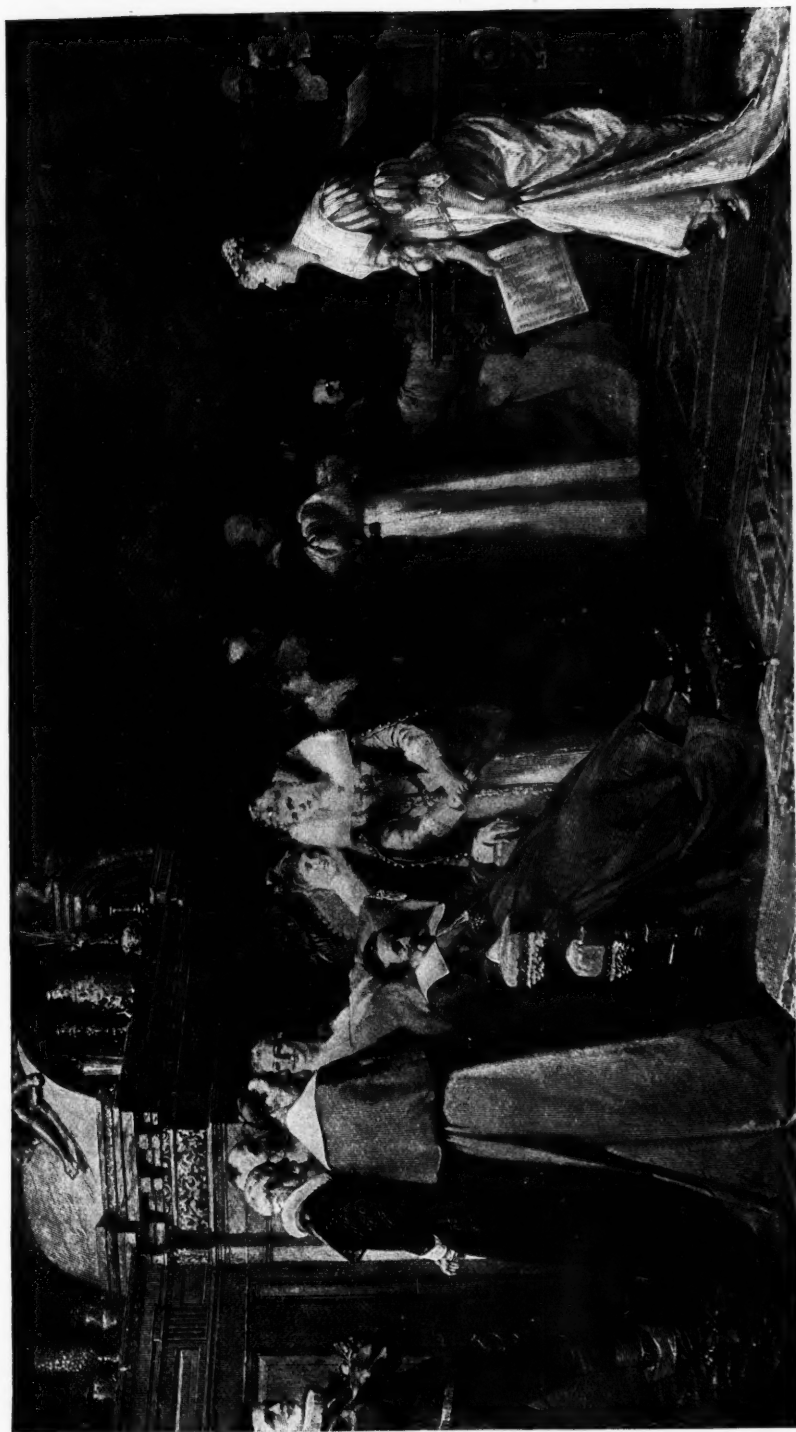
Looking back along the restless, mercurial history of France, one finds no figure which stands out more strongly in relief than that of Richelieu, soldier, prelate, and statesman, the masterful servant and the subservient master of Louis XIII. Stern and relentless in his public life, he is a man who has been much misjudged. The words quoted above, while nothing but the truth, are not the whole truth, for in Richelieu's mind self was distinctly a subordinate consideration. The thought of France and of France's welfare was first, last, and always his guiding star. His will dominated the king's not as a result of merely selfish ambition, but because he realized that without such domination Louis must become a puppet in the hands of less scrupulous ministers. Richelieu did indeed mow down, but where he destroyed he invariably rebuilt, and always to the advantage of the country; while what he covered with his red cassock, according to his ominous metaphor, was well and wisely covered, before it could bring France to a fate as bloody as its own. "I pray God," he said upon his death bed, "to condemn me if ever I meant aught save the welfare of religion and the state."

There is much to admire in the stern personality which, with this purpose in mind, allowed no merciful impulse to interfere with the consummation of his large designs. Richelieu may have had moments of irresolution and of fierce self arraignment of which the world knew nothing, seeing only that to all appearance his determination never wavered. None of his actions has

been more severely criticised than the execution of Cinq-Mars and De Thou, two months before his death; but it was no personal vindictiveness that dictated the tragic order. It is easy to forget the circumstances, blinded by the halo of romance which time has thrown around the fate of these ill starred noblemen; but history brands their secret compact with Spain as a traitorous conspiracy and points out the ruin it would have brought upon France but for the intervening hand of the merciless cardinal.

Nor is it surprising that, openly attacked and secretly plotted against, the victim of slanderers who had the sovereign's ear, the target at which the arrows of every conspirator in France were aimed, Richelieu should have become a cynic, bitter of heart and of tongue. Twice in the course of his career he found himself an exile from the court, and twice was he reinstated. Once it was by the good offices of Marie de Médicis; the second time, after he had quarreled with that powerful mediator, he was restored to power by the force of his influence over Louis, a force that even absence could not lessen. When, for the third time, his position was assured, the cardinal spared no one who had been instrumental in securing his downfall. Richelieu's supplanter, Marillac, became an exile from France, and his more influential brother, the Marshal de Marillac, was executed. The de Médicis herself, feared and hated throughout the kingdom, learned that not even she could hope to contend successfully against the iron prelate. Small wonder, indeed, that, knowing of such perils as these, at once France's and his own, and seeing in firmness the only salvation for both, Richelieu forgot the meaning of the word mercy, and thenceforward fully trusted no one.

"Show me six lines written by the most honest man in the world, and I will find enough therein to hang him," he said to his secretaries, and when one of them, hoping to trap him, wrote upon a card: "One and two are three," the cardinal proved his



"A Concert at Richelieu's Palace."

From a photograph by the Berlin Photographic Company after the painting by J. Leiden.

readiness by the immediate comment, "Blasphemy against the Holy Trinity. One and two make one!"

Henry IV, the great father of Richelieu's weak master, once declared: "I wish the Spanish language to be heard only in Spain, the German only in Germany, but wherever French is spoken ought to belong to me," and it was much the same ambition which

fixes eager eyes, and he enlarged and reorganized the Sorbonne, now the most famous university in the republic. What is more surprising still, considering his manifold duties, he completed the *Mémoires* which first appeared in 1823, and two other autobiographical works.

For Richelieu was a supreme exponent of the theory that only the busiest of men can



Richelieu's Tomb in the Sorbonne.

prompted Richelieu to say, "The aim of my ministry has been this—to reestablish the natural limits of Gaul, to identify Gaul with France, and wherever ancient Gaul extended to establish a new one." The spectacle, at the time of the cardinal's death, of England rent by revolution, Austria crushed to the dust, Spain and Portugal separated and weakened, while France was strong and tranquil, and mistress of three added provinces, proved how near he came to realizing his ideal.

Busied though he was with affairs of state and with the "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," Richelieu found time to exert an abiding influence in other fields. He founded the Academy, today the golden goal upon which every French litterateur

find time for more work. As was the case also with Napoleon, no feature of court life, no detail of a campaign, however insignificant, was too trivial to engage his attention; and no undertaking or combination of undertakings was vast enough to daunt him. For instance, it was while planning to bring about the extinction of feudalism and the abasement of Austria—a dual task sufficiently imposing—that he entered upon the war against the French Calvinists and their English allies which was terminated by the fall of the Protestant stronghold of La Rochelle.

To Richelieu Europe was a mighty chess-board, and the time allowed for play was all too short. His attention to the game never relaxed from the moment when, as deputy



Armand Jean du Plessis, Cardinal Duc de Richelieu.

From the portrait by de Champaigne.

to the States General, he moved the first pawn, until death said "Checkmate," and, with half his schemes still incomplete, the iron cardinal laid aside forever the power that had overawed a kingdom and a king.

It was a curious thing that during all these years, freely spent in the service of his royal master, Richelieu should have found in that master his greatest stumbling block. Louis was never more than lukewarm in his support of his premier, and again and again his smoldering dislike burst

forth into the flame of active enmity. But Richelieu's loyalty to the Bourbon monarchy—in which he saw the cause of France—never faltered or grew faint.

Much that was admirable in Richelieu's character has been blotted out by time and prejudice, and much that was evil has been magnified by the same agencies. But even time and prejudice cannot wholly efface the memory of the enduring loyalty of this man who lies in his tomb in the Sorbonne, unloved in death as in life.

Philip Rodney Paulding.

An Egyptian Shoe.

I BOUGHT an old Egyptian shoe—
A trifle of a coin or two—
Because I thought it quaint and old,
Adorned with its musty gold.
And as I wished that it might speak
Of all it saw beyond the sea,
I found in words of faded Greek:
"We serve the muse Terpsichore."

But who were "we," I wondered then?
You served, you say, but where and
when?

What laughing maids in disarray
Once danced with thee in revels gay?
What monarch smiled to see the grace
Of those who sang and danced with
thee?—

Who danced and sang in every place:
"We serve the muse Terpsichore."

An echo of their song, it seems,
This shoe hath conjured in my dreams.
Its musty gold hath yet a light
That come from eyes as dark as night.
I care not where the music rang,

I only wish that I might see
Such maids as laughed, and danced, and
sang:

"We serve the muse Terpsichore."

Frederick Houk Law.



THE STAGE

THE QUEEN OF CONTRALTOS.

Is it because the soprano voice is more fragile that its possessors are, as a rule, less amenable to that which makes for peace and good will than are contraltos? Opera companies are frequently almost rent asunder by internal discords; sopranos secede and new ones take their places, but the contraltos stand out above the tumult like unto an immovable rock in the midst of a tossing sea.

For almost a decade Jessie Bartlett Davis has been a never failing tower of strength to the Bostonians. Other women may be called prima donnas by virtue of the rôles they sing, but one would be quite safe in saying that Mrs.

Davis is the leading favorite of them all. Her name is better known than that of any other contralto in the land, and her reputation rests not on the exceptional quality of her voice alone, but also on her sterling abilities as an actress. She possesses the magnetism without which none can scale beyond the middle heights of fame, and she has acquired this because she loves her work and throws herself unreservedly into it.

Mrs. Davis is not singing today for the money she makes by it, considerable though the sum may be. Her husband is associated in the management of two prosperous theaters in Chicago and St. Louis, and is abundantly able



Jessie Bartlett Davis.

From her latest photograph by Dupont, New York.



Violet Vanbrugh.

From her latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

to give her all that heart could wish. Each summer she goes back to him and her boy and her beautiful Western home, and is happy as wife and mother; but with returning autumn the longing for her art fills her soul once more, and another season of pleasure is given to thousands of her fellow men and women.

It will doubtless be news to many that Mrs. Davis' first appearance in New York was made in conjunction with Adelina Patti. She replaced some one else as *Siebel* in "Faust," and was so much in awe of Patti that when she came to sing the *romanza* she dared not look

the *Marguerite* in the face. She made a success, nevertheless, and received tempting offers to devote herself to the study of grand opera. She declined them, and declares that she has never regretted her decision.

Our portrait this month shows Mrs. Davis as *Teresa*, the peasant girl of "In Mexico," one of the Bostonians' new productions which failed to score. Before this reaches the reader's eye the new opera, "The Queen of the Buccaneers," by Victor Herbert and Harry B. Smith, makers of "The Wizard of the Nile," will have been tested. If that meets the fate of "Mexi-

co," the company will play a repertoire of the standard favorites, light and grand opera—"Robin Hood," "Carmen," "Trovatore," and so forth.

THE BOURCHIERIS.

Arthur Bouchier was the first successor to

He began to act when a boy at school, and at Oxford was active in amateur theatricals among the undergraduates. Already determined to adopt the stage as a profession, he complied with his father's wishes and remained to take his degree, after which he accepted an offer from Mrs. Langtry, and made his first profes-



Arthur Bouchier.

From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York.

John Drew at Daly's, appearing here in the fall of 1892. He has steadily progressed in his art ever since. A member of the young actor managers' coterie of London, his "Chili Widow" held the boards at the Royalty Theater for three hundred nights. Although we are somewhat astounded over this latter fact after seeing the very slender consistency of the play itself, all the more credit reflects on Mr. Bouchier's cleverness in making so much out of so little. His *Sir Reginald* is an extremely neat piece of work throughout.

sional appearance as *Jaques* in "As You Like It." He regards the amateur stage as the best available school for a life calling in this field.

His wife, Violet Vanbrugh, who accompanies him on his tour, is the daughter of an English clergyman, and has already visited America with the Kendals in 1891. The Baroness Burdett Coutts is her godmother and takes a lively interest in her artistic career. Mrs. Bouchier's first appearance was made in 1888 at Toole's Theater. After her engagement with the Kendals ended, she was for a while with Irving at



Minnie Dupree.

From a photograph—Copyright, 1896, by Kellie & Co., Boston.

the Lyceum, where on one occasion she took Ellen Terry's place as *Rosamond* in "Becket." Latterly she has played leads with her husband in the Royalty company, which is an excellent one.

It may be stated, for the enlightenment of the public, that Bourchier is pronounced "Bowcher," and Vanbrugh "Vanbrer." "The Chili Widow" received excellent press notices on its opening in New York, but, strange to say,

the public did not respond with the alacrity it had displayed under like conditions when "My Friend from India" was produced at the same house two months previously.

ONE OF THE TWO CLEVER "VAGRANTS."

Bad play as "Two Little Vagrants" is, one is inclined to forgive Charles Frohman for producing it, for the sake of the artistic work done by Jessie Busley and Minnie Dupree in the



William Gillette.
From his latest photograph by Sarony, New York.



Christie MacDonald.

From a photograph by Prince, New York.

two name parts. Mention has already been made in this place of Miss Busley's *Fan Fan*, and herewith is presented a portrait of Miss Dupree in her own proper person, showing the amount of personal pride in appearance that must be sacrificed before she can make up as *Fan Fan's* sickly but true hearted comrade, *Claude*. Her rendition of this by no means easy rôle is a really remarkable one; the sinking of her identity is complete. Whatever success the piece has in this country is directly attributable to Mr. Frohman's keen judgment in casting these two boys.

Minnie Dupree is a member of the extensive contingent of San Francisco girls who have gone on the stage. She began to act in 1887 with John A. Stevens' company; she has played with Nat Goodwin and Richard Mansfield, and made a genuine hit as *Susan*

McCreery in Gillette's "Held by the Enemy." Last season she was with "Burmah," and at the opening of the present one played lead in "The Great Northwest." Rumor runs that she is about to marry and retire, but it may be that her triumph as *Claude* will keep her before the public for another year at least.

OUR LEADING ACTOR PLAY-WRIGHT.

William Gillette on the stage and William Gillette off the stage are one and the same. The monumental coolness and utter disregard of danger, so characteristic of him before the footlights, are equally characteristic of him in his own personality. That other almost equally marked characteristic—the quick, nervous movement of the eye, which flashes a realization of his peril in intense situations when his whole manner otherwise indicates ignorance of it, is likewise conspicuous in his individuality.

A just estimate of Gillette as author and actor must place him very nearly, if not quite, at the head of the profession in America. There are more versatile actors, but they are not playwrights as well, and there is no actor author that begins to be his equal, while there are few playwrights pure and simple who do such uniformly sterling work as he.

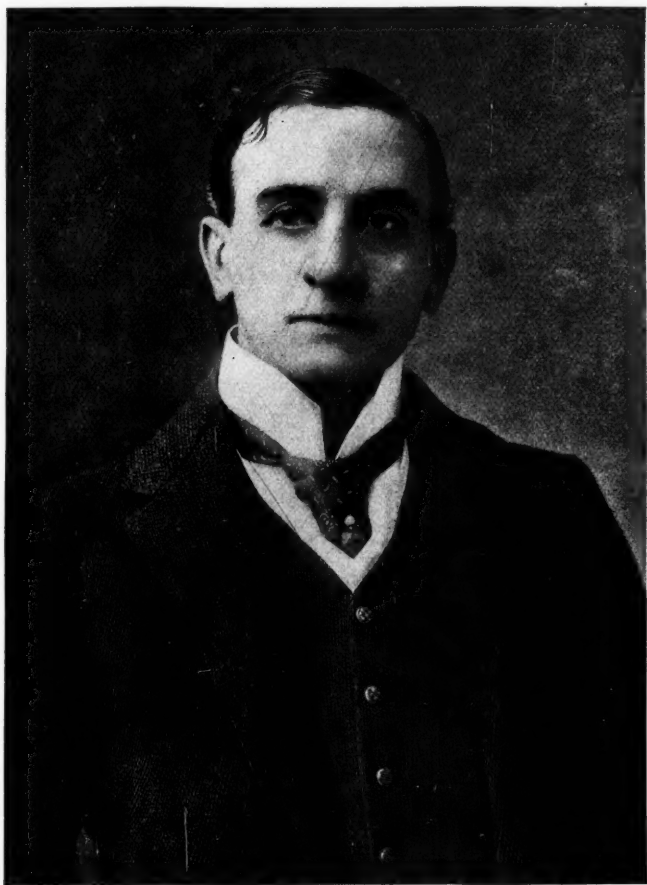
It would be difficult to conceive of a more intense play than "Secret Service," and yet its swift action is not abnormally overdrawn. Every situation is possible, rational. It covers only the time taken to play it. All the dramatic situations are crowded into a space of three hours; yet in these three hours there occurs a series of incidents which, expanded into a narrative, might fill volumes. The action is quick, absorbing, intense—so intense that the audience almost forgets to breathe.

Mr. Gillette is about forty years old, and is a native of Hartford, Connecticut. His father was a prominent politician, and it was with a shock of scarcely agreeable surprise that the family realized the son's predilection for the stage. He was nineteen when he secured a very small part in "Across the Continent," and later appeared as the foreman of the jury with John T. Raymond in "The Gilded Age." The run of this piece over, he drifted to New Orleans and obtained another foothold within the boundaries of the coveted realm by offering to act

for nothing. This led to some rough experiences on the road, and it was not until he began to write his own plays that he emerged from the obscurity that is the lot of the majority of those who venture into any field of artistic endeavor. His "Professor," produced at the Madison

recovering his lost health. He returned to the stage with "Too Much Johnson," written during his exile. This, by the way, is his favorite play.

Gillette is booked to give two of his plays in London during the coming season—"Too



John Hare.

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

Square Theater, was not a glowing success, but it paved the way for his association with Mrs. Burnett in the dramatization of "Esmeralda," and for his first war drama, "Held by the Enemy." An adaptation from the German, "The Private Secretary," kept him busy playing the name part for several seasons, and then came a serious illness which threatened to end everything.

He retired to a patch of woods in North Carolina, built himself a log house of two rooms, furnished them cozily with reminders of his busy life, and here he became a hermit for a whole winter, doing his own work and

Much Johnson" and "Secret Service." It will be his first appearance in England.

CHRISTIE MACDONALD.

While an effort should always be made to fill each rôle in a production with the player whom nature has best adapted to its requirements, the public finds undoubted pleasure in seeing familiar figures in fresh garb. Will he or she do as well in the new character as in the old? Determining that question constitutes one of the charms of the stock system, and to a certain extent some of our stars favor us with a like opportunity. John

Drew's company has presented rather widely different plays with almost the same list of players. So, too, has Francis Wilson, who has benefited from the services of Lulu Glaser and Christie MacDonald for more than three seasons.

fered her an engagement as understudy. The temptation to be beneath the Wilson banner was too strong to be resisted, and the stage retained a useful member. The next season she played *Marie*, the peasant girl in "Erminie," later created *Bob*, the valet in "The Devil's



Emmie Owen.

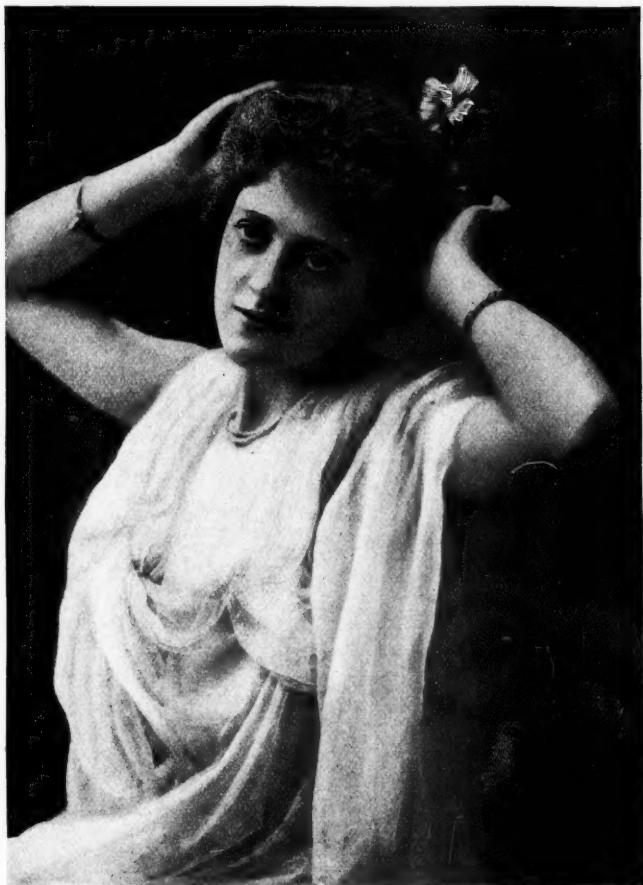
From a photograph by Ellis, London.

We have pictured Miss Glaser several times in these pages, and this month we give a portrait of Miss MacDonald, who plays *Lucinde* in "Half a King." She is a native of Nova Scotia, and her people, although musical, are so far from being professionally inclined that they almost succeeded in inducing her to leave the stage. After she had come to New York with the Pauline Hall opera company, she gave the two weeks' notice in deference to their wishes. But just at this critical period in her career she chanced to meet Francis Wilson, who had "The Lion Tamer" in rehearsal. He had heard her sing, liked her voice, and of-

Deputy," and in last season's "Chieftain" was a capital *Mrs. Grigg*. Her work in "Half a King" is excellent, and receives a generous share of the admiration aroused by Mr. Wilson's present offering.

WHY ENGLAND GRUMBLES.

London theater goers have been complaining about the plethora of the froth in musical jingles recently served up to them. But the absence of Willard, Hare, Tree, and the Bourchiers in this country leaves a vacant space which the "comedy with music" people have lost no time in preëmpting. It looks as if,



Elsie Arnould.

From a photograph by Ellis, London.

during the winter, when our theatrical season is at its height and the best London months have not begun, America is likely to drain England of every sterling dramatic attraction she possesses. Irving is almost the only one of the greater lights left her this winter.

It is a happy commentary on the critical discernment of our theater goers that John Hare was encouraged to repeat his visit so soon. He plays a line of parts lacking the surface glitter of "leads," and hence the appreciation of his work is evidence of a discriminating, intelligent taste that must be especially gratifying to its object, modest by nature though he be.

Hare's success is legitimately earned, every atom of it. An idea of the hard work which won it for him is obtained through a remark Chevalier recently made to an interviewer: "To the training I received with John Hare I attribute much of my later success. Through

him I learned the inestimable value of complete and unswerving preparation, leaving nothing to chance, not so much as a spot of make up or the glimmer of a grimace."

Mr. Hare returns to us this year with an entirely different repertoire, including Pinero's "Hobby Horse," and with many new faces in his company.

Harking back for a moment to the aching void in the English capital, "The Belle of Cairo," at the Court Theater, is one of the latest of the "jingly" offerings. It enlists the services of John Peachey (the some time *Col-umbus* here in "1492") and the much discussed May Yohe, who is credited with being a native of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. To entertainments of this class in the British capital belong the subjects of two of our portraits, Elsie Arnould and Emmie Owen. Miss Owen was at one time a member of Doyley Carte's company at the Savoy. She is a clever dancer,



Edward S. Abeles.

From a photograph by Morrison, Chicago.

and lately appeared in the new and resplendent Empire ballet, "Monte Cristo."

A YOUNG ACTOR OF PROMISE.

The story that tells how the successful farce, "My Friend from India," came into the glare of the footlights, is rather an interesting one. Messrs. Smyth and Rice were considering a society comedy, with which to inaugurate their partnership, when one day a friend of Mr. Smyth brought him a play in which he had an interest, with a request that he should read it and give his opinion. There was no question of their using it; it was to be merely an act of neighborly courtesy. That night Smyth asked Rice to listen to a play he had promised to look over, and with a sigh over the martyrdom to which they were about to subject themselves, they began the task. The first act completed, "What do you think of it, Rice?" the reader inquired.

"Well, not so very bad," was the response.

"I don't care much for it," Smith rejoined, as he resumed the reading.

At the close of the second act Mr. Rice was mildly enthusiastic, and when the entire play was finished, he was inclined to think pretty well of it. But Mr. Smyth was not favorably impressed, Mr. Rice went home, and the matter was dropped. During the evening, however, incidents of the play kept recurring to him, and finally he sat down and read it all over again, with the result that the next day he was in treaty for its purchase.

We give a portrait of Edward S. Abeles, the clever leading juvenile of "My Friend from India." He is a native of St. Louis, and was a protégé of the late John Cockerill. His early bent was towards the law, and he was admitted to the bar, but the stage lured him into more picturesque, if less dignified fields. He spent some time with Palmer's stock company, "Lady Windermere's Fan" being one of the early plays in which he appeared. Afterwards he was *Charley* in "Charley's Aunt."

His work as *Charles Underholt* in his present environment has already been commended in this department. He is a versatile as well as

an able fellow. Both words and music of the quaint little negro song in the third act are his work, and his imitation of Mansfield's *Baron Chevrial* is capital.

THE LYCEUM AND ITS PLAYERS.

Everybody goes to the Lyceum—it is the

inquiry, of disappointment, of dissatisfaction was on every face.

The Lyceum, more than any other playhouse in town, has the atmosphere of the home, and for the old familiar faces of the company one cherishes a feeling akin to warm friendship. The season opened with few favorites re-



Mary Mannering.

From a photograph by Schloss, New York.

thing to do. Sothern's annual opening of the house is always anticipated with interest, and the return of the Lyceum stock, following Sothern, is always looked forward to as an event of the amusement season. This year the Lyceum stock returned at the usual time, but it wasn't the Lyceum stock. No Le Moyne, no Kelcey, no Fritz Williams, no Isabel Irving! Lovers of the old troupe looked at the stage, looked at the program—and an expression of

maining in the cast; and to make matters worse, the play itself, "The Courtship of Leonie," had little merit. But bad as the situation was, it was not without hope. Dan Frohman's name was still at the head of the house bill. It was his clever management that had gained the Lyceum its coveted place in the affections of New Yorkers. He had given us the old favorites—he would give us new favorites. There were two in this first bill

who were full of promise—Mary Mannering and Joseph Wheelock, Jr., taking the places of Isabel Irving and Fritz Williams. These two very soon won the good will of the audience. The favorable impression made in "Leonie" was sustained and strengthened in "The Late Mr.

versatility as well as power, there is small doubt of her winning a position in the front rank of the leading women in the metropolis.

Isabel Irving still remains under the Frohman régime, and is at present on tour with "The Prisoner of Zenda," playing *Flavia* to



Mrs. McEnery Wynne.

From a photograph by Pach, New York.

Castello"—a comedy, by the way, which is exceptionally bright and sparkling.

Miss Mannering has a good voice and a great deal of reserve dramatic power. She is an English girl, whom Mr. Frohman discovered during his tour of the British Isles last summer. It was at a suburban town, and she was playing the same rôle of *Sadie* in "The Late Mr. Castello." On the morning after her American début, she received very flattering notices in the daily press, and as she has proved that she possesses

Howard Gould's *Rassendyll*. "The First Gentleman of Europe," a dramatization of a novel by Frances Hodgson Burnett, is to be the next production of the home company.

It is possible that by the time this reaches the reader's eye there may be a new accession to the Lyceum roster in the person of Mrs. Jack Bloodgood, a young woman hitherto prominent in New York society, who has made up her mind to begin with a "thinking part" and work her way up. Among our portraits

this month is that of another recruit from society's realm—Mrs. McEnery Wynne, a belle of New Orleans and the daughter of Ex Governor McEnery. After studying for a year at the Sargent school, she obtained an engagement with the Georgia Cayvan company.

FOOTLIGHT CHAT.

When Wallack's Theater passed into the hands of Mr. Palmer, it was a matter of universal regret that he saw fit to change its name. "Wallack's" had been associated with all that was pleasing and refining in New York theatricals; for forty years it had been the name of all others to conjure by in stagemod; he with whom it was so fondly associated had but recently passed away, and to blot out the most fitting memorial of him that could be devised, seemed not only sentimentally unjust, but commercially a mistake.

And yet Mr. Palmer had surely earned the right to have his way in the matter. He stood for the best interests of the drama as one of the arts, at a period when there were many who won a wide following by debasing it to sordid ends. In the old Union Square house he gave New York a series of productions whose fame crossed the Atlantic when that was not a common achievement; and later, at the Madison Square, he brought out people and plays that are still a throbbing factor in the stage of today, either in themselves or their outreaching influence. Certainly, then, A. M. Palmer deserved to have his name above the doors of a theater, but it was a pity this could not have been brought about without first obliterating that of Lester Wallack.

Mr. Palmer's present reverses are to be deeply deplored, and we sincerely hope that he may speedily emerge from them. We cannot afford to lose from active participation in stage affairs one who has always borne clean hands, but out of Mr. Palmer's misfortune this good has come: the theater that Lester Wallack built and loved, once more bears his name. In consummating this act of justice Mr. Theodore Moss, the present manager, has won the good wishes not only of all New Yorkers, but of the thousands scattered throughout the land to whom "Wallack's" meant an evening of unalloyed enjoyment.

Mr. Moss went into the Wallack service as an office boy, eventually became treasurer, and finally confidential adviser. Now that he is in entire control of the house, he has happily linked the past with the present by printing on his program four notable Wallack dates—September 8, 1852, the opening of the original theater of the name at Broadway and Broome Street; September 25, 1861, the inaugural of the Thirtieth Street house; January 4, 1882, when a performance of "The School for Scandal" began the career of the present Thirtieth Street edifice; December 7, 1896, the resumption of the Wallack title with E. S. Willard in an

able performance of "The Rogue's Comedy," Henry Arthur Jones' successor to his ill starred "Michael and His Lost Angel." Mr. Jones sometimes makes a mistake in choice of theme, but he is always to be depended on for beauty of treatment. And in "The Rogue's Comedy" his skill has not failed him. Glaring improbabilities are gilded by a beauty of language and forcefulness of situation that compel undeviating attention and frank praise. Mr. Willard has brought an efficient company, and his engagement was a happy opening attraction for the new era at Wallack's.

How are the "Mighty" fallen! The Gilbert Parker play, which was to be Mr. Tree's *piece de resistance* during his American tour, fell into flat failure on its New York production. Now that the verdict has been registered, it is rather amusing to read a suggestion to literary men sent as a Tree press notice before the piece was presented. Here it is:

If a novelist aspires to write his own play, he cannot do better than to adopt the expedient which has been employed by Mr. Gilbert Parker. Before "The Seats of the Mighty" was written chapter by chapter, as a novel, the play, which is soon to be produced in America and England, was clearly outlined act by act, and scene by scene. Starting with this original dramatic scheme, which differs materially from the plot of the story, the author has not been embarrassed by the difficulties with which novelists are ordinarily beset when they attempt to dramatize their own works.

Arguing from experience as Mr. Parker must now know it, it would be far better for an author to be so doubtful about the proper way to turn a story into a play that he would be obliged to take time to think it out effectively.

New Yorkers had to thank the failure of "The Seats of the Mighty" for the opportunity of seeing Mr. Tree's *Svengali*. The praise this received must have gone far toward healing the previous hurt. The English version of "Trilby" differs slightly from the original one as produced by Mr. Palmer. The last act is laid in the studio again instead of at the hotel, and Mr. Tree himself poses for the portrait of *Svengali*, which is placed on a draped easel. The change is not for the better, and the production as a whole suffered by comparison with the original one. Special interest was awakened by the appearance as *Zou Zou* of Gerald du Maurier, the late novelist's son, who promises to be an actor of no mean power. His advent on the scene, the first night, was the signal for long continued applause—a tribute to the memory of his father's genius.

Kate Rorke's *Trilby* was far from being, to the eye, the picture made so familiar by the author's penciled portrayal. She did one thing, however, which Virginia Harned refrained from doing, when she appeared in the first act with bare feet. In "The Dancing Girl," on the other hand, Miss Rorke omitted a piece of business which Miss Harned made

very effective—rolling down the stairway in the scene where her father curses her.

* * *

Not since "The Amazons" have we had a comedy so deftly combining ingenuity of situations and cleverness of repartee as Sydney Grundy's "Late Mr. Castello." In "A Pair of Spectacles," Mr. Grundy showed us what he could do in the line of high comedy; his "Sowing the Wind" revealed the possession of a firm touch in emotional work, and "Castello" ranks him with Pinero in lighter vein, thus crowning his versatility. Jones, Pinero, Grundy—this is the English trio whose work always repays careful attention. Mr. Grundy is a ready writer, and is said to be drawing royalties from no less than eighteen plays.

"The Wife of Willoughby," the curtain raiser used at the Lyceum with "Castello," is a tragic little romance, in striking contrast with the piece that follows. It is the work of two young Americans—Theodore Burt Sayre and Helen Bogart—and was noticed in these pages last May, in describing its reception at the Empire School of Acting. Very well written, and with more than ordinary attention devoted to providing it with "business" as well as dialogue, this miniature romance of love and renunciation contains matter enough for three acts.

Mr. Sayre is just past his majority, and it is to be remarked that his play called forth more favorable comment from the press than any American production of the Lyceum stock company since "White Roses" was presented four years ago.

* * *

Is it not a mistaken idea, after all, that the general playgoing public prefers women in tights, and a so called "French flavor," in their burlesques? Here is "The Girl from Paris," for example. The one number that arouses more enthusiasm than all the others put together is "Sister Mary Jane's Top Note." It is sung by Josephine Hall, made up as an English slavey, with all that is pleasing in her appearance suppressed, and relates the agony aroused by the musical attempts of a girl who cannot sing, but insists on trying to do so. Miss Hall, who will be remembered as *Katherine Lawrence* in Bronson Howard's "Aristocracy," renders the song with splendid vigor, and is easily the star of the evening, if the comparative amount of applause received be taken as the rating.

May Irwin's unequivocal success is another case in point. She is neither pretty nor coquettish, and her plays are far from being Parisian models of the undressed, and yet she survives and flourishes in stellar radiance, while beautiful women and younger ones, as well as "shows" whose suggestiveness was thought to promise "big money," have languished by the wayside.

* * *

May Irwin should feel more flattered by the success of "Courtied into Court" than over any other triumph of her career. The piece itself falls far short of "The Widow Jones" in

mirth giving merit, and it is entirely owing to Miss Irwin's personal magnetism that the Bijou is packed night after night with laughing multitudes. Nevertheless, "Courtied into Court" is a diverting hodge podge, and had it not been preceded by the never to be forgotten "Widow," it would doubtless be dubbed a first rate vehicle for the exploitation of Miss Irwin's peculiar talents. A very pretty and original effect is obtained at the beginning of the second act by the use of the two pianos in adjoining rooms, played by John C. Rice and Miss Irwin as the accompaniment to her song "Ma Lulu," which is first favorite after "Crappy Dan."

The company is the same excellent one we saw last season. Rice is the man of all others to play opposite to May Irwin. He carries about him that same blunt, every day atmosphere which constitutes the star's greatest charm, and which one never thinks of as acting. But it is acting, and acting of the most difficult kind. It is the old story of the clown's sober face beneath the masking chalk.

* * *

Sarah Bernhardt has just given "Camille" a run of three months at her Paris theater, the Renaissance, by adding a novel feature to the time worn piece—if a return to the past may be called a novelty. She dressed the characters in the costumes of fifty years ago—in the styles of 1845, seven years before the piece was written.

Charles Frohman has elected to try a somewhat similar experiment at his Garden Theater, where the result will doubtless be made known by the time these lines are read. "Heartsease," with which Palmer's Chicago house—the Great Northern—opened, did not prove a winner as a modern play, so its authors have put its scene a hundred years back, to the time of knee breeches and powdered wigs. With Henry Miller as the star, together with Grace Kimball, Nelson Wheatcroft, and other good names in the cast, and a scenic outfitting of elaborate description, the revised piece will have all the possible external aids to success. The result will be awaited with special interest by stage folk. If to move the period of a play's action will turn fiasco into fortune, we may look for a bull market in dates.

In this connection it may not be inopportune to suggest that the only way to save some productions from the gross improbability underlying them, is to revise in the opposite direction, and by placing the action a hundred years ahead, defy the critics to prove that such things may not one day come to pass, whether they have ever already done so or not.

* * *

If there must needs be a weak spot in a play, it is better to have it in the middle of the evening. Should it occur early, the audience, having no foundation on which to build hopes, lose interest at the outset, while a poor climax sends them home with a feeling of disgust at the entire performance. We do not say that Martha Morton has remembered this in writing

"A Fool of Fortune" for Mr. Crane, because she is conscientious enough always to do her best; but the fact remains that the second act is decidedly inferior to the other two. These other two, however, especially the last, are so clever that "A Fool of Fortune" readily falls into line with the notable successes of the season, and thrusts upon Miss Morton the distinction of having turned out three winners in succession for the same star.

It is stated that when Mr. Crane learned he was to die in the last act, he rebelled outright, and declared that such a breaking away from all traditions governing his line of plays would never do at all. But when the author persisted that this was the only proper conclusion, he finally yielded; and the death scene is spoken of as the most effective episode of the sort that our stage has lately seen.

In *Elisha Cuninghame* Mr. Crane has a rôle which gives him considerably more to do than to be simply Mr. Crane. It involves a depiction of two strangely contrasted phases in a business man's career, and the action is convincing throughout. Effie Shannon, his new leading woman, brings her attractive presence and finished art to the embodiment of *Cuninghame's* elder daughter, while the younger enlists the services of Dallas Tyler, a new name in the field of ingenues, and one that promises to become a favorite.

* * * *

"Under the Red Robe" suffers by comparison with "The Prisoner of Zenda" and "An Enemy to the King." It is too evident that Mr. Rose, the adaptor, was hampered by Mr. Weyman, the author. One suspects that the turning of this novel into a drama was no plain sailing, as soon as he notes that two of the acts have two scenes each. Nevertheless, Mr. Rose has done good work, and there are many thrilling moments in his play. Unfortunately, there are not enough of them.

The Empire company are, for the most part, efficient interpreters, but Mr. Frohman might see more money pouring into his coffers had he followed his brother Dan's example and cast the play with a star. *Gil de Berauld* dominates the evening, and with a favorite "matinée hero" to personate him, a larger clientele could be reached than by the simple drawing power of the piece itself. Stock companies are more profitable in society or emotional plays than in other styles of drama.

Before dismissing "Under the Red Robe," it will be of interest to mention that Robert Edeson, who plays the *Lieutenant* so cleverly, and who will be remembered for his clever work of quite another sort in "Thoroughbred," has been selected by Mr. Frohman as leading man for the Maude Adams company.

* * * *

Richard Mansfield will lose his reputation for eccentricity if he does not have a care. He has actually had the good sense to drop from his repertoire pet productions of new plays which the public does not like. "Castle Sombras" follows in the wake of "Rodion the

Student," and during the recent extended metropolitan engagement at the Garden Theater, Mr. Mansfield delighted his many admirers by appearing mostly in those rôles which have deservedly won him fame. Of these *Baron Chevril* in "A Parisian Romance" is perhaps the most interesting, because it was this that first brought him into prominence at the old Union Square Theater. Everybody wants to see "Jekyll and Hyde," at least once, by reason of its uniqueness; but the favorite of them all appears to be "Beau Brummell." "Richard III," however, seems to have taken a spurt, judging by the big audiences it drew, and "Prince Karl" is by no means a back number. "Arms and the Man" ought to belong to this list, but for some inscrutable reason Archibald Gunter is preferred before Bernard Shaw. "The First Violin" is underlined as the next new presentation; we shall probably see it this spring.

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It is very probable that the present winter will hear the last word spoken on the subject of objectionable theater hats. The echoes of battle quickly die away when the *casus belli* no longer exists. To the New York *Herald* belongs the honor of striking the decisive blow and opening the way to victory. By making the question a subject for universal discussion, courage was imparted to the faint hearted to request the removal of offending headgear. The movement spread to other cities until now obstructing millinery is the exception instead of the rule it once was. Fancy the astonishment of a theater goer two years ago to have a woman seated in front of him turn around with the polite remark: "If my hat annoys you, I shall be glad to remove it." Yet this is what is heard at our playhouses very frequently today.

Another thing: the bonnetless audience is a much better looking one than any other. Thus, this fact having been proved by experience, there is no danger of the reform dying the death of a fad.

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Everybody knows that a successful play is one of the most remunerative forms of literary work. It may also be said to give, in many instances, the best returns for the least expenditure of effort on the part of its original deviser. For instance, there is now on the boards a highly prosperous farce whose last act is made up almost entirely of situations not invented by the man whose name figures as sole author of the piece. The leading man is responsible for one of them, one of the managers thought out another, the "realizer" invented a third, and so on. At least one of these situations has received almost as much praise as the wholly original effect reached by the playwright in the second act, which only goes to show how easy it is to erect a passing fair superstructure when you have a good, strong foundation. It is better to have the idea for one thoroughly unique situation than to possess literary style and a facility in dialogue.

THE WORLD OF MUSIC

THIS YEAR'S "CARMEN."

If Mme. Calvé had held any doubts as to her place in the hearts of the American people, or at least that portion of it which goes to the Metropolitan Opera House, she must have had them all set at rest by her reception this year.

The house was packed with a crowd of music lovers on the *qui vive*. Not only was Calvé to make her first appearance this year, but Eames was to sing with her. Up to that moment the American singer had been the favorite of the season's audiences. The two prima donnas are perfect foils to each other, and each gains by singing with the other, although Mme. Calvé undoubtedly possesses "Carmen." When the violins began the familiar strains which precede *Carmen's* entrance the house broke into enthusiastic applause, and when she appeared the orchestra was drowned for a moment by the hand clapping.

It was with no expectation of seeing a new *Carmen* that the audience welcomed the singers, although it was a novelty to have Calvé and Eames on the same stage, and a new tenor, M. Salignac, was introduced to the public. But Calvé is so original, such a dramatic genius, that she cannot keep the same ideal of a character from year to year. Her new *Carmen* is more exuberant than the one we knew before. As she plays the title rôle, the opera is a performance which cannot fail to be popular even with those to whom music cannot appeal. She is an actress of great temperament, of finished expression, and her voice grows more magnificent year by year.

All comparisons apart, Mme. Eames also advances in the favor of the public with every appearance. As *Elizabeth* in "Tannhäuser" or as *Michaela* in "Carmen" she is great, powerful, and beautiful. Her progress in her art seems to have been by leaps and bounds. She is maturing.

Thomas Salignac, the new *Don Jose*, is one of the singers who have come to New York frankly stating that they seek the approval of this public, because it is beginning to mean so much in Europe. He is a young Frenchman who has sung for the past two years at the Opéra Comique. He was born in Marseilles, and is only twenty eight years old. He created the tenor rôle in Saint-Saëns' opera of "Phryne." He began his musical education as a violinist, and played in the opera house in his native town. He had a very modest appreciation of his vocal powers until he heard some of the tenors who sang before him. Then, convinced that his own voice was worth cultivating, he went up to Paris to study. He won the first prize at the Conservatoire, and made his début at the Opéra Comique three years ago. He sang there for two seasons, but mostly in light rôles.

Salignac shows that he has been a musician. His appearance here has given him something of the reputation he came after. Like Mme. Calvé, he is almost as much of an actor as a singer. He is too small, but yet his stage presence is pleasing. His voice is good, and may be great when it is fully developed. His high notes are particularly fine.

Taking the performance altogether, this year's "Carmen" is a thing to stir the blood of the most jaded opera goer.

THE MUSICAL ART SOCIETY.

Mr. Frank Damrosch does almost as notable work with the Musical Art Society as that of his brother, Walter Damrosch, in German opera. At its December concert the society gave some fine examples of classical composition. One was the mass which Palestrina dedicated to Pope Marcellus II, and called the "Missa Papæ Marcelli." The "concerto grosso" by Bach, which was the second number on the program, has a remarkable position in musical literature. It is the last of a set of six which Bach wrote in 1721 for Christian Ludwig, Margrave of Brandenburg. This prince was very fond of music, and kept a private orchestra, for which Bach was in the habit of writing. These six pieces were called "concerti grossi" because they were written for many instruments, to distinguish them from the ordinary concerto for an instrumental solo with accompaniment.

The Musical Art Society goes into the history of music. The concerto was written for some musical instruments, such as the viola da gamba, which has been out of use for more than a century, but through the kindness of Mr. Morris Stewart, who has a collection of archaic instruments, the society was able to play the piece correctly.

THE GERMAN OPERA STARS.

It was suggested as a reason for Colonel Mapleson's failure that the Academy of Music was not a fashionable house. Did not the cause lie deeper than that? Last year Walter Damrosch brought over a company of expensive artists to sing German opera, and put them on the Academy stage with successful results. Is not the difference to be found in the point from which the two managers are viewed?

People are compelled to believe in Walter Damrosch as an artist who works for art's sake, something as Wagner himself worked. He has a unique position as a manager and conductor. This year his opera company appears to be on a firmer foundation than ever before. It has never made money; that does not seem to have been the primary object; but every year it convinces a larger public that its artistic rank is of the highest. Much of the company's

time, this winter, has been spent in Philadelphia, where Mr. Damrosch was guaranteed against loss for the season. After that he has planned a tour as far west as St. Louis. The Missouri city has been a disastrous stopping place for the last two years, but has also given Mr. Damrosch a guarantee. When at last the company is heard in New York, it will be in the Metropolitan Opera House.

For his Philadelphia season Mr. Damrosch secured the help of Calvé, Eames, Melba, Plançon, Salignac, and several others of the Metropolitan singers. But his strongest card is the return of Lili Lehmann. This lady, who holds one of the most dignified positions in the artistic world, has not been heard here for five years. The hard work of her last American season sent her home a nervous invalid, and for some time it was feared that she would never sing in public again; but gradually she has been making her way back to the stage, until she was able to appear last summer at Bayreuth, where she sang *Brunnhilde* on the stage on which she first appeared in Wagnerian opera twenty years ago as one of the *Rhine Maidens*. She will be welcomed gladly in New York, where her greatest triumphs were won with Seidl as conductor.

Mme. Lehmann's husband is Paul Kalisch, who used to appear here with his wife at the Metropolitan. In recent years his voice is said to have developed wonderfully. He now sings such rôles as *Tristan* and *Tannhäuser*, and is one of the tenors at the Berlin opera house. His father is the Kalisch who edits *Kladderadatsch*, the well known comic German paper. The elder Kalisch gave his son a very expensive education as an architect, but Mme. Patti upset his career in that direction by advising him to cultivate his voice.

Mme. Eames considers Lehmann the very finest possible Wagnerian singer, and points to her as an example of an artist who has not sacrificed her voice to the heavy music because she has sung it with great intelligence.

There was a good deal of speculation as to the filling of Klafsky's place. Frau Mohor-Ravenstein is spoken of as the occupant of the vacant position, but it would appear that Lehmann quite covers the ground as the company's chief prima donna. Mohor-Ravenstein made her debut at Mannheim ten years ago as *Elizabeth*. Later she sang *Isolde* and *Brunnhilde* under the management of Weingartner, who is now one of the directors at Berlin. Last summer he gave it as his opinion that Mohor-Ravenstein is the finest *Brunnhilde* on the operatic stage.

Mr. Damrosch did not bring Max Alvary back, but gives us, in his rôles, a new tenor, Ernst Kraus. Herr Kraus, who is young, handsome, and more than six feet tall, is from the royal opera in Berlin. Carl Sommer, a baritone popular in Germany, will also be with the Damrosch company.

When his singers reach New York, early in March, Mr. Damrosch intends to signalize the return of Lili Lehmann by giving a cycle of

Wagnerian opera, beginning with the "Flying Dutchman" and ending with the Nibelungen Trilogy. The seldom seen "Rheingold" will be given with all of the mechanical effects which are used at Bayreuth.

PLANÇON'S PERSONALITY.

Any one who has not heard Pol Plançon sing "The Two Grenadiers" has missed a point in his musical education. It is a song of which the tall, handsome Frenchman is particularly fond, and he often gives it at Sunday concerts, and when he is heard at semi private affairs. It is worth while to get close to him, so that the vibrations of his big voice may catch you.

Plançon is one of the most popular men among the great singers. He is absolutely without pretense, and is always more than kind to any new aspirant for operatic honors. He fairly irradiates health and enthusiasm and happiness. His voice is as powerful as a cathedral organ, and a thousand times more thrilling. To see him and Mme. Calvé on the same stage is a treat. It has been rumored about New York that Plançon was to marry an American society woman; but other people say that he is the hero of a different story, which was published a few months ago. According to this romantic tale, an opera singer who at any rate answers to the French basso's description is deeply in love with a German princess who is deaf.

THE SUNDAY CONCERTS.

The Sunday night concerts at the Metropolitan have a clientele peculiarly their own. The prices are the same as for a theater ticket, and many people who love music cannot afford the opera. Mmes. Eames and Calvé are the favorites among the prima donnas. The substantial people who go for their weekly musical treat thoroughly like both of these artists. They approve of Eames' finished voice, of her beauty and her personality; and Calvé can charm anywhere, at any time. She, like Eames, has grown tremendously. Melba still remains the magnificent piece of machinery she always was. It is her nightingale throat to which people listen. Melba, as Melba, is cold, calm, and utterly uninteresting, but she can sing!

The selections from the operas which are given at the concerts are as carefully conducted and sung as if the stage were full of scenery and the house of boxholders; and indeed much of the popular reputation of the singers is made upon these nights.

YALE'S PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

Yale's professor of music is a young composer who is making an effort to bring something original out of this country, and to set it, from the beginning, on a level with the work that is being done abroad. Horatio W. Parker, whose position at the New Haven university corresponds to the chair Mr. McDowell holds at Columbia, was at one time director of music for Trinity Church, in New York. He is more

widely known as a composer of choral than of instrumental music, although he has produced quite as much work in the latter form. Much of it was done while he was studying in Germany, for since his return most of his time has been given to church music. Mr. Parker's greatest work is the "Hora Novissima," which was first performed by Trinity's choral society in 1893. It displayed an astonishing learning and skill for so young a composer. The next year Theodore Thomas played it at the Cincinnati Musical Festival, and the same season it was performed by the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston. Mr. Parker has written a number of things since then, among which "The Dream King and His Love" is perhaps the best known. Of late he has been devoting himself to his classes at Yale, and doing little composing.

Mr. Parker is an American of an old Massachusetts family, and is now only a little past thirty. His mother was his first teacher, and after her he studied with Stephen Emery and George Chadwick in Boston, until he went to Munich.

With McDowell and Parker endeavoring to show the value of music in a broad culture, something should be done for the art in America.

MARTINUS SIEVEKING.

They say that Sieveking is a pupil of Sandow, that he went to the music hall Hercules to learn to have perfect control of his muscles. At any rate, by whatever means his skill was attained, he is a pianist who gives a very pleasant impression. He has not the personal charm and the power of driving an audience to frenzy that makes Paderewski such a wonder, but he is a most complete and satisfying artist. His rendering of the Chopin Impromptu, which Du Maurier tells us *Trilby* sang, leaves us still more skeptical of its being, even in fiction, a possible performance for the human voice.

Mr. Sieveking has a simplicity of manner that is delightful. When we heard him in New York he came back again and again in response to the applause which followed him from the stage after every number, and played some of the most charming of his selections. His warm reception seemed to touch him as much as if it were an entirely unknown compliment, although we all know with what enthusiasm he has been heard abroad. He is a Hollander, hailing from Amsterdam.

A REAL PRODIGY.

Little Huberman, the musical wonder of the winter, is heard to much better advantage in a drawing room than on the stage. He has suffered at some of his concerts through the people who "assist" him. It would be much better if he could be heard entirely alone. He shows such temperament, such passion in his playing that other performers fall flat.

Although it appears to be proven that he is only fourteen years of age, he has the face and figure of a much older boy. His marked,

heavy features in some ways suggest Liszt. His expression has the fire of genius, and tells of entire confidence in himself—a confidence which great critics have justified. The boy may be said to have trained himself, and he is thoroughly original even in the interpretation of old themes. He gives them a broad and liberal treatment, which shows that he is not merely a precocious child, but a virile genius, one that delights in finding the best technical expression. He is like a man in his art, proving again that musical genius is a thing apart from the general intellect.

THE OLD DAYS OF OPERA.

Arditi, who was the best known conductor here in the old days of opera, has written a book of reminiscences. From it we turn to the memories of Diego De Vivo, who was an impresario of long ago, and we find that what has remained in the minds of these men is not the echoes of grand arias, the triumphs of art, but the gossip of personalities. Perhaps that is what this day most wants. A past and gone song cannot be recalled half so easily as an incident.

De Vivo tells of the fierce fight of 1865-6 between the elder Bennett, of the *Herald*, and Max Maretzek, who was then the lessee of the Academy of Music. These were the days when "L'Africaine" was a new opera, and Carrozzucchi created the title rôle, and when Clara Louise Kellogg was the original American *Marguerite* in "Faust." Jacob Grau was the friend of Mr. Bennett, and in the *Herald's* good old way, he was sent to Europe to pick up singers for a rival opera company, regardless of expense. Marietta Gazzzaiga, one of the greatest dramatic sopranos who ever visited this country—she had been here in 1857 to open the Philadelphia Academy of Music—Brignoli, the incomparable, and Boschetti, who was the first diva to sing *Marguerite* when it was produced at La Scala in Milan, were all brought back by Grau. Boschetti was a lovely young French girl whom Gounod had selected to create his great character, and De Vivo, who has seen them all, says she was the one ideal *Gretchen*. Pollini, the great German impresario with whom poor Klafsky had so much trouble, two years ago, before she could come to us in her last season, was the second basso of the Grau-Bennett company.

De Vivo remembers the great season when Tamberlik—whom he calls the finest dramatic and heroic tenor of the age—Italo Campanini and Victor Maurel, both young and in the first bloom of their fame, Ilma di Murska, the Hungarian, then fresh from her great successes in London, were all here. That was 1873-4, long called the "artistic year," for Salvini was here as well as Lucca and Nilsson. Campanini, who is remembered by all who heard him in those days as the most thrilling of tenors, was getting five hundred dollars a night. A few months ago, a broken old man, he was singing at second rate vaudeville performances here in New York.

LITERARY CHAT

THE LATEST "REALIST."

The reading word is periodically set agog by the appearance of a book which deals with questionable things and which is called an immoral, a realistic, or a problem novel, according to the reader's point of view. Among English and American writers Hardy, George Moore, Sarah Grand, and James Lane Allen have been contributors to the list of such novels, and have been duly taken to task therefor; but in the work of each of these there has been some redeeming quality which made unqualified condemnation impossible. "Tess" and "Esther Waters" were undeniably true pictures of life, "The Heavenly Twins" was distinguished by a surpassing cleverness, and "Summer in Arcady" disarmed criticism by its delicacy and its author's evident ability to handle mire with a silver spoon. It has remained for the young Italian novelist, Gabriele d'Annunzio, to write immoral books which are neither true to life, clever, nor delicate—which are, in short, immoral for immorality's sake.

D'Annunzio's latest production, "The Triumph of Death," is incomparably the foulest thing in the fiction of the day. The most lenient reader must fail to discover one redeeming feature in this story. It is "a return to the manners and morals of the poultry yard" with a vengeance.

In the interest of ordinary decency, it seems that the time has come to call a halt. Endless excuses have been made for the realists, and the public has been gradually trained to accept their work as indicative of the emancipation of thought, and as the natural result of modern broad mindedness. The critics have been afraid to protest lest they be dubbed narrow and puritanical, and so the close of the nineteenth century is seeing a vast army of novels which offend against every principle of honor, morality, and purity. Against this pest the champions of moral hygiene seem powerless, and the most earnest of reformers is apparently blind to the pernicious influence which such a book as "The Triumph of Death" is bound to exert.

We are not intolerant of any work which has a clearly defined or even an alleged moral purpose. We are quite ready to believe in the sincerity of Mr. Thomas Hardy's intentions, but we protest vehemently against the unutterable bestiality of Gabriele d'Annunzio. Emile Zola, who knows life, may stir about in the cesspools, from which he invariably brings something of value; Grant Allen may sit upon his hilltop and throw mud into the plain. We have patience even with these apostles of realism. But with the revolting productions of this young Italian who exults in depicting life which is immeasurably lower than the animals,

who lacks power, virility, and purpose, whose mind can be described by but one word—nasty—we have no patience.

To paraphrase a recent remark made by a clever New York woman, the morals of Signor d'Annunzio need to be plentifully besprinkled with disinfectant. At present he presents to the intelligent world the spectacle of an unclean minded boy. His work is unpardonable, insufferable, and a public nuisance.

"MISS AYR" BY MISS MAGRUDER.

Not long ago some one said of Miss Julia Magruder: "She has a multitude of good ideas, which she invariably injures and oftentimes ruins when she attempts to write them down;" and this, or something very similar, is what the average reader will say on finishing "Miss Ayr of Virginia." Considering Miss Magruder's experience, and the fact that she has scored several undeniable successes, there is a crudity in her style, an apparent inability to find the exact expressions for her ingenious conceptions that is surprising and, withal, disappointing. She is known to the world as a woman of singular charm, a brilliant and magnetic talker. For those who have been thrown in contact with her, even once, a perusal of her latest book will be, more than anything else, a proof of the truth that lies in the saying that the rarest bird in the literary aviary is the author who can talk and write with equal fluency and power. In Miss Magruder's style there is something almost amateurish, and her work is continually suggestive of neglected or unperceived opportunities. The very best that can be said of "Miss Ayr of Virginia" is that it is mildly interesting.

These little stories manifest other indications, too, that the true literary touch is lacking. Their author has an almost schoolgirlish regard for large, athletic looking men, and women of unparalleled beauty, which may endear her to the hearts of impressionable damsels, but which, nevertheless, is a trifle monotonous. A New York illustrator, speaking of his work, once said: "I wish the public was not so partial to pretty girls. I am gradually losing my ability to put character into a face, through sheer necessity of making each one beautiful." That is the way with Miss Magruder's characters, except that here it is Miss Magruder and not the public that is to blame. Each new heroine is more beautiful than the last, and one begins positively to pine for a commonplace countenance to break the sequence.

No review of "Miss Ayr of Virginia" can be complete without at least passing mention of the wonderful kitten which figures in the story entitled "The Masked Singer." This admirable creature changes both its gender and its

name in the short space of four pages, appearing first as "Minnie" and cropping up a little later as "Tommy"—a metamorphosis which is, on the whole, the most masterly thing accomplished by Miss Magruder in "Miss Ayr."

A BOOK OF MANNERS.

The author (whom we suspect to be Mr. Walter Germain) of a small anonymous volume entitled "The Complete Bachelor" prefaces his work with something very like an apology:

I suppose that a book of this character needs some excuse. The world is full of volumes written on etiquette, and, in adding another to the number, my plea for filling the want long felt may seem ridiculous. But I have an excellent reason, and that is, that in all treatises of this character I have found the bachelor sadly neglected.

This is all very well, but it does not save "The Complete Bachelor" from being like all other books of its class, though in a lesser degree, unsatisfactory. Two questions at once arise in connection with such a book; first, whether or not there exists a need for it, and second, whether or not it supplies that need.

It has been said that the tenderest and most refined love affair that the world has ever known would have seemed a thing of hopeless vulgarity if minutely reported in the columns of a daily paper, and much the same rule applies to the ethics of dress and deportment. There are some subjects with which words are impotent to deal, and some kinds of information which should be gradually absorbed rather than deliberately acquired. The moment one begins to speak of manners, manners become vulgar, for what one should do and say under certain conditions *va sans dire*. All the rules in the world will not avail anything if a man has not the first requisite—the training that makes him a gentleman almost whether he will or no. The man of the world does not consider the wherefore of his actions or argue upon the propriety of this or that; he does certain things and leaves certain others undone instinctively, because the cue is in the air and his education has made him susceptible to almost imperceptible hints and influences. This subtle sensitiveness is what no book can accomplish. It is in the blood. Without it all the rules in the world are insufficient, and with it all are superfluous.

And yet "The Complete Bachelor" is, in its way, a remarkable book, for it is written by one who knows. There is no single statement to which one may take exception, nor is there the slightest trace of snobbishness or affectation. These are the observations of a man whose instincts are of the best. Nevertheless, there should be a law against discussing the proprieties. What possible good can it do? We can hardly believe there are club members who need to be told that one does not bow to a woman from the club window or mention her name in the billiard room. And surely there can be no

need of stating that a gentleman does not dance without gloves!

But as an illustration of the fact that, whether it is called or uncalled for, the points given in "The Complete Bachelor" are correct, we quote as follows:

There is no form of refusing wine, if it is against your scruples to drink it. Do not thus force your personal prejudices on your host by making any demonstration, such as putting your finger over the glass or shaking your head at the butler. Let him fill your glasses but do not drink the contents. The question of waste is not to be considered.

This matter has been discussed *ad nauseam*, but never as reasonably as here; for the author of "The Complete Bachelor" describes exactly what a gentleman's instinct would suggest. But this is a book presumably written for men possessed of the instinct, and therefore why is it written at all?

"QUOTATIONS FOR OCCASIONS."

Cleverness has a way of cropping up in the most unexpected places, but to find any evidence thereof in a book of quotations is indeed a noteworthy experience. The rule is that works of reference are exceedingly dry reading; but a signal exception to the rule is "Quotations for Occasions" by Katharine B. Wood. Emerson has said that "next to the originator of a good sentence is the first quoter of it," and, since Emerson was never far wide of the truth, it is only fair to say that Miss Wood, in compiling "Quotations for Occasions," has placed herself on a level with a large number of people justly famous for the aptness of their *mots*. Naturally we demand of a book of reference that it shall be accurate and, as far as possible, exhaustive. If these conditions are complied with, we are not apt to ask or expect more. Therefore, when such a volume proves not only exact but entertaining, not only complete but clever, it has all the elements of a pleasant surprise.

To the making of her book Miss Wood has brought a surprising familiarity with appropriate material, an ability to select judiciously, and, what is most unusual, a keen perception of *double entente* which makes of the collection a delightful series of apt and telling plays upon words and meanings. What her object has been is concisely stated in a prefatory note:

So far as is known to the writer, no such compilation is in existence, but the custom of using appropriate quotations on dinner menus, cards, invitations, etc., is growing, and of the many who desire to use such citations, not all know just where to find them. This book is intended to lessen the labor of search. . . . The reader, however, is warned not to be too sure that the author of any quotation had in mind the subject to which it is applied here.

But this perversion of meanings is what makes "Quotations for Occasions" an exceptionally clever piece of compilation. Take, for instance, the division devoted to golf, in

which appears the following from "King Lear":

Fathers that bear bags shall see their children kind.

—which is most probable.

Witness this, also, from "Antony and Cleopatra":

Lest, in her greatness, by some mortal stroke She do defeat us.

These are none the less apt because Shakspeare was not thinking of golf.

A few more extracts from "Quotations for Occasions" will serve to show how shrewd is Miss Wood's sense of applicability. All through the book a little strain of sarcasm lends pungency and point. Apropos of black coffee—

Although the last, not least. *King Lear*.

Of a wedding breakfast—

Clubs cannot part them. *As You Like It*.

Of champagne—

Cold and dry. *Paradise Lost*.

Of punch—

And damn'd be he that first cries "Hold, enough!" *Macbeth*.

Of tennis—

Players that offer service. *Taming of the Shrew*.

And so forth. Altogether this is a charming and exceedingly able piece of work.

A WORK OF GENIUS.

To several unjustly suspected persons add an equal number of guilty but unsuspected ones, a generous handful of revolting and entirely impossible crimes, a scheme or two involving some eight or ten billions of dollars, a deserted mansion, and a beautiful and persecuted damsel. Stir these together vigorously, so that no one may have the most remote idea of what you are endeavoring to say, and draw out to an interminable length. Besprinkle plentifully with "Ha!" "All is lost," and "I will foil them yet," and upset ten pounds of exclamation points into the mixture—and you have a novel, "Checked Through," by Colonel Richard Henry Savage, of international fame; a novel to bring tears of rage and envy to the eyes of Archibald Clavering Gunter, Laura Jean Libbey, and Albert Ross.

A man might be content to die after having accomplished "Checked Through," and other men might be content to have him do so. It is a book of wild and wonderful beauty which no words can fitly describe. Its linger longer luridness holds the reader in thrall, its accurate dealing with legal technicalities puts Pollock, Blackstone, and Coke to the blush, its handling of the mysteries and tenderness of young love has no parallel outside the prospectus of a matrimonial bureau.

Where is Colonel Savage? Why does he not come forth and let us see more of him, that we may kill the fatted calf? We would fain raise altars to his genius and wreath his brow with the laurel and the bay. It is hard, bitterly hard, that after finishing "Checked Through" we cannot come at its author, albeit we seek

and yearn for him, with intentions in our hearts.

Let us have more of these novels. The winter season is advancing, and fuel is running low. Let us, in the chill of these long evenings, creep close to the fire and eagerly peruse "Checked Through," learning of love and law and literature from a master. And, when, suddenly aroused from our absorption, we find our fire going out, shall we then despair? Never! Have we not still "Checked Through"?

MISS CORELLI'S SCOLDING HABIT.

A statute is still in force in certain of our States, under which a person may be arrested, convicted, and punished on the charge of being "a common scold." Since the appearance of her last book, "The Murder of Delicia," nothing but the fact that a similar law in England is obsolete has saved Miss Marie Corelli from this untoward fate. It appears that even esoteric novelists have a mission, and this it is (in part) in the words of *Delicia* herself:

To make tyrants tremble and unset false judges in authority—to strip hypocrisy of its seeming fair disguise, and to brand liars with their name writ large for all the world to see!

The particular tyrant, false judge, hypocrite, and liar whom Miss Corelli attacks in "The Murder of Delicia" is the man who marries for money, allows his wife to support him, and engages in intrigues upon the sly. Incidentally she desires to demonstrate that a famous woman is not necessarily unwomanly, and for this dual purpose the murder of *Delicia* is accomplished in two hundred and seventy odd pages—exceedingly odd! Briefly, the story is of a trusting wife and an unfaithful husband, and it runs upon pleasantly familiar lines—inocence and bliss, disillusion, recrimination, separation. There is nothing new about it, not even the personality of the heroine. *Delicia* is the same ravishingly beautiful, brilliantly clever, irreproachably virtuous young novelist who figured in "The Sorrows of Satan," and who probably bears a strong resemblance to Miss Corelli's idea of herself; there is the same British Public which occupies in Miss Corelli's books the position held by the chorus in the "Medea" of Euripides, surveying the scenes and crying "Alas, unfortunate female!" and "Wonderful are the decrees of the gods!" We must remember, however, that all this is with a purpose—the unmasking of the vicious husband; and in this connection we may be pardoned for asking if there are a sufficient number of such men to make Miss Corelli's sermon worth while. To preach at individuals is sheer waste of breath. One must know that one's words are directed at a class, if any lasting good is to be accomplished. Respect for the English nation compels us to the belief that men like Lord Carlyon are few and far between, and therefore we say that Miss Marie Corelli is yielding unduly to the scolding habit and rapidly becoming unbearable. First it is society, then the critics, then the papers, then

husbands. Scold! Scold! Scold! Verily it is growing tiresome.

What is the matter with Miss Corelli? Her books have astonishing sales, and she has hosts of admirers. Why not be content with this, and cease lamenting the utter worthlessness of everybody in society except the great and wonderful and altogether more-divine-than-human woman novelist?

RICHARD HARDING DAVIS AND DR. JIM.

Richard Harding Davis, about whom so many pleasing anecdotes have been told, rushed into print a few months ago with a wholesale denial of all newspaper stories regarding his manifestations of a "fatuous conceit" and a desire to snub former associates among reporters. To give Mr. Davis his due, it was a manly and straightforward letter for which no one could help admiring him, and it is quite possible that he had been slandered by people envious of his success; but the result of his protest is, to say the least, amusing. Newspaper men have fairly tumbled over each other in a frantic attempt to extol Mr. Davis, and to prove themselves guiltless of envy by representing him as a paragon.

Mr. Davis' version of Jameson's celebrated ride will probably be on the book stands when this appears. Like all men of imagination, he finds plain facts rather stupid things. Sometimes matter of fact travelers write letters from Egypt or Central America or some other place which Mr. Davis has made famous by recording, and contradict his stories. They might just as well write letters denouncing Turner's skies. If you don't want to look through Mr. Davis' glasses the remedy is in your own hands. And so we warn all and sundry that if they sympathize with the calm, cold judgment which sent Dr. Jameson and his raiders into Holloway Jail they would better save their fifty cents, and let Mr. Davis' new book alone. He and the poet laureate of England think that "Doctor Jim" was a hero, and that his raid was a glorious expedition.

We believe it was the late Mr. Bunner who said, "Davis must have been born with his gift of ignorance. No man at his age could possibly have acquired it." But in this case Mr. Davis had plenty of information concerning the celebrated raid into the Transvaal. He got his facts from the men who made it; and no doubt the local color will be vivid and in the right place. He can make local color even when he has seen the place he writes of, and in this instance he does not suffer from such a disadvantage. If his book is not interesting, write us down as a false prophet.

A LADY WITH TWO COUNTRIES.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett is back in America again, intending to stay for some time at her home in Washington. Her husband, the well known oculist, Dr. Burnett, lives there, and her son Vivian, who was the original of *Little Lord Fauntleroy*, is at an American university.

Mrs. Burnett's talent has undergone a most remarkable change since she was first introduced to the world. Then she was young, sensitive, full of temperament, feeling most intensely everything she wrote. She was a poor girl, the daughter of gently born and bred English people who had met with adversity in what was to them a new country. She dreamed, built air castles, and wrote them down, selling berries in the beginning to get stamps to mail her manuscript. When she was still a very young girl she married young Dr. Burnett. He was delicate, and lame, and she earned the money which gave him his education in Paris and made him a specialist. Mrs. Burnett has always said of herself that the maternal instinct was her strongest passion. She loves to care for what she loves, and her books show it as well as her life.

During the babyhood of her boys she was separated from them only for very short intervals. It was during one of these that her eldest son, Lionel, contracted the disease from which he died, taking out of the world with him something that could never be again in his mother's heart and life. After his death she bought the residence in London where she now spends the greater part of the year. It was the cellars of this house that gave her the idea for the central scene of "A Lady of Quality."

Mrs. Burnett has lost some of her earlier delicacy, and very much of her earlier humor. Her books are fuller of dramatic situations, but an elusive charm has evaporated. She is more of a play writer than a novelist in these days. She paints with a broader brush, she rushes up to climaxes.

No American writer has ever taken a better position in English society than Mrs. Burnett, unless it was Washington Irving. She is a lion at the great houses, during the season. But this is due as much to her personality as to her books.

LITERARY RECIPROCITY.

We have a contemporary who evidently has a sense of humor, and is willing that the rest of the world should enjoy the spectacle that tickles him. The *New York Tribune* said the other day:

Mr. G. W. Cable is said to be contemplating a visit to London for the purpose of giving public readings from his works. This is diverting news. The authors who come from Great Britain to read here have seemed to have everything their own way. Retaliation has been rare—in fact, practically unknown. Now for the tide to be turned, with Mr. Cable on the crest of the first wave, is something to make the cynical observer of "authors' readings," in which tenth rate, as well as second rate, novelists have their fling at us, chortle gaily and look forward to a delightful settlement of an old score. London could not expect to go free forever.

We wonder if England will take Mr. Cable, with his wonderful Creole dialect, as seriously as some patient people have taken the canny Scot with his burr. Mr. Cable reading

aloud from his works in London would certainly pay off some of our deepest grudges against the *litterati* of Grub Street. They say that when a man can't make money in England he comes over here. We wonder if it will work the other way.

HOW WRITERS WRITE.

The way in which authors work is a topic of unfailing interest to thousands of readers—perhaps because literature is supposed to be a trade at which any one may gain bread, or even distinction, if he be clever enough to catch the trick of doing it, no capital being required except a pad, a pen and ink, and leisure. The recipe for novel writing seems to be as perennially fresh as news, or as directions for preparing dishes for the table are to the readers of the "woman's page."

We enjoy hearing that Conan Doyle and Sir Walter Besant scorn to use a typewriter, and write out their copy of from one to two thousand words every day with their own hands. We also like to know that Captain Charles King has grown so indolent with affluence that he talks his army tales into a phonograph, and sends the cylinders off to copyists.

Dr. Doyle makes a novel exactly as a cook goes about making a pudding. He first selects his materials, and makes a list of them; then he goes to market in the libraries. He reads everything bearing upon each of the subjects on his list. Dr. Doyle believes that the novel which lives is one that is based upon facts.

Rider Haggard, like Captain King, tries to get through his work with as little labor as possible, dictating everything to a secretary, and making few corrections.

Stanley Weyman writes very slowly and corrects constantly. He says that in his experience stories often leave the lines mapped out for them, and some minor character, which has been considered of small importance, usurps the place of the original hero before the author realizes it.

Thackeray used to speak to his intimates of his methods of work, and whenever he found it necessary to go over anything he would lament the fact. Concerning the chapter in "The Virginians" which somebody else was said to have written, he declared: "I wrote that chapter; I rewrote it four times, and every time it was worse."

IN BRIEFER MENTION.

A literary journal has been writing to a number of authors asking for the motives that inspired their latest books. The experiment was not altogether a success—chiefly because of the writers addressed only a few are known to the general public—but the replies are interesting and suggestive. They vary in length from twelve words to four hundred, and differ as widely in character as in extent. It is noticeable that the most prominent men use the fewest words, and out of the whole list only one author has the daring to mention money as a consideration. This is Amelia E. Barr, who

says quite frankly: "My reason for writing 'The Knight of the Nets' was—Cash." What it is to have the courage of one's convictions!

Paul Lawrence Dunbar, the young colored writer whose verse is attracting favorable notice, is the child of slave parents, both his father and mother having been the property of Kentucky planters before the war. He was educated at the high school of Dayton, Ohio, and shortly after graduation began submitting his poems to the editors of the prominent magazines. He is one of the very few men of his race who have won a genuine reputation in literature. His verse has a singular charm, which is partly the result of its simplicity and directness and partly of its author's command of negro dialect. His more serious work, however, is done apart from dialect, and while he cannot be considered a great poet, no writer whose poems are as natural and melodious as his is likely to go begging for a hearing.

The poems of Mr. Robert Loveman, whose work is familiar to readers of this magazine, have been collected to the number of a hundred and more, and published in a volume which is a model of unpretentious but satisfactory book making. Mr. Loveman is one of our minor poets whose verse has a quality all its own. Its prime characteristic is brevity, the vast majority of these poems being of four or eight lines; and it is distinguished also by a certain forceful vividness of phrasing that lends it a peculiar vigor. But Mr. Loveman is one of the most uneven poets whose work has come to our notice. At times he will write a quatrain that shows signs of something nearly akin to genius, and again there will be four lines of simple inanity. Witness the contrast between—

Weak from its war with giant strife,
A struggling truth lay down to die;
A poet loved it back to life
And gave it immortality.

and—

I lingered listening 'neath the tree,
The summer sky above me,
And when a sunbeam kissed a leaf
It whispered low, "I love thee."

Mr. Oliver Herford, the author of "Pen and Inklings" and numerous other clever skits, was accosted the other day by a man whose face was absolutely strange to him. He seemed to know Mr. Herford, however, and tapped him joyously upon the shoulder.

"Why, Oliver," he said, "don't you remember me?"

Mr. Herford, who is famous among his friends for apt repartee, surveyed the man a moment, and then answered gravely:

"I don't remember your face or your name, but your manner is familiar!"

When Samuel L. Clemens started around the world upon his lecturing tour, he neglected, probably with aforethought, to leave any ad-

dress with his friends. In this manner, no doubt, he expected to escape the annoying letters of autograph fiends and other irritating correspondence; but the chief result was that he disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed him. From time to time vague hints cropped up in the daily papers indicating his presence at Melbourne, or Tokio, or Hong Kong; but no one knew whither letters might be sent with any prospect of overtaking the wanderer.

Mr. Brander Matthews and Mr. Francis Wilson were discussing their friend's evanescence one day, and determined to write him a joint letter. The epistle was forthwith concocted, signed "Brander Matthews, by F. W.—Francis Wilson, by B. M.," and addressed "To Mark Twain—The Lord Knows Where!" The devisers of this ingenious scheme dropped their effort in the post. Two months later the answer arrived from India, where Mr. Clemens was then lecturing. The world is a fairly small place after all!

* * * *

That a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country, is proved by the savage attack upon Mr. Barrie's "Sentimental Tommy" published in a certain prominent and laboriously humorous English weekly. Amid the general chorus of commendation this harsh note is particularly discordant. It is difficult to see why Mr. Barrie and *Tommy*, with whom the great public has been so much pleased, should be thus ferociously assailed. The suspicion of personal animus is always justifiable in such a case. Critics, of course, are entitled to express their opinions, but where the reviewers are practically unanimous in praising a book, and one man suddenly arises and writes of it with the most unqualified scorn and contempt, there is usually "something behind." Mr. Barrie seems to have at least one enemy. However, if there is any truth in the report that his American publishers paid him ten thousand pounds for the rights of "Sentimental Tommy," he can afford to laugh at the most vehemently adverse of criticisms.

* * * *

The play writing fever has struck the novelists. They read of the great sums made by Du Maurier and Anthony Hope, and after they have looked over their own stock of stories for play material, they try their hand at writing a novel that can be dramatized. Even Mrs. Humphry Ward is said to be at work on a small play. Mrs. Ward has never excelled as a dramatic writer. She is thoughtful and analytic, but when she has a dramatic situation she handles it as if it frightened her. Sir Walter Besant, Marion Crawford, and a host of other people as well known, have made the managers understand that they have a new line of wares for sale.

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The difference between a good novel and a good play is so striking that we are hardly expecting a revolution on the stage from the

incursion of story writers. The heroine will probably continue to be oppressed, the hero to have "obstacles," the adventuress to wear good clothes and say clever things to the villain in his patent leather shoes, just as if the wise readers of human nature who can charm us in novels had never thought of taking up a new line of work. Writing for the stage is something like painting for it. It takes a bold brush, one that understands more about large effects than delicate shadings. The best novel will often make the stupidest play, and vice versa. The two talents seem to lie far apart.

For example, Henry James' new book, "The Other House," of which we have already spoken, would make a play powerful enough for the solver of the deepest problem dramas, while as a novel it is far beneath the delicate art that made him famous. He will doubtless make money out of it—which begins to appear as the ideal of most writers.

* * * *

Zola has been defeated again in his standing candidacy for the Academy. A more sensitive man might have stood out of the way years ago, and let people forget that it had ever been his ambition to become an Academician; but Zola prefers to make the famous body of French scholars ridiculous by allowing the civilized world to see them elect mediocrities in his place.

This time the chairs of Alexandre Dumas and Léon Say were to be filled. Many literary leaders have died in France lately, and there were already three new members who had not made their initial speeches, and who were not very likely to reflect any special glory on France when they did. The Academy needs strong, red blood. It was universally supposed that if Zola was not to be elected, Becque, the dramatic author, who has written "Corbeaux" and "La Parisienne," would be the choice; but André Theuriet was chosen to fill Dumas' chair, and Albert Vaudal that of Léon Say.

* * * *

It is only necessary to review the names of the men who never wore the green coat with the palms to see how stupid is the Academy's claim to stand as the representative of French literature. Balzac, perhaps the greatest novelist not only of France, but of the world, never was elected to the Academy, although his books were, like Zola's, works of philosophy as well as brilliant fiction. Nor was Flaubert, the leader of the younger school of French writers, almost their creator. The Goncourts, Alphonse Daudet, and other illustrious names have never been enrolled among the Immortals. On the other hand, many of the living members are not known outside of their own country, and some are passed over in Paris as nobodies. Of the new men, Theuriet is a very gentle and commonplace person whose works are harmless; and nobody knows who Vaudal is.

Some enemy of Zola's recently published a volume of extracts from the novelist's works, giving all the most offensive and risqué passages. It was scarcely a fair method of attack.

ETCHINGS

TO KATE.

(IN LIEU OF A VALENTINE.)

SWEET Love and I had oft communed;
We were, indeed, great friends,
And oft I sought his office, near
Where Courtship Alley ends.

I used to sit with him, and smoke,
And talk of your blue eyes,
And argue how I best might act
To make your heart my prize.

He always seemed to have much time
To hear me tell my joy,
So that I came to deem him but
An idle, lazy boy.

But on St. Valentine his day,
I found him hard at work,
As if he had a mighty task
And did not dare to shirk;

And o'er his head there hung a card
That made me haste away;
It bore these words—

PLEASE MAKE IT SHORT.
THIS IS MY BUSY DAY!

And so, sweet maiden, if I send
No valentine, you see
The reason here: Love could not waste
His precious time on me!

Ellis Parker Butler.

HER FIRST SMILE.

I SMILED at her. She looked at me
And dropped her eyes half angrily;
But far within the depths of blue—
So faint that only Cupid knew—
I caught a smile born all for me,
That whispered of what was to be.

Silas McChesney Piper.

A LYRIC FOR A LUTE.

BRING the lute at vespertide,
Ope the sunset casement wide,
Let the breath from locust boughs
Blow across our weary brows,
While the daytime's vague unrest
Still shall lie on evening's breast,
Hushed by tones that softly slip
From thy dulcet lute and lip.

Bring the lute at vespertide,
Let the songs be true and tried,
Olden themes and olden lays,
Tender tunes of bygone days;
Let them quaver, fall and rise
Through the faintly star set skies,
Echoing the bells that chime
In the ivy towers of time.

Bring the lute at vespertide,
Lo, a spirit by our side,
Crowned with mingled rose and rue,
Dim with dust and damp with dew—
Memory! Oh, sing, and so
We will restward gently go,
Drifting down sleep's silver streams
To the peaceful port of dreams.

Clarence Urmey.

LOVE AND DUTY.

STILL will the limners of the present time
Persist in painting Eros as of old,
Forgetful of our fierce, inclement clime—
No wonder that so often Love grows cold.

Through winter's blasts, *sans* breeches, shirt,
or coat,

Poor shivering Cupid naked always goes;
And that, perhaps, is why the poet wrote
Of "love that never found its earthly close!"

Henry R. Follett.

FIRST LOVE.

OH, could we in age maturer
Feel that grander, nobler, purer,
True devotion youth discovers
Ere with knowledge grown too wise;
When the heart alone transgresses
In the innocent caresses
Of the love that makes us lovers
And the love that never dies.

Broken vows love's troths may sever,
Yet it lives, lives on forever
And no heart that thrill recovers
Which the first love sanctifies;
For the dawn that wakes our senses
To life's sweetest recompenses
Is the love that makes us lovers
And the love that never dies.

Ah, first love in its completeness,
Undeiled by its own sweetness,
Where a sacred memory hovers
O'er its kiss and perfum'd sighs;
There that gleam of memory peeping
Through the past is ever weeping
For the love that made us lovers
And the love that never dies.

R. J. Smith.

THE HOUSE OF LOVE.

My lover built a house for me,
And roofed it with his tender smile,
And walled it with his stalwart arms,
A little while—a little while.

He warmed it with his flaming heart,
And windowed it with kisses sweet,
And floored it with the rosy dreams
That stretched beneath my happy feet.

But when a deathly storm arose,
And choked the fire and rent the floor,
My flowering windows streamed with dark,
That flowed with sunny light before.

So now a houseless wanderer
I linger underneath the sky;
My house of love is left a wreck
Within the vale of memory—

Is left a wreck; but night once more
Enroofs me with a tender smile,
And gives me back my rosy floor
A little while—a little while.

Ethelwyn Wetherald.

ALCHEMY.

I READ, once in an idle hour,
Some lines about a maiden's hair,
That clustered richly, fold on fold,
Above a brow serenely fair;
And when the sunlight lingered there
It turned its dun to gold.

Would that a like transmuting power
Might work its charm for me some day,
When bills crowd in, and friends are cold;
Might flood my room with mellow ray,
And, drifting all the cloud away,
Turn every dun to gold!

Philip Morse.

SNARED.

WHEN first I met sweet Nell,
My lad,
When first I met sweet Nell—
My friend he warned: "There danger lies,
Right in her sparkling, roguish eyes,
And you must heed it well."

I laughed at his alarms,
My lad,
I laughed at his alarms.
I made my bow and smiled at ease—
Pretended she was hard to please
For one who had few charms.

But now my grievous plight,
My lad,
But now my grievous plight
The situation alters. Lo!
She laughs to see me suffer so
And I sleep not at night.

For "nay" she will not say,
My lad,
And "yea" she will not say;
All day I grovel at her feet,
And sweet that e'en her taunts are sweet,
And cannot go away.

Tom Hall.

THE BRAGGART.

OUT from a tomb crept vice with hideous leer;
"I am Heredity," he said, "whom all men
fear.
I sleep, but die not; when fate calls I come,
And generations at my touch succumb."

A lofty shape rose sudden in his path,
It cried "You lie!" and struck at him in wrath.
Heredity, the braggart, stark and still,
Fell prostrate at the feet of mighty Will.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

SUCCESS.

'Tis not alone through toil and strength of soul
That life's success is always to be won,
(For see, how many fail to reach the goal,
Though struggling till their weary lives are
done);

But there must be the gift aright to choose
The path which nature for each life ordains;
Else may the giant through misguidance lose
That which the weaker fellow mortal gains.

Clifford Howard.

ON A PORTRAIT OF A LADY WHO SANG IN GRACE CHURCH CHOIR SIXTY YEARS AGO.

SIXTY summers ago! Ah, well,
Sixty summers, and all that lingers
Of her is a comb of tortoise shell,
And the ivory fan from the slender fingers.
A portrait, too, where the lady lifts
Shy eyes, and I yearn with a vague desire
To travel back where my fancy drifts
To a voice that was raised in the old Grace
choir.

Quaint and pretty the singer seems,
And curious queries rise and mingle;
Did she inherit her girlish dreams,
Was she married, or was she single?
Did she walk with Willis, and did she stray
In the promenade where the marble spire
Lifts itself over old Broadway?
Answer, ye lips of a silent choir!

Some white heads may remember yet
If she of the jaconet muslin gown,
With the Naples bonnet and quaint *frizette*,
Set wild the dandies of Greenwich town.
Perhaps she sorrowed when Kossuth came
At the tale of Hungary's trial by fire;
Perhaps for his land and his honored name
A prayer was breathed in the old Grace choir.

Perhaps in the dance of a staid quadrille
She moved to the old step's stately measure,
And drank, as a Puritan maiden will,
Almost sadly, her cup of pleasure.
Oh, blood of the mothers of Cromwell's day!
Oh, steel of the soul of a Puritan sire!
And then to hear, 'mid the organ's play,
That sweet voice raised in the old Grace
choir!

But all that linger of her are these:
A fan, a portrait, a tortoise comb;
And her spirit is wafted to dreamless seas—
God knows how far!—from her Greenwich
home.

And yet I have heard—I can see you smile—
Borne on the hymns of a world's desire,
And filling chancel, and nave, and aisle,
The ghost of a voice up there in the choir.

Joseph Dana Miller.

IMPRESSIONS BY THE WAY

BETTER THAN EVER BEFORE.

IN all that goes to make a well rounded out magazine, MUNSEY'S is stronger today than ever before. It is more carefully edited, and is richer in its artistic and literary contents.

Hall Caine's story, "The Christian," is, we believe, the strongest novel of the year. It is attracting a great deal of attention everywhere.

In this issue there begins another serial, "Corleone," the latest of Marion Crawford's remarkable novels of Italian life. With its scenes laid in the contemporary society of Rome, the most ancient and also the newest of the world's great capital cities, and amid the romantic surroundings of a Sicilian castle, it is a drama of stirring action, in which the Mafia plays a powerful part—a tale of love and of adventure, quite as remarkable in its way as Mr. Hall Caine's story, though on entirely different lines.

Another noteworthy feature of MUNSEY'S during the present year will be the series of richly illustrated articles upon "Famous Portrait Painters." The engravings published with these articles are made from costly and carefully selected originals. They will form a collection of great value and interest, and will include an entire gallery of the famous beauties of bygone days.

These are only three of the countless good things that will appear in MUNSEY'S during 1897. No intelligent reader can afford to do without it.

OUR NEW MAGAZINE.

THE event of the new year, in the magazine world, is the birth of THE PURITAN, the new monthly issued by the publisher of MUNSEY'S. Very seldom, if ever, has a magazine reached, in its first month of existence, such a position as that already held by THE PURITAN. Its reception by the reading public has been phenomenal—sensational, we might have said, if this latter word had not certain unpleasant associations.

Probably you have seen a copy of THE PURITAN, for the new magazine has penetrated into almost every corner of the land. If not, lose no time in ordering it from your news-dealer or from the publisher, Frank A. Munsey, 111 Fifth Avenue, New York. Its price is what MUNSEY'S has made the standard price for high class American magazines—ten cents a month, one dollar a year.

THE EXPANSION OF NEW YORK.

ONE of the events of 1897 will be the birth of a new American city—the largest city in America, the second in the world. The importance of the incident may perhaps be a matter of sentiment rather than practical results. Will Brooklyn and New York be greater

and better as one city than as two? Will they grow more rapidly and expand their industry and commerce more widely? Will they be better cleansed, better policed, better paved, better supplied with water, gas, sewers, rapid transit, and other public necessities? Will there be any perceptible change in their condition? And if there is a noticeable improvement, to put the sordid but all important modern question, will it pay?

It would be difficult to give any very positive and definite answers to these questions. Generally speaking, the unification of local governments should tend toward increased efficiency and economy, but it will also bring new dangers, and it would be rashly optimistic to predict any very high percentage of improvement. And yet the advance of the American metropolis to its proper rank among the world's cities is an interesting and even an inspiring event, and may be productive of good results, material and moral, that cannot now be set down in figures.

FOR IDLE HANDS TO DO.

IT was an undoubted hardship that such articles as stoves and mats should be manufactured by the convicts of New York State and sold in competition with the products of free labor. It is a grave evil that, in consequence, almost all work in the prisons should have been stopped. It is universally agreed that regular labor is the best thing a prisoner can have, and total idleness the very worst.

Is there no solution of the difficulty? Certainly there are fields of employment in which convict labor would not compete with that of workingmen, and yet would be of great service to the community. One—a wide one—is the building of fortifications about New York and other ports. Another—an almost unlimited one—is the making of good roads.

FAILURES AND THEIR MORAL.

THE new year began inauspiciously, in the world of business, with an epidemic of bank failures in certain parts of the country. In some cases there were the usual sad accompaniments of suicide and disgrace brought upon men who had hitherto been honored in their communities.

When such incidents occur—and their periodical recurrence seems to be inevitable—there are always attempts to lay the blame upon prevalent financial or political conditions. Our banking laws caused it, the victims assert, or our currency system was responsible; and their plea is accepted by the thoughtless, and becomes an excuse for needless and mischievous agitation. But closer inspection will reveal that, practically without exception, every disaster was caused by dishonesty or culpable

mismanagement. How could it be otherwise, when for each recent failure there are in the United States something like two hundred solvent banks?

No political or legislative reform that can be proposed or enacted would be so valuable as the general strengthening of the sense of individual responsibility. No law or series of laws can prevent crime and folly from reaping their reward.

POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY IN VERSE.

THERE used to be a "Wisconsin school" of poetry, and perhaps there is still. If there is, we do not know whether to charge it with the quatrain inscribed upon the great bell which Milwaukee has hung in the steeple of her new city hall:

When I sound the time of day
From this grand and lofty steeple,
Deem it a reminder, pray,
To be honest with the people.

This is good sentiment, even if scarcely good verse. It is far more practical and up to date than the

Funera plango,
Fulgura frango,
Sabbata pango,

of Longfellow's bells of Strassburg. Whatever may be said of the Wisconsin school of poetry, the Wisconsin school of politics would appear to be sound—that is, if it lives up to the excellent motto thus set before it.

THE TASTE FOR BOOKS.

A BOOK store in the business part of downtown New York recently went out of existence, and its proprietor advertised his feelings by announcing that "the fact that a two hundred and fifty thousand volume book store cannot live where four hundred liquor saloons thrive is a disgrace to the imperial city of New York." Such incidents have been used as the text of many sermons on the decline of book reading in America. The daily papers and the magazines, we are told, are threatening to drive books out of common use. We take our literature in scraps, and cannot spare time for the solid food that lies between covers.

Yet it seems premature to toll the knell of books. The publishers have not heard that they are obsolete. Libraries, public and private, continue to multiply. A good new book is surer of a hearing today than ever before. An English writer who died the other day left nearly a quarter of a million dollars as the result of a single successful novel. Badly located or managed book stores may fail where saloons flourish, but others survive and prosper in spite of the competition of the news stands and the department stores. Books are cheaper now than they have ever been, and more of them are sold.

Another complaint is that recent books—fiction, essays, biographies—have taken on a light and scrappy character. Fed by periodical literature, certain critics say, writers follow its style unconsciously—or consciously,

perhaps, in the chase after popularity. This is probably true to some extent; in a great degree it is a matter for congratulation rather than otherwise. These are great days for popular literature. Books—or at least most books—are no longer for the learned few. They seek and find the widest audience, and it is one of the blessings of the nineteenth century that such is the case.

THE DECEITFULNESS OF APPEARANCES.

MODERN society is continually engaged in an attempt to keep up with the procession. The chosen few, whose lines are cast in pleasant places, and whose fortunes are denoted by seven figures, march complacently in the van. Behind them labors a striving host, panting and struggling, and wishing that dignity would permit of giving up a race so unequal. To the outsider the spectacle is at once absurd and pathetic. It would be so much more dignified to live according to one's means, instead of according to the means of one's neighbors; but this is what the poor but ambitious society woman cannot be made to see.

One of the results of this state of things is the increasing employment of temporary accessories. Were a list to be published of the New York hostesses whose entertainments partake of the nature of a masquerade, there would be consternation in Gotham. At present many of them are merely suspected—not yet proven guilty—and, after all, society is loyal to its creed of "no questions asked." Even if we knew the facts we might sometimes forgive the sinner for the sake of her courage. The employer of temporary accessories risks her reputation every hour of her life.

To be explicit, a temporary accessory is something useful or ornamental, or both, which figures at a society function but is not the property of the hostess—in other words, a hired man, woman, or article which arrives half an hour before the dinner or the dance, and which the guests believe (or pretend to believe) indicates their entertainer's secure financial standing. Naturally this definition does not refer to such things as orchestras or awnings. It could hardly be expected that these should be private property. But nowadays palms, pianos, sterling silver, and cut glass, to say nothing of rugs, bric-à-brac, and linen, can be rented, and often are.

In the light of this revelation, certain mysteries become clear—how, for instance, a woman with a six or eight thousand dollar income can transform her house and her table into presentable copies in miniature of those of her millionaire friend. That stately liveried menial at the door and his comrades further on, that bower of palms and rubber trees, that glitter of crystal facets and gleam of sterling dishes—the whole impressive effect has been hired for the night!

It is a new exemplification of the old proverb which tells us that appearances are very, very deceitful.



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"A Neapolitan Princess."

From the painting by Laura Le Ross.